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PRACTICE AND PATRONAGE OF FRENCH ART.

MUCH has been said about the mission of art and the artist. Art has no mission; it is only one form by which the ideas of a race or a nation find expression at certain stages of intellectual progress. That has in all ages been the truest art which has best expressed the ideas, the life, manners, and beliefs of the time, as felt by the artist whom they inspired; and he has been the truest artist who has simply used subjects and forms of expression most familiar and most in harmony with his natural sympathies as implanted by birth or education.

Art has always been developed in this spontaneous manner, and has proceeded in a certain order so uniform as to assume the form almost of an organic law. Architecture is the first of the arts to reach perfection, and at the outset it has invariably been employed as a means of expressing the innate ideas of man's relation to his Creator. Sculpture, as another form of expressing religious yearnings, has followed close after architecture, often intimately associated with it, although not always developed to the same degree, while, as a rule, the arts of design, including painting, have come later, and have often scarcely progressed beyond the elementary stages. The art of several great empires has been entirely confined to architecture and relievos.

The art of no race better illustrates this truth than that of France. That country is actually divided into Paris and France; up to the time of Louis XI. it was France and Paris. Brittany, Normandy, Burgundy, Gascony, Navarre, and the other provinces, were so many states yielding only a nominal allegiance to the king who reigned at Paris, and who controlled them rather by taking advantage of their internal discords than by any supreme authority the great feudal lords were willing to delegate to the throne. Those, too, were the days when the sway of the church over the conscience or the state was less a question of policy than of actual belief. At the same time every province of the kingdom was full of nascent vigor and activity, which only required the control of men like Louis XI., Henry IV., and Richelieu, to weld the whole into a united and powerful nation. This religious fervor, this national activity, demanded artistic expression, and straightway cathedrals and oratories, cloisters and convents of extraordinary beauty arose on the hill-tops and in the valleys, and gave a central point of effect to the clustering gables and pointed turrets of many a mediæval town. But after the power of the feudal lords was broken, not only political but intellectual influence became centralized at Paris, which has since then exercised a controlling voice

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in the destinies of the country, and has laid down the law in art and letters for all Frenchmen, and at some periods for Christendom itself.

Brought into sympathy, through the expeditions of Charles VIII., with the Renaissance movement, which raised the arts to such a pitch in Italy and the Netherlands, France took a new interest in architecture and sculpture, and magnificent palaces were reared, of an order suggesting that of Bernini, yet essentially original and national. But the arts of design still lagged. Italian and Flemish masters, however, were employed to decorate the abodes of royalty with their incomparable colors, affording masterpieces whose contemplation should in time result in a race of painters, the first colorists of these later ages. Francis I. built the Louvre, destined to be a gallery furnishing for the study of the nation the finest works of the great masters of the Classic and Renaissance periods. Louis XIV. founded the École des Beaux Arts. French art of the nineteenth century is the sequel to a systematic course of royal patronage and education, fostered by the constant study of the best models the world could afford. And architecture and sculpture having reached a high degree of culture in the kingdom, the arts of design and color succeeded in turn, and are now at their zenith in France.

At the best period of the Renaissance, Rome, Venice, and the Netherlands were the centres of art, with important rivals in Nuremberg and Madrid. At the present day we see Rome, Munich, London, and Brussels, each a focus, but Paris takes precedence of them all, owing to the greater facilities she offers for the study and practice of art. It is only fair to add that the art of London and Belgium is often very fine, and that German art has within a few years taken a new turn, and, accompanying the vast energies of the new empire, promises erelong to equal and perhaps surpass the best contemporary French work. In these observations the arts of design are generally understood, for this is essentially an age of painting. The architectural period has passed in all these countries, and it is doubtful if the world ever sees anything in the future, either in architecture or in sculpture, equal to the original and almost perfect conceptions we find in the monuments of antiquity. Russia seems to show in the Kremlin that she also has passed her period of original national architecture; while the young republics of the New World, being offshoots from races which had already produced distinctive schools of architecture, begin their national existence at a point too advanced to found distinctive styles of their own.

Everything in the appearance of Paris indicates its character as an art emporium, where works of art are not only produced and sold, but also exercise a powerful influence over the public taste. The streets are laid out with consummate perspective effect. The squares and gardens leave little to be desired. The Place de la Concorde is the central spot of a combination of architectural effects probably unsurpassed at the present day. The eye for effect and color natural to the people is apparent in the shop-windows, where various shades of drapery and other stuffs may often be seen arranged in a harmony so exquisite as to move one like a concord of sweet sounds. The jewelry shops, as for example those in the Palais Royal, present an array of splendor as often artistic as dazzling. The very meat-stalls are indications of that sensuous love of beauty for its own sake which inspired the Athenian of old, and is with the Parisian of to-day a more powerful motor than either moral or political principle. The various meats are hung in a certain order, adorned with flowers and paper cut into elaborate patterns, and the back of a hog or a sheep is figured with designs made by cutting away the inner skin and leaving the red flesh exposed. At *Mardi Gras* the butchers' stalls are objects of general attraction for the more than ordinary ingenuity and taste displayed in the adornment of the sheep and beeves hung whole from the ceiling in holiday attire of greens, ribbons, and tinsel. The public galleries at the

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Louvre and the Luxembourg are crowded, especially on Sunday and fête days, not so much by foreign visitors as by the populace of all classes and conditions. The same is the case with the exhibitions of the clubs. When the masterpieces concentrated in the square room of the Louvre alone are considered, the influence for good or evil thus exerted must be incalculable.

Art dealers' shops of course abound, and one is sure to see two or three good paintings in the windows of every leading thoroughfare. These shops are generally small, and the best they contain is to be seen from the street; but this is of little consequence, so vast is the field elsewhere. The exhibition of gold and silver wares, marbles, and bronzes in the windows on the Boulevards is also astonishing.

Some idea of the value of the art in Paris may be inferred from the fact that the sales of paintings alone average forty millions of francs per annum, equal, by reason of the difference in values, to nearly twice that sum in the United States. The number of artists in the city is over eight thousand. When we take into consideration the persons dependent upon these eight thousand artists, the army of art students, French and foreign, residing here, and the many thousands engaged in the sale of works of art, including the production and sale of frames, colors, engravings, bronzes, or statuary, we find that art is, on the whole, the business engrossing the attention of a larger number and employing perhaps more capital than any other legitimate business in Paris, unless we except that of hotels and restaurants.

It should not be kept out of sight that the government is behind all this machinery, and maintains a directing hand in the chief institutions. There is a Minister of the Fine Arts, who exercises a supervision general and particular over all the national galleries, the public monuments, the exhibitions at the Salon, and art education in the schools. The first institution under its care is the Académie des Beaux Arts, corresponding to the Academy of Letters. It consists of forty members, selected from medalists in the four departments of art. They hold sessions weekly, and a grand session once a year. The institution next in rank, and of equal importance, under government supervision is the École des Beaux Arts in the Rue Bonaparte. The building it now occupies was erected only in 1837. One enters from the street into a quadrangular court, whose walls are frescoed in Pompeiian style and inclose fac-similes of celebrated antiques of various schools. Two other courts are beyond, the one open and musical with the song of birds nestling in the shrubbery, the other covered with glass and containing large architectural models and colossal statues after the antique. On the ground floor are galleries of statuary most carefully copied from the best Greek and Roman marbles, including the Elgin relievos. On the second floor are open corridors or cloisters decorated with frescoes after Raphael, leading to the rooms of the committee, where are hung the portraits of all who have taught in the Academy from its foundation. Connected with these rooms is the semicircular hall devoted to lectures on art, which are now read twice a week by M. Taine. On the walls of the amphitheatre is painted the celebrated Hémicycle des Beaux Arts of Paul Delaroche, representing the great artists of the various Renaissance schools conversing in groups. Farther on are the ateliers of the students, where Cabanel, Gérome, Pils, and André give instruction, and the gallery in which the prize exhibitions are held. This is a spacious hall enriched by admirable copies of the best works of Raphael, Titian, Velasquez, and other masters. In addition to this gallery are the rooms where the works which have obtained the first prize or the medals are preserved. The first prize sends the winner to Rome for three years. Few of the winners have afterwards acquired celebrity. It is with art students as with valedictorians; those who are best able to work by rule are not strong enough to achieve origi-

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nal triumphs when left to their own resources, while genius, when once emancipated from the tutors of its youth, toils according to laws of its own, and only thus arrives at the highest results. By being true to itself it best wins the end in view. It is considerations like these, doubtless, — suggested perhaps by the poor results shown by those who have won the first prize, together with the fact that artistic conditions in France have greatly altered since the French Revolution and the days when royal patronage was essential to the fostering of art, — which now lead to the agitation of the question of not only changing the character of the prize, so as to leave it more at the option of the winner, but also of entirely remodeling the system of government patronage.

In the École des Beaux Arts, drawing, painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving are taught. Pupils are admitted between the ages of fifteen and thirty, without distinction as to race, the requisites being an introduction by some French artist in good repute, a passport or a register of birth and parentage, and a drawing from life done in twelve hours and considered satisfactory evidence of capacity for the pursuit of art. As foreigners are ineligible to the prizes, they are admitted when over thirty years old. By the rules of the institution women are excluded from the advantages offered by this school, which, when everything is taken into consideration is, on the whole, a salutary regulation. In the other schools where opportunity for drawing from the life is afforded, it is common to see both sexes drawing from the model at the same time. The slight covering about the middle used by the models in German art schools is entirely discarded in Paris. It is greatly to be deplored that the sexes should be associated in medical studies, although strong reasons may be urged in its favor. But it may be very seriously questioned whether artistic knowledge gained at such cost to feminine delicacy is not too dearly purchased.

In addition to the École des Beaux Arts the government has also quite recently established a school and manufactory for the production of mosaic pictures. The beauty of the mosaics in the new opera house, which were made by Italian artists, has stimulated the emulation of the French.

The Hôtel Drouôt is another establishment owned and controlled by the government. Although not exclusively devoted to art, it should be mentioned as an art centre. It is a building on the Rue Drouôt, containing eight large, lofty rooms on the ground floor and as many in the story above, besides ample corridors and lobbies. Each of these halls is an auction-room; the goods to be sold are on exhibition for several days previous to the sale; they are arranged with taste and opened to the public every afternoon. Sales occur in several of the rooms daily, and the building is always crowded. On Sundays the throng is almost impassable. The sales are conducted in a very systematic manner. Steps are arranged in the back part of the room, to enable the audience better to see the goods, and seats are placed around the auctioneers' desks, where those who hold long purses and propose to buy are so seated that they can confer with the auctioneer, who has several assistants. Attendants in addition carry the articles, when possible, about the room for examination, and the bidding is often very interesting. It is common for a sale to last several days. All the art sales of Paris are held in the Hôtel Drouôt, and during the season many choice collections may be seen there, including not only paintings and statuary, ancient and modern, but valuable tapestries, *objets de luxe* of the reign of Louis Quatorze, rare mediæval armor, Oriental collections, valuable manuscripts, and the like; as an instance of this may be mentioned the sale of the collection of M. Sauchan, at which one sword alone, of peculiar and exquisite workmanship, picked up at Constantinople for two hundred and fifty francs, was bid off at fifty thousand francs to Baron Rothschild, over an American who ran it up to forty-nine thousand francs.

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The direction of the government is also seen in the annual exhibition of the Salon, held in May and June in the Palais d'Industrie, at the Champs Élysées. This is the great artistic event of the year, to which all artists, native and foreign, are invited to contribute. The judgment is sufficiently strict to cause the rejection of three fourths of the contributions, which only enhances the honor of admission and the value of the medals awarded. These are of several grades. The grand medal is granted but once, but he who has received it can henceforth exhibit any work he chooses to contribute, without regard to its merit; and, owing to the weakness of human nature, the privilege has sometimes been abused. There is much complaint made by artists whose contributions have been refused admittance, or been badly hung. Great injustice has undoubtedly been done sometimes. A notable instance of prejudice was the constant rejection of the works of Chintreuil, whose merits were discovered only a short time before his death. The works he left unsold brought one hundred and thirty-six thousand francs, and a painting which was refused admission to the Salon sold for ten thousand francs. Another instance of prejudice is the difficulty with which the works of foreign artists gain admission.

American artists have occasionally gained admittance for their paintings and obtained a medal, but it is generally under the influence of some great French painter. Although producing some very excellent work here, they can sell nothing in Paris except to American and English buyers. "Frenchmen care nothing for American artists," reply the dealers, "even when their paintings are better than French works of the same grade." For this reason our artists in Paris are more and more sending their best works to London for exhibition, where they are well shown and sold to better advantage. The fact is, notwithstanding the buncombe we have been treated to for a century about the traditional fraternity of the two nations, the French regard Americans and the United States with indifference, and often with positive hate and contempt.

What is the French opinion of the value of the annual exhibitions of the Salon may be gathered from the remarks of the art critic of the Journal Officiel, one of the most intelligent and respectable papers published in Paris. "Fame," says this genuine Frenchman, "may be acquired in other pursuits than that of art as well elsewhere as in France. But fame in art can only be acquired in Paris, and only then by exhibiting at the Salon. Without this one may perhaps sell pictures and acquire reputation, but fame never." The writer was alluding to Fortuny, who from timidity had refrained from ever submitting anything for admission there. After reading this one feels deep sympathy for those great artists who were not born in France.

Beside the facilities afforded by the government, there are a number of private academies presided over by some eminent artist like Bonnât, who comes in at certain hours and criticises the drawing of the students. These French art students are often a very rough class among themselves, bringing to the atelier manners and conversation savoring too much of the barricades and the barroom. What is remarkable is that they are merciless in their criticisms on every artist except their master. Him they treat with profound veneration. Their quiet and respectful demeanor when he enters the studio is quite amusing, in contrast with their manners out of his presence.

There are also three art clubs in Paris sustained by artists and connoisseurs, not in any sense rival societies, but intended for the encouragement of art and for the sale of paintings in the annual exhibitions. The Cercle de l'Union Artistique numbers six hundred members. It holds its exhibitions and lectures in a spacious hall, No. 18 Place Vendôme, in February and March. The exhibitions are choice, and present a very fair idea of the mark reached by contemporary art in France from year to year. Admission is free to visitors on applica-

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tion to the secretary or through members. The Société des Amis des Beaux Arts de Paris contains among its members such well-known connoisseurs as Baron Rothschild and Sir Richard Wallace. Its second exhibition was opened in February, 1875, and offers some very interesting works to the inspection of the public. An entrance fee of one franc is required. The Cercle Artistique et Littéraire has its headquarters at No. 29 Rue Chaussée d'Antin; as indicated by its name, it is partially literary. Its gallery is open daily, and contains a collection of paintings, sculptures, and engravings. The Société Générale des Arts is an association founded within a few months. It numbers among its directors many of the most prominent artists in Paris, and in its scope is the most considerable of the private organizations. The growth of the arts in Paris has attracted a vast number of buyers not only at home but from abroad, on whom the dealers frequently manage to palm off a large number of very inferior performances for something far better. The result is naturally to encourage fraud and the painting of poor pictures, to the ultimate prejudice of good art and the ruin of the well-deserved fame now enjoyed by France in painting. Accordingly this association was founded, in the form of a joint-stock company, with the avowed object of buying and selling only such works of art as are of incontestable merit, warranted as such by the highest authorities. The capital of the association amounts to a million and a half of francs, and the business of the society is confided to the charge of the well-known art firm of Durand-Ruel & Co. That the association will prove a pecuniary success there seems little reason to doubt, for capital invested in works of genuine art rapidly doubles in Paris, while to the large public of buyers the association must also be a substantial advantage.

The question of studios seems to be a weak point in the art system of Paris. There are a number of buildings constructed exclusively for that purpose, but they are far behind the demand. Although many of the artists are clustered in the neighborhood of the Boulevard Clichy, yet, as a rule, one must run over the whole city to find them. When an artist desires a studio he is often obliged to hire a room poorly adapted to meet his wants, and make such alterations as it requires. Some, like Daubigny, have a studio added to their private dwellings. The villages of Écouen and Barbizon, the latter on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, may be fairly considered as quarters belonging to the art world of Paris. Numbers of artists and art students reside there, not always those who paint French landscapes or peasantry. Ziem lives at Barbizon, which is quite the reverse in its scenery to anything he ever puts on canvas, as in his appearance in a semi-military dress he is the opposite of his late neighbor Millet, who was always seen in rustic blouse and sabots. In passing, it may be added that the art supervision of the government is extended to the Forest of Fontainebleau, part of which is reserved from destruction when the *garde des fôrets* goes around to mark out the trees to be cut down each year, in order that its venerable and picturesque old oaks may furnish subjects for the artists.

Such are the means and modes which Paris offers to the student who desires to acquire or practice the principles of art in its various branches, enabling him not only to learn the technical details of art, but also by comparing different schools, and observing the peculiar excellencies of each, and the particular truths aimed at, to gain mental breadth, catholicity of opinion, and impartiality in granting to each its proportional merit. Nothing, however, is more difficult than the attainment of this intellectual breadth and fairness of judgment in all matters relating to art, because on the artist's part the difficulties he may have overcome in achieving success by processes of his own lead him unconsciously to exaggerate the value of his own style and depreciate that of others. On the other hand, the large crowd of connoisseurs and critics either take the cue from some favorite artist, who often

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exerts too boundless and therefore pernicious an influence over them, or, ignorant of their own mental processes, they judge a work according as it clashes or harmonizes with their own tastes or prejudices, instead of putting themselves in the artist's place; thinking all the time, poor souls, that they are entirely impartial in their condemnation or admiration. The artists brought up in Paris are striking illustrations of the truth of these remarks, for here, where of all places one would expect to see a fraternity of feeling, a fellow admiration and respect, judgments are exceptionally harsh, not so much among the leaders, who are often on very friendly terms, as between the imitators and admirers, who range themselves under the banner of one or the other and battle with a vigor not inferior in acrimony to the *odium theologicum*.

As to the quality of the art work produced in Paris, it is a serious mistake to suppose that it is all good. It is of all grades; there are degrees even in the works of the best artists; and given to each at the outset equal abilities, there are still two dangers to be encountered in the life of almost every artist, as with those who are engaged in the career of letters. The first, to which most succumb, is when the necessity of fighting adversity and earning a bare subsistence forces a choice between the natural bent of genius and the tastes of the buyer. The second danger, reached by few, comes when, after long struggles with poverty and neglect, success arrives at last. The temptation then is to hurry paintings off the easel into the market before they have received the careful, conscientious labor and the final touch. And French artists yield to this temptation as well as others. The greatest painters have dealers or admirers always looking over their shoulders, saying, "That will do as it is; no doubt that will sell at a good figure!" and the artist, contrary to his own convictions, will often allow a painting to leave his easel in a raw state. It is these unfinished daubs with great names attached to them which too often make their way to America. The best Corôts one sees in Paris are more complete than those generally seen in our country, and every way superior to them.

As for the principle of art on which the present French school works, we should say that it differs little from that which has always ruled French, and in fact all true art, being the general principle laid down at the commencement of this article. French artists have first of all been Frenchmen, and artists secondly. Thus, according to the principles of art, French art is a mirror of French history, morals, and opinion. Poussin, Watteau, Boucher, Le Brun, Greuze, Prud'hon, and a host of artists of similar bent, indicate with excellent eye for color, if not always superior ability, the various transitions from the voluptuous days of Louis XIV. to the Reign of Terror. David and Géricault, Ingres and Horace Vernet, Müller and Couture, give a glimpse of the volcanic fury of the Revolution, the vast energies of the Napoleonic wars, and the pseudo-classic taste. Paul Delaroche, great in sentiment, Delacroix, a wonderful colorist, Ary Scheffer, and a multitude besides, reflect the Romantic period, when Walter Scott, Byron, and Goethe profoundly moved the heart of Europe, and were echoed back by the minor strains of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and De Musset, and the sensuous Christianity of Chateaubriand. Then for a while French art was swayed by subjective or moral impulses, and sometimes, as with Scheffer and Delaroche, inclined to give expression to Christian ideas. Saints have always been scarce in French art as compared with the art of Italy, Germany, or Spain, unless one looks for them in the time-worn, weather-beaten statues which adorn the cathedrals, more quaint and picturesque than artistic. When France was religious or superstitious, neither painting nor sculpture progressed far in the land, and the former was chiefly employed to illuminate missals. After Paris took the lead, pleasure swayed France with equal power. Philip IV. of Spain preferred saints and *auto-da-fés;* so Velasquez painted saints, and doubtless

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did full justice to most of them. The Louises were better pleased with Ledas and Swans, and shepherdesses in limited satin; Watteau and Boucher were equal to the occasion. Physical beauty, for itself alone, without regard to its moral relations, is the highest end the modern French artist is required to hold before him. The leading art critic, M. Taine, enunciates this as the great art principle, and urges it against the English and the Germans that they allow themselves to be biased in the choice of subject by the strong moral feeling of the Germanic races, which the French do not hesitate among themselves to sneer at as hypocrisy. Each kind has merits entirely its own, however, and to condemn one because it is not the other is manifestly absurd. The greatest school of art would naturally be that which combined both; the world has seen some masters who have nearly blended the two, but no *school*. However, the present Munich school gives promise of approaching this supreme end of art in time. As things are now, and always have been in the domain of art, M. Taine most probably is in the right up to a certain point. Art is in a greater degree than literature sensuous, a matter appertaining to sight, or to an eye for color and form, to mechanical processes, and sometimes to geometrical precision, and is therefore rather more a question of physical than of moral beauty. But if, as is the case too often now, French art gives us so many works whose moral tendency is corrupting, the artist is not more to blame than the great public which creates that system of influences and opinions which shapes his character. French art to-day is probably the first in the world as art; while it is just as true that it is first in paintings of lewd scenes, murders, and bloodshed. At the Luxembourg is a painting by Henri Regnault, a young artist killed at Buzenval, representing an execution at Tangier. There are but two figures in it, both life-size, — the executioner, and his victim who has just been decapitated. Like everything painted by Regnault, the scene is rendered with power and truth, and in order to do it the artist undoubtedly had to be present at the awful moment, brush in hand. But while one does not know whether most to admire or to detest an enthusiasm so strong as to blunt in the artist the emotions which at such a time should stir in any human breast, there is no question as to the impropriety of admitting such a painting to a public national gallery, and the government is guilty of a very grave mistake in allowing it to remain there. Either it is bad as a work of art and should therefore be excluded, or it is good as a work of art and should therefore be forbidden, on exactly the same grounds that the public are guarded from the demoralizing influences of a public execution.

So far as a distinct school of French art is concerned, of which we hear so much at home, thus much may be said: in the palmy days of Italian and Spanish art the range of the artist was limited; he painted a Virgin or a Magdalene, and, to relieve his mind after such pious exertion, painted a Bacchus or a Satyr, the following week or month. It was from these two opposite classes of subjects that the artist of the Renaissance selected his compositions. But landscape, marine, and *genre* painting were reserved for other schools and chiefly for that of France, always excepting the Dutch school, to which in its range of subjects and treatment the modern French school bears a strong resemblance. It confines itself to no one class of subjects, allowing to each artist entire freedom in selecting such treatment and subjects as are suggested by his individual intuitions. There are as many French styles of art in Paris to-day as there are artists of original capacity, each of whom has a large following of imitators. There are the styles of Gérome, of Meissonier, of Daubigny, of Corôt, of Ziem, all sufficiently unlike and independent. There surely is no resemblance in either subject or color between the cool, monotonous, monochromatic canvases of Corôt, and the superb Mediterranean effects of Ziem. But what, then, is the French school of which so much is said? There must be some distinctive trait which

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makes the French school *par excellence*. The French school of contemporary art is, then, first of all, true to national characteristics. Another reason for its strength and for the repute it enjoys at present is, that to enormous work and conscientious study of nature as they see it, French artists add a natural eye for color superior to that of most German and English painters; who, on the other hand, are often equal to them, sometimes superior, in drawing and composition. But the final and most important cause of the high value set on French art of to-day is undoubtedly the *mode of treatment*, including what is purely mechanical in art. Breadth is a quality that is now found most prominent in French painting. Even the works of Meissonier, so minutely finished, possess this characteristic in a marked degree, a trait which rendered the paintings of Turner so original, and for a while so incomprehensible in England. A school of art in its early stages, or an artist when commencing his studies, needs to paint and draw with pre-Raphaelite fidelity of detail. It is thus that a masterful knowledge of nature is gained, which gradually enables genius combined with experience to discriminate what is valuable and what is of secondary importance in a given subject or for a given conception, and, seizing only the more salient and characteristic traits or colors, as they appear to him, to combine them in an effective and suggestive whole. But ages of laborious feeling over an obscure pathway must often precede the epoch when the art of a nation reaches the broad style of treatment; and years of patient, unremitting study of nature in all her details must first develop in the artist that power which enables him to express his thoughts in a handwriting of his own, to paint with that breadth in the rejection of the unimportant and the vivid delineation of the soul of things, which is the almost universal characteristic of contemporary French art. And these French artists work with intense application when in the École des Beaux Arts, or other art schools. A Frenchman is rarely indolent, although taking life perhaps more luxuriously than we do, and the art students of Paris are the most diligent workers there. It is the lack of this severe, careful study which has thus far retarded American art, an evil which will work its own cure when the nation has developed its æsthetic instincts. At present the tendency is for art students at home to begin by intensely admiring some master and then copying his style, instead of studying the only model an artist has anything to do with — nature. They attempt to begin where their master leaves off in treatment, forgetting that the broad, effective handling they so admire is only the result of close study and patient analysis of the details of nature at the beginning of his career. The American artists and students now in Paris, it must be added, hold their own remarkably well; they study hard; many of them work in a style of their own, and promise much for the future of art in our country. It must be admitted, also, that while the distinguishing characteristic of French art to-day is breadth of treatment, like most reforms or reactions from a system which had gone too far, this treatment is often carried to an absurd excess, and is in danger of becoming conventional in its turn. Many French paintings are little more than rough sketches in oil. The worst things in this slovenly style are done by pupils or imitators, who generally seize on those very characteristics of the master which are most open to criticism. One extreme is as bad as the other, and of the two pre-Raphaelism is better than daubing; the one shows humility before nature, the other indicates presumption.

Thus far as to style. As regards excellence in various branches of painting, the French school is the weakest in marine painting. There are but few marine artists, and they are generally of inferior ability. Isabey is much the strongest in that line; some of his paintings are full of vigor and fine color, almost announcing genius — rather hard, but giving an idea of power, which is after all the chief impression made on the mind of one who knows the sea in all its

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moods. Boudin occasionally gives us a quiet harbor scene; Jules Duprez exhibits some good feeling, with incomplete results. But even Isabey devotes most of his attention of late years to the depicting of the men of other days in costumes and groupings admirably rendered, and the French marine artists all show rather a preference for a good foothold on *terra firma*, than that passion for blue water and thousand-miles-from-land effects which courses in the blood of the Norseman and the Saxon, which floats three thousand yachts in English waters, inspired some of the finest strophes of Byron, and gave us Turner's Slave Ship, a drama of ocean as open to criticism as a play of Shakespeare, and yet as supremely a creation of consummate genius. But aside from the single exception of marine painting, there is nothing that is more remarkable in contemporary French art than the love of nature in her various aspects as exhibited by many artists, the foremost in this department of any the world has yet seen. In the painting of the figure, or the rendering of chromatic effects, modern art sometimes approaches — it never surpasses — the gigantic minds of the Renaissance. In landscape painting lies the true field of French poetry, the absence of which amid many vapid alexandrines is apparent to those who do not prefer with M. Taine the poems of De Musset to In Memoriam and Guinevere. Notwithstanding Claude and the Dutch painters of two centuries ago, landscape painting or genre with landscape is essentially a modern art, springing up in sympathy with the poetry of Bernardin de St. Pierre, Burns, and Wordsworth; and while across the Channel this sympathy with nature and humble life found its best expression in poetry of the most exquisite character, in France it has been interpreted by her landscape painters. Poets they truly are, purely and entirely devoted to nature, finding in her their greatest pleasure and reward. And this, both in their lives and works. Jacques, of sheep painters the first, and almost as great in landscape, leads us among the russet hollows and the rude folds of Brittany, teaching us the poetry there is in humble things. Millet in his blouse and sabots always preferred his retreat at Barbizon. What wondrous sympathy with the various aspects of nature is evident in every canvas of Troyon, who seems the peer of the greatest, if not the first poet of rustic nature France has produced! Then there was Chintreuil, who began life as a bookseller's clerk in a provincial town, and stole away into an attic to make his first attempts in art. Here he was discovered by the son of his employer, who urged him to continue in the pursuit for which he was born. But youth passed by, manhood and middle age came and went, and still this real poet toiled on unrecognized except by his life-long friend, Desbrosses, who never lost faith in the genius and ultimate success of his master. At last, as this true hero, in unfaltering devotion to nature and unswerving confidence in his own powers, — one of the infallible signs of greatness when combined with humility, — approached the grave, and his own lingering footsteps began to cast those long shadows he had so often delighted to paint, the world of art began to award him the fame he deserved and should have received thirty years earlier. Chintreuil has been called "the poet of the dews and the mists." There was great inequality in his works, but in his best things he resembled Turner, although entirely original. He excelled in atmospheric effects. The solemn lights of twilight, the impressive glory of sunset, robing ranks of forest trees in regal splendor and throwing exquisite shadowy gloom over the foreground slopes, the breaking up and scattering of the vapors of early morning before the coming dawn, the sudden dash of rain with an angry gust over a gray sea, — in effects like these Chintreuil reveled, with Turner, and sometimes approached the excellences of that greatest of English painters. Corôt, too, must be considered the best known of French landscape painters, the Theocritus of France, who has recently passed away crowned with the honors of an ap-

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preciative country. The life of Corôt was almost the life of the ideal artist. It has been said that he was poor and neglected for many years. This is only measurably true. He was born in affluent circumstances and was destined to carry on his father's business. But the irresistible impulses of his genius led him to painting instead, and his father then reduced the artist's income to one thousand francs, equal, at least, to twice that sum now. But on his father's death Corôt inherited a fortune with an income very considerable in France. It is true that for twenty years the fact that a new genius in landscape painting had appeared was recognized by but few. But thirty years of succeeding triumph amply atoned for early neglect, and rendered his life on the whole as perfect as an artist can expect, with the exception of domestic happiness, for which he seems not to have cared. His income for many years averaged two hundred thousand francs from his profession alone, and as he never was married and was a man of warm and generous instincts, he gave much away: many a poor artist or artist's family has occasion to bless the memory of Père Corôt. He was twice decorated, first as chevalier, then as commander of the Legion of Honor, but he never was able to wrest the grand medal from the jurors of the annual exhibition. However, a splendid gold medal was presented to him by friends, a short time before his death. He was by birth a Parisian, and his tastes were for nature as she presents herself to those who wander into the suburbs in the early morning or towards eventide. And this was one secret of his success; he painted scenes with which his audience were most familiar, the quiet, russet, monotonous, oft-recurring bits of landscape in the north of France, and especially around Paris. Simple they seem, but they are really simple only because his genius was in harmony with them; to others they might be difficult. Every artist must first of all be true to himself, whether his tastes are of the past or of the present, in sympathy with what the people like best or otherwise; and nothing is more prejudicial to good and true art, or more cruel to individual minds, than the prescription of a limited class of subjects such as have been the choice of certain great masters. We find no limitation of this sort in French landscape art. The reason why the so-called "simple" French landscapes are painted so generally by Frenchmen is that they paint what they know and love best.

That there is great sameness in the canvases of Corôt it is idle to deny. Like Paganini, he played on an instrument with only one cord; but Paganini played many tunes on that one string, while Corôt played only one; still, he rendered that single tune sometimes with vibrations that thrilled the soul. He evoked, as only genius can, that eerie, mysterious feeling which many experience but cannot express, in observing the subtler effects of nature, and sometimes almost seemed to seize the "vagrant melodies" which quiver through the aspen boughs in the dawn of May, or speed the loitering march of the wandering clouds on a day in June. Only those of his admirers who belong to the servile class are ready to accept everything that Corôt painted as worthy of his reputation, or as qualified to advance art. Nowhere is this fact better recognized than in Paris itself. The following, from a French paper of good standing, only expresses the general opinion there, sometimes given in stronger terms. "Artiste, Corôt laisse une œuvre immense, dans laquelle il faut faire deux parts: les tableaux soignés, traités avec amour; les tableaux lachés, brossés à la hâte, ceux, en un mot, que l'on appelle les Corôts du commerce. Les amateurs mettent entre les deux catégories une énorme différence." It should be added that the market is flooded with spurious Corôts, which bear sufficient resemblance to his poorer works to deceive those who are not connoisseurs in art. During his last illness the price of his works went up rapidly, which gave rise to a *bon mot*. "Why," said one to an art dealer, "do you not buy the works of such a one as well? His reputation is rapidly increasing." "My

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dear sir," answered the other, "he has a constitution that will survive us all!"

Our limits forbid more than an allusion to some of the other great names that represent this remarkable school of idyllic and bucolic poetry: Rosa Bonheur, Rousseau, Lambinet, César de Kock, Harpigny, vigorous in the treatment of the grander aspects of nature, Chaigneaux, Jules Bréton (one of the strongest of this school), Daubigny, a pupil of Corôt but working in a style entirely his own, and a host of others, little inferior to these. If you would seek for the purest poetry of France, corresponding with the great school of English descriptive poetry, look for it in the works of Claude, Millet, Corôt, Chintreuil, or Troyon. All these are the names of men who are with the dead; and in looking over the list of those who survive in this and the other departments of French art, the conviction is forced upon us that the greatest masters of modern French art are either dead or men who, still living, have already achieved fame, while few of equal promise seem to be arising to take their places. The conclusion is irresistible that the French art of the nineteenth century has culminated; what France may accomplish in future ages for art is of course not to be foretold, but this school has probably achieved its best. And the masters who still remain are pushing to an extreme the principles of art by which they have won their fame, a sure sign of decay.

No notice of contemporary art in Paris can be complete without allusion to Doré, a figure in the French world of art who forms a school entirely distinct, and beyond the ordinary rules of art criticism. With us he is better known as a designer on wood, an illustrator with an imagination grotesque and prolific beyond all precedent. But of late years he has given his attention to painting, and from time to time exhibits large landscapes, or figure-subjects of life-size. To criticise these paintings, to dissect them until nothing is left, to show that the drawing is often defective, the coloring often unnatural, would be an easy task. But it is not so easy to explain away the profound impression they produce, or the conviction they give us that here is a mind standing alone in Paris, a mind Teutonic rather than French in its character, looking not so much on the surface of things as at what is hidden underneath, studying the moral of life; a French Albert Dürer, to whom existence is less a comedy than a tragedy. He seems to us in Paris like Jonah crying, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," or like John Knox sternly admonishing Mary Queen of Scots and her licentious court of a retribution hereafter. Doré is the only man in Paris who selects subjects with a moral, as do the English and German artists. In the later phases of his genius he may be also called the Hogarth of France. Take for example two paintings he exhibited last February. What could be more like a satire of Juvenal written with a pen dipped in gall, than in Paris, where the fallen woman is publicly accepted by all as a companion and not rarely admitted to the best circles on a footing with virtue (as for example at the receptions of M. Arsène Houssaye, attended by the princes of the blood); the heroine, too, of the best literary productions of the day in France; anything but a poor, forlorn, desolate thing of shame, whose end no one should think of but with profound pity, — what could be more tremendous in its irony than here, in Paris, to paint a woman of that class, with sunken cheeks and forsaken, dying on a cold winter night on a stone bench, under the stars so far away and dim, with her chubby infant vainly seeking milk at her breast, and to call her La Péchéresse! No wonder Charivari suggests that M. Doré is rather lugubrious in the choice of his subjects. The other painting represents some strolling players, a man and his wife and their little boy. The little boy has fallen from the ladder that was balanced on his father's chin, and lies motionless. We see the mother in her paper crown and tawdry robes, clasping the dying child to her bosom, and the tears coursing down her painted cheeks. The father, in his cap and bells, yellow tights and tinsel, shows

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his despair through the chalk on his face, the genuine agony of a father's grief taking the place of the smirks that shook the audience with laughter but a moment ago. The dancing dogs in hats and jackets come to condole upon the tragic fate of their little master; one of them looks on with wonder mixed with pity, the other tenderly licks the feet of the little boy.

Such works as these of Doré oblige the critics of Paris reluctantly to acknowledge that there may be two kinds of art, each great in its way, each occupying a field of its own: the art which like French art in general is strong in color and concerns itself only with external forms, and the art of the English and the German schools, whose motive is moral, — less strong in color than in suggesting the hidden springs which underlie human life and passions, and man's relations to the spiritual and the unseen.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

RODERICK HUDSON.

IX.

MARY GARLAND.

How it befell that Roderick had failed to be in Leghorn on his mother's arrival never clearly transpired; for he undertook to give no elaborate explanation of his fault. He never indulged in professions (touching personal conduct) as to the future, or in remorse as to the past, and as he would have asked no praise if he had traveled day and night to embrace his mother as she set foot on shore, he made (in Rowland's presence, at least) no apology for having left her to come in search of him. It was to be said that, thanks to an unprecedentedly fine season, the voyage of the two ladies had been surprisingly rapid, and that, according to common probabilities, if Roderick had left Rome on the morrow (as he declared that he had intended), he would have had a day or two of waiting at Leghorn. Rowland's silent inference was that Christina Light had beguiled him into letting the time slip, and it was accompanied with a silent inquiry whether she had done so unconsciously or maliciously. He had told her, presumably, that his mother and his cousin were about to arrive; and it was pertinent to remember hereupon that she was a young lady of mysterious impulses. Rowland heard in due time the story of the adventures of the two ladies from Northampton. Miss Garland's wish, at Leghorn, on finding they were left at the mercy of circumstances, had been to telegraph to Roderick and await an answer; for she knew that their arrival was a trifle premature. But Mrs. Hudson's maternal heart had taken the alarm. Roderick's sending for them was, to her imagination, a confession of illness, and his not being at Leghorn, a proof of it; an hour's delay was therefore cruel both to herself and to him. She insisted on immediate departure; and, unskilled as they were in the mysteries of foreign (or even of domestic) travel, they had hurried in trembling eagerness to Rome. They had arrived late in the evening, and, knowing nothing of inns, had got into a cab and proceeded to Roderick's lodging. At the door, poor Mrs. Hudson's frightened anxiety had overcome her, and she had sat quaking and crying in the vehicle, too weak to move. Miss Garland had bravely gone in, groped her way up the dusky staircase, reached Roderick's door, and, with the assistance of such acquaintance with the Italian tongue as she had culled from a phrase-book during the calmer hours of the voyage, had learned from the old woman who had her cousin's household economy in

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charge, that he was in the best of health and spirits, and had gone forth a few hours before with his hat on his ear, *per divertirsi.*

These things Rowland learned during a visit he paid the two ladies the evening after their arrival. Mrs. Hudson spoke of them at great length and with an air of clinging confidence in Rowland which told him how faithfully time had served him, in her imagination. But her fright was over, though she was still catching her breath a little, like a person dragged ashore out of waters uncomfortably deep. She was excessively bewildered and confused, and seemed more than ever to demand a tender handling from her friends. Before Miss Garland, Rowland was distinctly conscious that he trembled. He wondered extremely what was going on in her mind; what was her silent commentary on the incidents of the night before. He wondered all the more, because he immediately perceived that she was greatly changed since their parting, and that the change was by no means for the worse. She was older, easier, more free, more like a young woman who went sometimes into company. She had more beauty as well, inasmuch as her beauty, before, had been the depth of her expression, and the sources from which this beauty was fed had in these two years evidently not wasted themselves. Rowland felt almost instantly — he could hardly have said why: it was in her voice, in her tone, in the air — that a total change had passed over her attitude towards himself. She trusted him now, absolutely; whether or no she liked him, she believed he was *solid.* He felt that during the coming weeks he would need to be solid. Mrs. Hudson was at one of the smaller hotels, and her sitting-room was frugally lighted by a couple of candles. Rowland made the most of this dim illumination to try to detect the afterglow of that frightened flash from Miss Garland's eyes the night before. It had been but a flash, for what provoked it had instantly vanished. Rowland had murmured a rapturous blessing on Roderick's head, as he perceived him instantly apprehend the situation. If he had been drinking, its gravity sobered him on the spot; in a single moment he collected his wits. The next moment, with a ringing, jovial cry, he was folding the young girl in his arms, and the next he was beside his mother's carriage, half smothered in her sobs and caresses. Rowland had recommended a hotel close at hand, and had then discreetly withdrawn. Roderick was at this time doing his part superbly, and Miss Garland's brow was serene. It was serene now, twenty-four hours later; but nevertheless, her alarm had lasted an appreciable moment. What had become of it? It had dropped down deep into her memory, and it was lying there for the present in the shade. But with another week, Rowland said to himself, it would leap erect again; the lightest friction would strike a spark from it. Rowland thought he had schooled himself to face the issue of Mary Garland's advent, casting it even in a tragical phase; but in her personal presence — in which he found a poignant mixture of the familiar and the strange — he seemed to face it and all that it might bring with it for the first time. In vulgar parlance, he stood uneasy in his shoes. He felt like walking on tiptoe, not to arouse the sleeping shadows. He felt, indeed, almost like saying that they might have their own way later, if they would only allow to these first few days the clear light of ardent contemplation. For Rowland at last was ardent, and all the bells within his soul were ringing bravely in jubilee. Roderick, he learned, had been the whole day with his mother, and had evidently responded to her purest trust. He appeared to her appealing eyes still unspotted by the world. That is what it is, thought Rowland, to be "gifted," to escape not only the superficial, but the intrinsic penalties of misconduct. The two ladies had spent the day within doors, resting from the fatigues of travel. Miss Garland, Rowland suspected, was not so fatigued as she suffered it to be assumed. She had remained with Mrs. Hudson, to attend to her personal

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wants, which the latter seemed to think, now that she was in a foreign land, with a southern climate and a Catholic religion, would forthwith become very complex and formidable, though as yet they had simply resolved themselves into a desire for a great deal of tea and for a certain extremely familiar old black and white shawl across her feet, as she lay on the sofa. But the sense of novelty was evidently strong upon Miss Garland, and the light of expectation was in her eye. She was restless and excited; she moved about the room and went often to the window; she was observing keenly; she watched the Italian servants intently, as they came and went; she had already had a long colloquy with the French chambermaid, who had expounded her views on the Roman question; she noted the small differences in the furniture, in the food, in the sounds that came in from the street. Rowland felt, in all this, that her intelligence, here, would have a great unfolding. He wished immensely he might have a share in it; he wished he might show her Rome. That, of course, would be Roderick's office. But he promised himself at least to take advantage of off-hours.

"It behooves you to appreciate your good fortune," he said to her. "To be young and elastic, and yet old enough and wise enough to discriminate and reflect, and to come to Italy for the first time — that is one of the greatest pleasures that life offers us. It is but right to remind you of it, so that you make the most of opportunity and do not accuse yourself, later, of having wasted the precious season."

Miss Garland looked at him, smiling intently, and went to the window again. "I expect to enjoy it," she said. "Don't be afraid; I 'm not wasteful."

"I 'm afraid we are not qualified, you know," said Mrs. Hudson. "We are told that you must know so much, that you must have read so many books. Our taste has not been cultivated. When I was a young lady at school, I remember I had a medal, with a pink ribbon, for 'proficiency in Ancient History' — the seven kings, or is it the seven hills? and Quintus Curtius and Julius Cæsar and — and that period, you know. I believe I have my medal somewhere in a drawer, now, but I have forgotten all about the kings. But after Roderick came to Italy we tried to learn something about it. Last winter Mary used to read Corinne to me in the evenings, and in the mornings she used to read another book, to herself. What was it, Mary, that book that was so long, you know, — in fifteen volumes?"

"It was Sismondi's Italian Republics," said Mary, simply.

Rowland could not help laughing; whereupon Mary blushed. "Did you finish it?" he asked.

"Yes, and began another, — a shorter one, — Roscoe's Leo the Tenth."

"Did you find them interesting?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you like history?"

"Some of it."

"That 's a woman's answer! And do you like art?"

She paused a moment. "I have never seen it!"

"You have great advantages, now, my dear, with Roderick and Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Hudson. "I 'm sure no young lady ever had such advantages. You come straight to the highest authorities. Roderick, I suppose, will show you the practice of art, and Mr. Mallet, perhaps, if he will be so good, will show you the theory. As an artist's wife, you ought to know something about it."

"One learns a good deal about it, here, by simply living," said Rowland; "by going and coming about one's daily avocations."

"Dear, dear, how wonderful that we should be here in the midst of it!" murmured Mrs. Hudson. "To think of art being out there in the streets! We did n't see much of it last evening, as we drove from the depot. But the streets were so dark and we were so frightened! But we are very easy now; aren't we, Mary?"

"I am very happy," said Mary, gravely, and wandered back to the window again.

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Roderick came in at this moment and kissed his mother, and then went over and joined Miss Garland. Rowland sat with Mrs. Hudson, who evidently had a word which she deemed of some value for his private ear. She followed Roderick with intensely earnest eyes.

"I wish to tell you, sir," she said, "how very grateful — how very thankful — what a happy mother I am! I feel as if I owed it all to you, sir. To find my poor boy so handsome, so prosperous, so elegant, so famous — and ever to have doubted of you! What must you think of me? You 're our guardian angel, sir. I often say so to Mary."

Rowland wore, in response to this speech, a rather haggard brow. He could only murmur that he was glad she found Roderick looking well. He had of course promptly asked himself whether the best discretion dictated that he should give her a word of warning — just turn the handle of the door through which, later, disappointment might enter. He had determined to say nothing, but simply to wait in silence for Roderick to find effective inspiration in those confidently expectant eyes. It was to be supposed that he was seeking for it now; he remained some time at the window with his cousin. But at last he turned away, and came over to the fireside with a contraction of the eyebrows which seemed to intimate that Miss Garland's influence was for the moment, at least, not soothing. She presently followed him, and for an instant Rowland observed her watching him as if she thought him strange. "Strange enough," thought Rowland, "he may seem to her, if he will!" Roderick directed his glance to his friend with a certain peremptory air, which — roughly interpreted — was equivalent to a request to share the intellectual expense of entertaining the ladies. "Good heavens!" Rowland cried within himself; "is he already tired of them?"

"To-morrow, of course, we must begin to put you through the mill," Roderick said to his mother. "And be it hereby known to Mallet that we count upon him to turn the wheel."

"I will do as you please, my son," said Mrs. Hudson. "So long as I have you with me I don't care where I go. We must not take up too much of Mr. Mallet's time."

"His time is inexhaustible; he has nothing under the sun to do. Have you, Rowland? If you had seen the big hole I have been making in it! Where will you go first? You have your choice, — from the Scala Santa to the Cloaca Maxima."

"Let us take things in order," said Rowland. "We 'll go first to Saint Peter's. Miss Garland, I hope you are impatient to see Saint Peter's."

"I would like to go first to Roderick's studio," said Miss Garland.

"It 's a very nasty place," said Roderick. "At your pleasure!"

"Yes, we must see your beautiful things before we can look contentedly at anything else," said Mrs. Hudson.

"I have no beautiful things," said Roderick. "You may see what there is! What makes you look so odd?"

This inquiry was abruptly addressed to his mother, who, in response, glanced appealingly at Mary and raised a startled hand to her smooth hair.

"No, it 's your face," said Roderick. "What has happened to it these two years? It has changed its expression."

"Your mother has prayed a great deal," said Miss Garland, softly.

"I did n't suppose, of course, it was from doing anything bad! It makes you a very good face — very interesting, very solemn. It has very fine lines in it; something might be done with it." And Rowland held one of the candles near the poor lady's head.

She was covered with confusion. "My son, my son," she said, with dignity, "I don't understand you."

In a flash all his old alacrity had come back to him. "I suppose a man may admire his own mother!" he cried. "If you please, madam, you 'll sit to me for that head. I see it, I see it! I 'll make something that a queen can't get done for her."

Rowland respectfully urged her to assent; he saw Roderick was in the vein

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and would probably do something eminently original. She gave her promise, at last, after many soft, inarticulate protests and a frightened petition that she might be allowed to keep her knitting.

Rowland returned the next day, with plenty of zeal for the part Roderick had assigned to him. It had been arranged that they should go to Saint Peter's. Roderick was in high good-humor, and, in the carriage, was eying his mother with a fine mixture of filial and professional tenderness. Mrs. Hudson looked up mistrustfully at the tall, shabby houses, and grasped the side of the barouche in her hand, as if she were in a row-boat, in dangerous waters. Rowland sat opposite to Miss Garland. She was totally oblivious of her companions; from the moment the carriage left the hotel, she sat gazing, wide-eyed and absorbed, at the objects about them. If Rowland had felt disposed he might have made a joke of her intense seriousness. From time to time he told her the name of a place or a building, and she nodded, without looking at him. When they emerged into the great square between Bernini's colonnades, she laid her hand on Mrs. Hudson's arm and sank back in the carriage, staring up at the vast yellow façade of the church. Inside the church, Roderick gave his arm to his mother, and Rowland constituted himself the especial guide of Miss Garland. He walked with her slowly everywhere, and made the entire circuit, telling her all he knew of the history of the building. This was a great deal, but she listened attentively, keeping her eyes fixed on the dome. To Rowland himself it had never seemed so radiantly sublime as at these moments; he felt almost as if he had contrived it himself and had a right to be proud of it. He left Miss Garland a while on the steps of the choir, where she had seated herself to rest, and went to join their companions. Mrs. Hudson was watching a great circle of tattered *contadini*, who were kneeling before the image of Saint Peter. The fashion of their tatters fascinated her; she stood gazing at them in a sort of terrified pity, and could not be induced to look at anything else. Rowland went back to Miss Garland and sat down beside her.

"Well, what do you think of Europe?" he asked, smiling.

"I think it's horrible!" she said abruptly.

"Horrible?"

"I feel so strangely — I could almost cry."

"How is it that you feel?"

"So sorry for the poor past, that seems to have died here, in my heart, in an hour!"

"But, surely, you're pleased — you're interested."

"I'm overwhelmed. Here in a single hour, everything is changed. It is as if a wall in my mind had been knocked down at a stroke. Before me lies an immense new world, and it makes the old one, the poor little narrow, familiar one I have always known, seem pitiful."

"But you didn't come to Rome to keep your eyes fastened on that narrow little world. Forget it, turn your back on it, and enjoy all this."

"I want to enjoy it; but as I sat here just now, looking up at that golden mist in the dome, I seemed to see in it the vague shapes of certain people and things at home. To enjoy, as you say, as these things demand of one to enjoy them, is to break with one's past. And breaking is a pain!"

"Don't mind the pain, and it will cease to trouble you. Enjoy, enjoy; it's your duty. Yours especially!"

"Why mine especially?"

"Because I am very sure that you have a mind capable of doing the most liberal justice to everything interesting and beautiful. You're extremely intelligent."

"You don't know," said Miss Garland, simply.

"In that matter one *feels*. I really think that I know better than you. I don't want to seem patronizing, but I suspect that your mind is susceptible of a great development. Give it the best company, trust it, let it go!"

She looked away from him for some

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moments, down the gorgeous vista of the great church. "But what you say," she said at last, "means *change!*"

"Change for the better!" cried Rowland.

"How can one tell? As one stands, one knows the worst. It seems to me very frightful to develop," she added, with her complete smile.

"One is in for it in one way or another, and one might as well do it with a good grace as with a bad! Since one can't escape life, it is better to take it by the hand."

"Is *this* what you call life?" she asked.

"What do you mean by 'this'?"

"Saint Peter's — all this splendor, all Rome — pictures, ruins, statues, beggars, monks."

"It 's not all of it, but it 's a large part of it. All these things are impregnated with life; they are the fruits of an old and complex civilization."

"An old and complex civilization: I 'm afraid I don't like that."

"Don't conclude on that point just yet. Wait till you have tested it. While you wait, you will see an immense number of very beautiful things — things that you are made to understand. They won't leave you as they found you; then you can judge. Don't tell me I know nothing about your understanding. I have a right to assume it."

Miss Garland gazed awhile aloft in the dome. "I 'm not sure I understand that," she said.

"I hope, at least, that at a cursory glance it pleases you," said Rowland. "You need n't be afraid to tell the truth. What strikes some people is that it is so remarkably small."

"Oh, it 's large enough; it 's very wonderful. There are things in Rome, then," she added in a moment, turning and looking at him, "that are very, *very* beautiful?"

"Lots of them."

"Some of the most beautiful things in the world?"

"Unquestionably."

"What are they? which things have most beauty?"

"That 's according to taste. I should say the statues."

"How long will it take to see them all? to know, at least, something about them?"

"You can see them all, as far as mere seeing goes, in a fortnight. But to know them is a thing for one's leisure. The more time you spend among them, the more you care for them." After a moment's hesitation he went on: "Why should you grudge time? It 's all in your way, since you are to be an artist's wife."

"I 've thought of that," she said. "It may be that I shall always live here, among the most beautiful things in the world!"

"Very possibly! I should like to see you ten years hence."

"I dare say I shall seem greatly altered. But I am sure of one thing."

"Of what?"

"That for the most part I shall be quite the same. I ask nothing better than to believe the fine things you say about my understanding, but even if they are true, it won't matter. I shall be what I was made, what I am now — a young woman from the country! The fruit of a civilization not old and complex, but new and simple."

"I 'm delighted to hear it: that 's an excellent foundation."

"Perhaps, if you show me anything more, you will not always think so kindly of it. Therefore I warn you."

"I 'm not frightened. I should like vastly to say something to you: Be what you are, be what you choose; but *do*, sometimes, as I tell you."

If Rowland was not frightened, neither, perhaps, was Miss Garland; but she seemed at least slightly disturbed. She proposed that they should join their companions.

Mrs. Hudson spoke under her breath; she could not be accused of the want of reverence sometimes attributed to Protestants in the great Catholic temples. "Mary, dear," she whispered, "suppose we had to kiss that dreadful brass toe. If I could only have kept our door-knocker, at Northampton, as bright as

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that! I think it 's so heathenish; but Roderick says he thinks it 's sublime."

Roderick had evidently grown a trifle perverse. "It 's sublimer than anything that *your* religion asks you to do!" he exclaimed.

"Surely our religion sometimes gives us very difficult duties," said Miss Garland.

"The duty of sitting in a whitewashed meeting-house and listening to a nasal Puritan! I admit that 's difficult. But it 's not sublime. I 'm speaking of ceremonies, of forms. It is in my line, you know, to make much of forms. I think this is a very beautiful one. Could n't you do it?" he demanded, looking at his cousin.

She looked back at him intently and then shook her head. "I think not!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know; I could n't!"

During this little discussion our four friends were standing near the venerable image of Saint Peter, and a squalid, savage-looking peasant, a tattered ruffian of the most orthodox Italian aspect, had been performing his devotions before it. He turned away, crossing himself, and Mrs. Hudson gave a little shudder of horror.

"After that," she murmured, "I suppose he thinks he 's as good as any one! And here 's another. Oh, what a beautiful person!"

A young lady had approached the sacred effigy, after having wandered away from a group of companions. She kissed the brazen toe, touched it with her forehead, and turned round, facing our friends. Rowland then recognized Christina Light. He was stupefied: had she suddenly embraced the Catholic faith? It was but a few weeks before that she had treated him to a passionate profession of indifference. Had she entered the church to put herself *en règle* with what was expected of a Princess Casamassima? While Rowland was mentally asking these questions she was approaching him and his friends, on her way to the great altar. At first she did not perceive them.

Mary Garland had been gazing at her. "You told me," she said gently, to Rowland, "that Rome contained some of the most beautiful things in the world. This surely is one of them!"

At this moment Christina's eye met Rowland's, and before giving him any sign of recognition she glanced rapidly at his companions. She saw Roderick, but she gave him no bow; she looked at Mrs. Hudson, she looked at Mary Garland. At Mary Garland she looked fixedly, piercingly, from head to foot, as the slow pace at which she was advancing made possible. Then suddenly, as if she had perceived Roderick for the first time, she gave him a charming nod, a radiant smile. In a moment he was at her side. She stopped, and he stood talking to her; she continued to look at Miss Garland.

"Why, Roderick knows her!" cried Mrs. Hudson, in an awe-struck whisper. "I supposed she was some great princess."

"She is — almost!" said Rowland. "She is the most beautiful girl in Europe, and Roderick has made her bust."

"Her bust? Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Hudson, vaguely shocked. "What a strange bonnet!"

"She has very strange eyes," said Mary, and turned away.

The two ladies, with Rowland, began to descend toward the door of the church. On their way they passed Mrs. Light, the Cavaliere, and the poodle, and Rowland informed his companions of the relation in which these personages stood to Roderick's young lady.

"Think of it, Mary!" said Mrs. Hudson. "What splendid people he must know! No wonder he found Northampton dull!"

"I like the poor little old gentleman," said Mary.

"Why do you call him poor?" Rowland asked, struck with the observation.

"He seems so!" she answered simply.

As they were reaching the door they were overtaken by Roderick, whose interview with Miss Light had perceptibly brightened his eye. "So you are acquainted with princesses!" said his

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mother softly, as they passed into the portico.

"Miss Light is not a princess!" said Roderick, curtly.

"But Mr. Mallet says so," urged Mrs. Hudson, rather disappointed.

"I meant that she was going to be!" said Rowland.

"It 's by no means certain that she is even going to be!" Roderick answered.

"Ah," said Rowland, "I give it up!"

Roderick almost immediately demanded that his mother should sit to him, at his studio, for her portrait, and Rowland ventured to add another word of urgency. If Roderick's idea really held him, it was an immense pity that his inspiration should be wasted; inspiration, in these days, had become too precious a commodity. It was arranged therefore that, for the present, during the mornings, Mrs. Hudson should place herself at her son's service. This involved but little sacrifice, for the good lady's appetite for antiquities was diminutive and bird-like, the usual round of galleries and churches fatigued her, and she was glad to purchase immunity from sight-seeing by a regular afternoon drive. It became natural in this way that, Miss Garland having her mornings free, Rowland should propose to be the younger lady's guide in whatever explorations she might be disposed to make. She said she knew nothing about it, but she had a great curiosity, and would be glad to see anything that he would show her. Rowland could not find it in his heart to accuse Roderick of neglect of the young girl; for it was natural that the inspirations of a capricious man of genius, when they came, should be imperious; but of course he wondered how Miss Garland felt, as the young man's promised wife, on being thus expeditiously handed over to another man to be entertained. However she felt, he was certain he would know little about it. There had been, between them, none but indirect allusions to her engagement, and Rowland had no desire to discuss it more largely; for he had no quarrel with matters as they stood. They wore the same delightful aspect through the lovely month of May, and the ineffable charm of Rome at that period seemed but the radiant sympathy of nature with his happy opportunity. The weather was divine; each particular morning, as he walked from his lodging to Mrs. Hudson's modest inn, seemed to have a blessing upon it. The elder lady had usually gone off to the studio, and he found Miss Garland sitting alone at the open window, turning the leaves of some book of artistic or antiquarian reference that he had given her. She always had a smile, she was always eager, alert, responsive. She might be grave by nature, she might be sad by circumstance, she might have secret doubts and pangs, but she was essentially young and strong and fresh and able to enjoy. Her enjoyment was not especially demonstrative, but it was curiously diligent. Rowland felt that it was not amusement and sensation that she coveted, but knowledge — facts that she might noiselessly lay away, piece by piece, in the perfumed darkness of her serious mind, so that, under this head at least, she should not be a perfectly portionless bride. She never merely pretended to understand; she let things go, in her modest fashion, at the moment, but she watched them on their way, over the crest of the hill, and when her fancy seemed not likely to be missed it went hurrying after them, and ran breathless at their side, as it were, and begged them for the secret. Rowland took an immense satisfaction in observing that she never mistook the second-best for the best, and that when she was in the presence of a masterpiece, she recognized the occasion as a mighty one. She said many things which he thought very profound — that is, if they really had the fine intention he suspected. This point he usually tried to ascertain; but he was obliged to proceed cautiously, for in her mistrustful shyness it seemed to her that cross-examination must necessarily be ironical. She wished to know just where she was going — what she would gain or lose. This was partly on account of a native intellectual purity,

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a temper of mind that had not lived with its door ajar, as one might say, upon the high-road of thought, for passing ideas to drop in and out at their pleasure; but had made much of a few long visits from guests cherished and honored — guests whose presence was a solemnity. But it was even more because she was conscious of a sort of growing self-respect, a sense of devoting her life not to her own ends, but to those of another, whose life would be large and brilliant. She had been brought up to think a great deal of "nature" and nature's innocent laws; but now Rowland had spoken to her ardently of culture; her strenuous fancy had responded, and she was pursuing culture into retreats where the need for some intellectual effort gave a noble severity to her purpose. She wished to be very sure, to take only the best, knowing it to be the best. There was something exquisite in this labor of pious self-adornment, and Rowland helped it, though its fruits were not for him. In spite of her lurking rigidity and angularity, it was very evident that a nervous, impulsive sense of beauty was constantly at play in her soul, and that her actual experience of beautiful things moved her in some very deep places. For all that she was not demonstrative, that her manner was simple, and her small-talk of no very ample flow; for all that, as she had said, she was a young woman from the country, and the country was West Nazareth and West Nazareth was in its way a stubborn little fact, she was feeling the direct influence of the great amenities of the world, and they were shaping her with a divinely intelligent touch. "Oh exquisite virtue of circumstance!" cried Rowland to himself, "that takes us by the hand and leads us forth out of corners where, perforce, our attitudes are a trifle contracted, and beguiles us into testing mistrusted faculties!" When he said to Mary Garland that he wished he might see her ten years hence, he was paying mentally an equal compliment to circumstance and to the girl herself. Capacity was there, it could be freely trusted; observation would have but to sow its generous seed. "A superior woman" — the idea had harsh associations, but he watched it imaging itself in the vagueness of the future with a kind of hopeless confidence.

They went a great deal to Saint Peter's, for which Rowland had an extending affection, a large measure of which he succeeded in infusing into his companion. She confessed very speedily that to climb the long, low, yellow steps, beneath the huge florid façade, and then to push the ponderous leathern apron of the door, to find one's self confronted with that builded, luminous sublimity, was a sensation of which the keenness renewed itself with surprising generosity. In those days the hospitality of the Vatican had not been curtailed, and it was an easy and delightful matter to pass from the gorgeous church to the solemn company of the antique marbles. Here Rowland had with his companion a great deal of talk, and found himself expounding æsthetics *à perte de vue.* He discovered that she made notes of her likes and dislikes in a new-looking little memorandum book, and he wondered to what extent she reported his own discourse. These were charming hours. The galleries had been so cold all winter that Rowland had been an exile from them; but now that the sun was already scorching in the great square between the colonnades, where the twin fountains flashed almost fiercely, the marble coolness of the long, image-bordered vistas made them a delightful refuge. The great herd of tourists had almost departed, and our two friends often found themselves, for half an hour at a time, in sole and tranquil possession of the beautiful Braccio Nuovo. Here and there was an open window, where they lingered and leaned, looking out into the warm, dead air, over the towers of the city, at the soft-hued, historic hills, at the stately, shabby gardens of the palace, or at some sunny, empty, grass-grown court, lost in the heart of the labyrinthine pile. They went sometimes into the chambers painted by Raphael, and of course paid their respects to the Sistine Chapel; but Mary's

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evident preference was to linger among the statues. Once, when they were standing before that noblest of sculptured portraits, the so-called Demosthenes, in the Braccio Nuovo, she made the only spontaneous allusion to her projected marriage, direct or indirect, that had yet fallen from her lips. "I 'm so glad," she said, "that Roderick is a sculptor and not a painter."

The allusion resided chiefly in the extreme earnestness with which the words were uttered. Rowland immediately asked her the reason of her gladness.

"It 's not that painting is not fine," she said, "but that sculpture is finer. It 's more manly!"

Rowland tried at times to make her talk about herself, but in this she had little skill. She seemed to him so much older, so much more pliant to social uses than when he had seen her at home, that he had a desire to draw from her some categorical account of her occupations and thoughts. He told her his desire and what suggested it. "It appears, then," she said, "that, after all, one *can* grow at home!"

"Unquestionably, if one has a motive. Your growth, then, was unconscious? You did n't watch yourself and water your roots?"

She paid no heed to his question. "I 'm willing to grant," she said, "that Europe is more delightful than I supposed; and I don't think that, mentally, I had been stingy. But you must admit that America is better than you have supposed."

"I have not a fault to find with the country which produced you!" Rowland thought he might risk this, smiling.

"And yet you want me to change — to assimilate Europe, I suppose you would call it."

"I have felt that desire only on general principles. Shall I tell you what I feel now? America has made you, thus far; let America finish you! I should like to ship you back without delay and see what becomes of you. That sounds unkind, and I admit there is a cold, intellectual curiosity in it."

She shook her head. "The charm is broken; the thread is snapped! I prefer to remain here."

Invariably, when he was inclined to make of something they were talking of a direct application to herself, she wholly failed to assist him; she made no response. Whereupon, once, with a spark of ardent irritation, he told her she was very "secretive." At this she colored a little, and he said that in default of any larger confidence it would at least be a satisfaction to make her confess to that charge. But even this satisfaction she denied him, and his only revenge was in making, two or three times afterward, a softly ironical allusion to her slyness. He told her that she was what is called in French a *sournoise*. "Very good," she answered, almost indifferently, "and now please tell me again — I have forgotten it — what you said an 'architrave' was."

It was on the occasion of her asking him a question of this kind that he charged her, with a humorous emphasis in which, also, if she had been curious in the matter, she might have detected a spark of restless ardor, with having an insatiable avidity for facts. "You are always grasping at information," he said; "you will never consent to have any disinterested conversation."

She frowned a little, as she always did when he arrested their talk upon something personal. But this time she assented, and said that she knew she was eager for facts. "One must make hay while the sun shines," she added. "I must lay up a store of learning against dark days. Somehow, my imagination refuses to compass the idea that I may be in Rome indefinitely."

He knew he had divined her real motives; but he felt that if he might have said to her — what it seemed impossible to say — that fortune possibly had in store for her a bitter disappointment, she would have been capable of answering, immediately after the first sense of pain, "Say then that I am laying up resources for solitude!"

But all the accusations were not his. He had been watching, once, during some

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brief argument, to see whether she would take her forefinger out of her Murray, into which she had inserted it to keep a certain page. It would have been hard to say why this point interested him, for he had not the slightest real apprehension that she was dry or pedantic. The simple human truth was, the poor fellow was jealous of science. In preaching science to her, he had overestimated his powers of self-effacement. Suddenly, sinking science for the moment, she looked at him very frankly and began to frown. At the same time she let the Murray slide down to the ground, and he was so charmed with this circumstance that he made no movement to pick it up.

"You are singularly inconsistent, Mr. Mallet," she said.

"How?"

"That first day that we were in Saint Peter's you said things that inspired me. You bade me plunge into all this. I was all ready; I only wanted a little push; yours was a great one; here I am in mid-ocean! And now, as a reward for my bravery, you have repeatedly snubbed me."

"Distinctly, then," said Rowland, "I strike you as inconsistent?"

"Distinctly."

"Then I have played my part very ill."

"Your part? What is your part supposed to have been?"

He hesitated a moment. "That of usefulness, pure and simple."

"I don't understand you!" she said; and picking up her Murray, she fairly buried herself in it.

That evening he said something to her which necessarily increased her perplexity, though it was not uttered with such an intention. "Do you remember," he asked, "my begging you, the other day, to do occasionally as I told you? It seemed to me you tacitly consented."

"Very tacitly."

"I have never yet really presumed on your consent. But now I would like you to do this: whenever you catch me in the act of what you call inconsistency, ask me the meaning of some architectural term. I will know what you mean; a word to the wise."

One morning they spent among the ruins of the Palatine, that sunny desolation of crumbling, over-tangled fragments, half excavated and half identified, known as the Palace of the Cæsars. Nothing in Rome is more interesting, and no locality has such a confusion of picturesque charms. It is a vast, rambling garden, where you stumble at every step on the disinterred bones of the past; where damp, frescoed corridors, relics, possibly, of Nero's Golden House, serve as gigantic bowers, and where, in the spring-time, you may sit on a Latin inscription, in the shade of a flowering almond-tree, and admire the composition of the Campagna. The day left a deep impression on Rowland's mind, partly owing to its intrinsic sweetness, and partly because his companion, on this occasion, let her Murray lie unopened for an hour, and asked several questions irrelevant to the Consuls and the Cæsars. She had begun with saying that it was coming over her, after all, that Rome was a ponderously sad place. The sirocco was gently blowing, the air was heavy, she was tired, she looked a little pale.

"Everything," she said, "seems to say that all things are vanity. If one is doing something, I suppose one feels a certain strength within one to contradict it. But if one is idle, surely it is depressing to live, year after year, among the ashes of things that once were mighty. If I were to remain here I should either become permanently 'low,' as they say, or I should take refuge in some dogged daily work."

"What work?"

"I should open a school for those beautiful little beggars; though I'm sadly afraid I should never bring myself to scold them."

"I am idle," said Rowland, "and yet I have kept up a certain spirit."

"I don't call you idle," she answered, with emphasis.

"It's very good of you. Do you remember our talking about that in Northampton?"

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"During that picnic? Perfectly. Has your coming abroad succeeded, for yourself, as well as you hoped?"

"I think I may say that it has turned out as well as I expected."

"Are you happy?"

"Don't I look so?"

"So it seems to me. But" — and she hesitated a moment — "I imagine you look happy whether you are so or not."

"I 'm like that ancient comic mask that we saw just now in yonder excavated fresco: I 'm made to grin."

"Shall you come back here next winter?"

"Very probably."

"Are you settled here forever?"

"'Forever' is a long time. I live only from year to year."

"Shall you never marry?"

Rowland gave a laugh. "'Forever' — 'never!' You handle large ideas. I have n't taken a vow of celibacy."

"Would n't you like to marry?"

"I should like it immensely."

To this she made no rejoinder; but presently she asked, "Why don't you write a book?"

Rowland laughed, this time more freely. "A book! What book should I write?"

"A history; something about art or antiquities."

"I have neither the learning nor the talent."

She made no attempt to contradict him; she simply said she had supposed otherwise. "You ought, at any rate," she continued in a moment, "to do something for yourself."

"For myself? I should have supposed that if ever a man seemed to live for himself" —

"I don't know how it seems," she interrupted, "to careless observers. But we know — we know that you have lived — a great deal — for *us*."

Her voice trembled slightly, and she brought out the last words with a little jerk.

"She has had that speech on her conscience," thought Rowland; "she has been thinking she owed it to me, and it seemed to her that now was her time to make it and have done with it."

She went on in a way which confirmed these reflections, speaking with due solemnity. "You ought to be made to know very well what we all feel. Mrs. Hudson tells me that she has told you what she feels. Of course Roderick has expressed himself. I have been wanting to thank you too; I do, from my heart."

Rowland made no answer; his face at this moment resembled the tragic mask much more than the comic. But Miss Garland was not looking at him; she had taken up her Murray again.

In the afternoon she usually drove with Mrs. Hudson, but Rowland frequently saw her again in the evening. He was apt to spend half an hour in the little sitting-room at the *hôtel-pension* on the slope of the Pincian, and Roderick, who dined regularly with his mother, was present on these occasions. Rowland saw him little at other times, and for three weeks no observations passed between them on the subject of Mrs. Hudson's advent. To Rowland's vision, as the weeks elapsed, the benefits to proceed from the presence of the two ladies remained shrouded in mystery. Roderick was peculiarly inscrutable. He was preoccupied with his work on his mother's portrait, which was taking a very happy turn; and often, when he sat silent, with his hands in his pockets, his legs outstretched, his head thrown back, and his eyes on vacancy, it was to be supposed that his fancy was hovering about the half-shaped image in his studio, exquisite even in its immaturity. He said little, but his silence did not of necessity imply disaffection, for he evidently found it a deep personal luxury to lounge away the hours in an atmosphere so charged with feminine tenderness. He was not alert, he suggested nothing in the way of excursions (Rowland was the prime mover in such as were attempted), but he conformed passively, at least, to the tranquil temper of the two women, and made no harsh comments nor sombre allusions. Rowland wondered whether he had, after

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all, done his friend injustice, in denying him the sentiment of duty. He refused invitations, to Rowland's knowledge, in order to dine at the tawdry little table-d'hôte; wherever his spirit might be, he was present in the flesh with religious constancy. Mrs. Hudson's felicity betrayed itself in a remarkable tendency to finish her sentences and wear her best black silk gown. Her tremors had trembled away; she was like a child who discovers that the shaggy monster it has so long been afraid to touch is an inanimate terror, compounded of straw and sawdust, and that it is even a safe audacity to tickle its nose. As to whether the love-knot of which Mary Garland had the keeping still held firm, who should pronounce? The young girl, as we know, did not wear it on her sleeve. She always sat at the table, near the candles, with a piece of needle-work. This was the attitude in which Rowland had first seen her, and he thought, now that he had seen her in several others, it was not the least becoming.

Henry James, Jr.

THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face?
  What passion stirred her blood?
What tide of sorrow and desire
  Poured its forgotten flood
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
Long since, with thought that life was sweet
When nights were rich with starry dusk
  And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then
  Stolen through the latticed room,
Her funeral raiment would have shed
  A more heart-breaking gloom, —
Had not a dimpled convent maid
Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
And left the melancholy place
  Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
  And through the singing strings
Wound those wan hands of folded prayer
  In murmurous preludings.
Then, like a voice, the harp rang high
Its melody, as climb the sky,
Melting against the melting blue,
  Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why of all the songs that grow
  Forever tenderer,
Chose she that passionate refrain
  Where lovers, 'mid the stir

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Of wassailers that round them pass,
Hide their sweet secret? Now, alas,
In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,
What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook
The statue in its shrine,
A sense of tears thrilled all the air
Along that purpling line.
Earth seemed a place of graves that rang
To hollow footsteps, while she sang
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

II.

Two young men, officers of a militia regiment, became admirers of the two young country actresses: how long an acquaintance existed before the fact became evident that they were seriously paying their addresses to the girls, I do not know; nor how long the struggle lasted between pride and conventional respectability on the part of the young men's families and the pertinacity of their attachment.

Fanny Kemble's suitor, Robert Arkwright, had certainly no pretensions to dignity of descent, and the old Derbyshire barber, Sir Richard, or his son could hardly have stood out long upon that ground, though the immense wealth realized by their ingenuity and industry was abundant worldly reason for objections to such a match, no doubt.

However that may be, the opposition was eventually overcome by the determination of the lovers, and they were married; while to the others a far different fate was allotted. The young man who addressed my aunt, whose name I do not know, was sent for by his father, a wealthy Yorkshire squire, who, upon his refusing to give up his mistress, instantly assembled all the servants and tenants, and declared before them all that the young gentleman, his son (and supposed heir), was illegitimate, and thenceforth disinherited and disowned. He enlisted and went to India, and never saw my aunt again. Mrs. Arkwright went home to Stoke, to the lovely house and gardens in the Peak of Derbyshire, to prosperity and wealth, to ease and luxury, and to the love of husband and children. Later in life she enjoyed in her fine mansion of Sutton the cordial intimacy of the two great county magnates, her neighbors, the Dukes of Rutland and Devonshire, the latter of whom was her admiring and devoted friend till her death. In the society of the high-born and gay and gifted, with whom she now mixed, and among whom her singular gifts made her remarkable, the enthusiasm she excited never impaired the transparent and childlike simplicity and sincerity of her nature. There was something very peculiar about the single-minded, simple-hearted genuineness of Mrs. Arkwright which gave an unusual charm of unconventionality and fervid earnestness to her manner and conversation. I remember her telling me, with the most absolute conviction, that she thought wives were bound implicitly to

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obey their husbands, for she believed that at the day of judgment husbands would be answerable for their wives' souls.

It was in the midst of a life full of all the most coveted elements of worldly enjoyment, and when she was still beautiful and charming, though no longer young, that I first knew her. Her face and voice were heavenly sweet, and very sad; I do not know why she made so profoundly melancholy an impression upon me, but she was so unlike all that surrounded her, that she constantly suggested to me the one *live* drop of water in the middle of a globe of ice. The loss of her favorite son affected her with irrecoverable sorrow, and she passed a great portion of the last years of her life at a place called Cullercoats, a little fishing village on the north coast, to which when a young girl she used to accompany her father and mother for rest and refreshment, when the hard life from which her marriage released her allowed them a few days' respite by the rocks and sands and breakers of the Northumberland shore. The Duke of Devonshire, whose infirmity of deafness did not interfere with his enjoyment of music, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and her constant and affectionate friend. Their proximity of residence in Derbyshire made their opportunities of meeting very frequent, and when the Arkwrights visited London, Devonshire House was, if they chose it, their hotel. The real history of the duke's social position was known, no doubt, to some, and surmised by many, but he himself told it to Mrs. Arkwright. His attachment to her induced him, towards the end of his life, to take a residence in the poor little village of Cullercoats, whither she loved to resort and where she died. I possess a copy of a beautiful drawing of a head of Mrs. Arkwright, given to me by the duke, for whom the original was executed. It is only a head, with the eyes raised to heaven and the lips parted, as in the act of singing; and the angelic sweetness of the countenance may perhaps suggest, to those who never heard her, the voice that seemed like that face turned to sound.

So Fanny Kemble married, and Adelaide Decamp came and lived with us, and was the good angel of our home. All intercourse between the two, till then inseparable companions, ceased for many years, and my aunt began her new life with a bitter bankruptcy of love and friendship, happiness and hope, that would have dried the sap of every sweet affection, and made even goodness barren in many a woman's heart forever.

Without any home but my father's house, without means of subsistence but the small pittance which he was able to give her in most grateful acknowledgment of her unremitting care of us, without any joys or hopes but those of others, without pleasure in the present or expectation in the future, apparently without memory of the past, she spent her whole life in the service of my parents and their children, and lived and moved and had her being in a serene, unclouded, unvarying atmosphere of cheerful, self-forgetful content that was heroic in its absolute unconsciousness. She is the only person I can think of who appeared to me to have fulfilled Wordsworth's conception of

> "Those blessed ones who do God's will and know it not."

I have never seen either man or woman like her, in her humble excellence, and I am thankful that, knowing what the circumstances of her whole life were, she yet seems to me the happiest human being I have known. She died, as she had lived, in the service of others. When I went with my father to America, my mother remained in England, and my aunt came with us, to take care of me. She died in consequence of the overturning of a carriage (in which we were traveling), from which she received a concussion of the spine; and her last words to me, after a night of angelic endurance of restless fever and suffering, were, "Open the window; let in the blessed light" — almost the same as Goethe's, with a characteristic difference. It was with the hope of giving

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her the proceeds of its publication, as a token of my affectionate gratitude, that I printed my American journal; that hope being defeated by her death, I gave them, for her sake, to her younger sister, my aunt Victoria Decamp. This sister of my mother's was, when we were living in Covent Garden chambers, a governess in a school at Lea, near Blackheath.

The school was kept by ladies of the name of Guinani, sisters to the wife of Charles Young, — the Julia so early lost, so long loved and lamented by him. I was a frequent and much petted visitor to their house, which never fulfilled the austere purpose implied in its name to me, for all my days there were holidays; and I remember hours of special delight passed in a large drawing-room where two fine cedars of Lebanon threw grateful gloom into the windows, and great tall china jars of pot-pourri filled the air with a mixed fragrance of roses and (as it seemed to me) plum-pudding, and where hung a picture, the contemplation of which more than once moved me to tears, after I had been given to understand that the princely personage and fair-haired baby in a boat in the midst of a hideous black sea, overhung by a hideous black sky, were Prospero, the good Duke of Milan, and his poor little princess daughter, Miranda, cast forth by wicked relations to be drowned.

It was while we were still living in Covent Garden chambers that Talma, the great French actor, came to London. He knew both my uncle and my father, and was highly esteemed and greatly admired by both of them. He called one day upon my father, when nobody was at home, and the servant who opened the door holding me by the hand, the famous French actor, who spoke very good English, though not without the "pure Parisian accent," took some kind of notice of me, desiring me to be sure and remember his name, and tell my father that Mr. Talma, the great French tragedian, had called. I replied that I would do so, and then added, with noble emulation, that my father was also a great tragedian, and my uncle was also a great tragedian, and that we had a baby in the nursery who I thought must be a great tragedian too, for she did nothing but cry, and what was that if not tragedy? — which edifying discourse found its way back to my mother, to whom Talma laughingly repeated it. I have heard my father say that on the occasion of this visit of Talma's to London, he consulted my uncle on the subject of acting in English. Hamlet was one of his great parts, and he made as fine a thing of Druis's cold and stiff and formal adaptation of Shakespeare's noble work as his meagre material allowed; but as I said before he spoke English well, and thought it not impossible to undertake the part in the original language. My uncle, however, strongly dissuaded him from it, thinking the decided French accent an insuperable obstacle to his success, being very unwilling that he should risk by a failure in the attempt his deservedly high reputation. The days had not yet arrived for English people to become enthusiastic over Hamlets and Juliets unable to pronounce the English language, and the ingenious suggestion once made on the subject had probably not occurred to my uncle. A friend of mine, at a dinner party, being asked if she had seen Mr. Fechter in Hamlet, replied in the negative, adding that she did not think she should relish Shakespeare declaimed with a foreign accent. The gentleman who had questioned her said, "Ah, very true indeed — perhaps not;" then, looking attentively at his plate, from which I suppose he drew the inspiration of what followed, he added, "And yet — after all, you know, Hamlet *was* a foreigner." This view of the case had probably not suggested itself to John Kemble, and so he dissuaded Talma from the experiment. While referring to Mr. Fechter's personifications of Hamlet, and the great success which it obtained in the fashionable world, I wish to preserve a charming instance of naïve ignorance in a young guardsman, seduced by the enthusiasm of the gay society of London into going, for once,

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to see a play of Shakespeare's. After sitting dutifully through some scenes in silence, he turned to a fellow-guardsman, who was painfully looking and listening by his side, with the grave remark, "I say, George, *dooced* odd play this; it 's all full of quotations." The young military gentleman had occasionally, it seems, heard Shakespeare quoted, and remembered it. So did not the same very amiable, extremely handsome, but not very intelligent young hero remember his English history, if ever he had heard that quoted; for being honored with a command to attend a fancy ball at the palace, he consulted a cousin of his and friend of mine, as to his costume on the occasion. "Go as the Black Prince, dear Fountain" (Fountain was his name — I always called him Pump, for short), said she; "you will look so lovely in armor." "Oh hang it, Polly, though; I should n't like to black my face," was the ingenuous reply. If any one doubts the possibility of such crass ignorance in a charming young officer of her Majesty's household brigade, I beg leave to add that a very fine lady, coming in to visit the said "cousin Polly" after his departure, and hearing of his remark upon the subject of the hero of Crecy, went into fits of laughter, and as soon as she recovered breath enough to speak, exclaimed, "Well, to be sure, poor fellow, it would be a pity, you know, he is so very handsome" — the ingenuous vanity of the lad's objection being the only point apparent in his reply, to his admiring and equally well-informed female friend. These were members of the best London society in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty something.

To return to my story: about this time it was determined that I should be sent to school in France. My father was extremely anxious to give me every advantage that he could, and Boulogne, which was not then the British Alsatia it afterwards became, and where there was a girls' school of some reputation, was chosen as not too far from home to send a mite seven years old, to acquire the French language, and begin her education. And so to Boulogne I went, to a school in the oddly named "Rue tant perd tant paie," in the old town, kept by a rather sallow and grim, but still vivacious old Madame Faudier, with the assistance of her daughter, Mademoiselle Flore, a bouncing, blooming beauty of a discreet age, whose florid complexion, prominent black eyes, plaited and profusely pomatumed black hair and full, commanding figure attired for fête days in salmon-colored merino, have remained vividly impressed upon my memory. What I learned here, except French (which I could not help learning), I know not. I was taught music, dancing, and Italian, the latter by a Signor Mazzochetti, an object of special detestation to me, whose union with Mademoiselle Flore caused a temporary fit of rejoicing in the school. The small seven-year-old beginnings of such particular humanities I mastered with tolerable success, but if I may judge from the frequency of my *penitences*, humanity in general was not instilled into me without considerable trouble. I was a sore torment, no doubt, to poor Madame Faudier, who, on being once informed by some alarmed passers in the street that one of her "demoiselles was perambulating the house roof," is reported to have exclaimed, in a paroxysm of rage and terror, "Ah, ce ne peut être que cette *diable* de Kemble!" and sure enough it was I. Having committed I know not what crime, I had been thrust for chastisement into a lonely garret, where, having nothing earthly to do but look about me, I discovered (like a prince in the Arabian Nights) a ladder leading to a trap-door, and presently was out on a sort of stone coping which ran round the steep roof of the high, old-fashioned house, surveying with serene satisfaction the extensive prospect landward and seaward, unconscious that I was at the same time an object of terror to the beholders in the street below. Snatched from the perilous delight of this bad eminence, I was (again, I think, rather like the Arabian prince) forthwith plunged into the cellar; where

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I curled myself up on the upper step, close to the heavy door that had been locked upon me, partly for the comfort of the crack of light that squeezed itself through it, and partly, I suppose, from some vague idea that there was no bottom to the steps, derived from my own terror rather than from any precise historical knowledge of oubliettes and donjons with the execrable treachery of stairs suddenly ending in mid-darkness over an abyss. I suppose I suffered a martyrdom of fear, for I remember upwards of thirty years afterwards having this very cellar, and my misery in it, brought before my mind suddenly, with intense vividness, while reading, in Victor Hugo's Notre Dame, poor Esmeralda's piteous entreaties for deliverance from her under-ground prison: "Oh laissez moi sortir! j'ai froid! j'ai peur! et des bêtes me montent le long du corps." The latter hideous detail certainly completes the exquisite misery of the picture. Less justifiable than banishment to lonely garrets, whence egress was to be found only by the roof, or dark incarceration in cellars whence was no egress at all, was another device adopted to impress me with the evil of my ways, and one which seems to me so foolish in its cruelty that the only amazement is, how anybody intrusted with the care of children could dream of any good result from such a method of impressing a little girl not eight years old. There was to be an execution in the town, of some wretched malefactor who was condemned to be guillotined, and I was told that I should be taken to see this supreme act of legal retribution, in order that I might know to what end evil courses conducted people. We all remember the impressive fable of "Don't Care," who came to be hanged, but I much doubt if any of the thousands of young Britons whose bosoms have been made to thrill with salutary terror at his untimely end were ever taken by their parents and guardians to see a hanging, by way of enforcing the lesson. Whether it was ever intended that I should witness the ghastly spectacle of this execution, or whether it was expressly contrived that I should come too late, I know not; it is to be hoped that my doing so was not accidental but mercifully intentional. Certain it is that when I was taken to the Grande Place the slaughter was over; but I saw the guillotine, and certain gutters running red with what I was told (whether truly or not) was blood, and a sad-looking man, busied about the terrible machine, who, it was said, was the executioner's son; all which lugubrious objects no doubt had their due effect upon my poor childish imagination and nervous system, with a benefit to my moral nature which I should think highly problematical.

A friend of mine, to whom I once told this story, matched it with the following. An escaped maniac, having made his way into the grounds of some people she knew, they improved the opportunity by bringing a violent-tempered little girl of ten years to witness the poor wretch's struggles with his captors, assuring her that such were the results of ungoverned temper. The lesson was supposed to have succeeded; the child's temper improved, but her system received a serious physical shock, and she remained for years haunted by a nervous terror of insanity, which might very well have been its own fulfillment.

The experiments tried upon the minds and souls of children, by those who undertake to train them, are certainly among the most mysterious of Heaven-permitted evils. The coarse and cruel handling of these wonderfully complex and delicate machines by ignorant servants, ignorant teachers, and ignorant parents fills one with pity and with amazement that the results of such processes should not be even more disastrous than they are.

In the nature of many children exists a capacity of terror equaled in its intensity only by the reticence which conceals it. The fear of ridicule is strong in these sensitive small souls, but even that is inadequate to account for the silent agony with which they hug the secret of their fear, enduring a martyrdom which recalls that of the Spartan boy, with the fox gnawing his entrails. Nursery and

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school-room authorities, fonder of power than of principle, find their account in both these tendencies, and it is marvelous to what a point tyranny may be exercised by means of their double influence over children, the sufferers never having recourse to the higher parental authority by which they would be delivered from the nightmare of silent terror imposed upon them.

The objects that excite the fears of children are often as curious and unaccountable as their secret intensity. A child four years of age, who was accustomed to be put to bed in a dressing-room opening into her mother's room, and near her nursery, and was left to go to sleep alone, from a desire that she should not be watched and lighted to sleep (or in fact kept awake), after a very common nursery practice, endured this discipline without remonstrance, and only years afterwards informed her mother that she never was so left in her little bed alone in the darkness without a full conviction that a large black dog was lying under it, which terrible imagination she never so much as hinted at, or besought for light or companionship to dispel. Miss Martineau told me once, that a special object of horror to her, when she was a child, were the colors of the prism, a thing in itself so beautiful, that it is difficult to conceive how any imagination could be painfully impressed by it; but her terror of these magical colors was such that she used to rush past the room, even when the door was closed, where she had seen them reflected from the chandelier, by the sunlight, on the wall.

A bright, clever boy of nine, by no means particularly nervous or timid, told me once that the whole story of Aladdin was frightful to him; but he never was able to explain why it made this impression upon him. A very curious instance of strong nervous apprehension, not, however, in any way connected with supernatural terror, occurred to a young girl about eight years old, the daughter of a friend of mine. The mother, the gentlest and most reasonably indulgent of parents, sent her up-stairs for her watch, cautioning her not to let it fall; the child, by her own account, stood at the top of the stairs with the watch in her hand, till the conviction that she certainly *should* let it fall took such dreadful and complete possession of her that she dashed it down, and then came in a paroxysm of the most distressing nervous excitement to tell her mother what she had done.

The most singular instance I ever knew, however, of unaccountable terror produced in a child's mind by the pure action of its imagination, was that of a little boy who overheard a conversation between his mother and a friend upon the subject of the purchase of some stuff, which she had not bought, "because," said she, "it was ell wide." The words "ell wide," perfectly incomprehensible to the child, seized upon his fancy and produced some image of terror, by which for a long time his poor little mind was haunted. Certainly this is a powerful instance, among innumerable and striking ones, of the fact that the fears of children are by no means the result of the objects of alarm suggested to them by the ghost-stories, bogeys, etc., of foolish servants and companions; they quite as often select or create their terrors for themselves, from sources so inconceivably strange that all precaution proves ineffectual to protect them from this innate tendency of the imaginative faculty. This ell wide horror is like something in a German story. The strange aversion, coupled with a sort of mysterious terror, for beautiful and agreeable or even quite commonplace objects, is one of the secrets of the profound impression which the German writers of fiction produce. It belongs peculiarly to their national genius, some of whose most striking and thrilling conceptions are pervaded with this peculiar form of the sentiment of fear. Hoffman and Tieck are especially powerful in their use of it, and contrive to give a character of vague mystery to simple details of prosaic events and objects, to be found in no other works of fiction. The terrible conception of the *Doppelgänger*, which exists in a modified form as the wraith of Scottish leg-

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endary superstition, is rendered infinitely more appalling by being taken out of its misty highland half-light of visionary indefiniteness, and produced in frock-coat and trousers, in all the shocking distinctness of commonplace, every-day, contemporary life. The Germans are the only people whose imaginative faculty can cope with the homeliest forms of reality, and infuse into them *vagueness*, that element of terror most alien from familiar things (for even the copy-book knows that "familiarity breeds contempt"). That they may be tragic enough we know, but that they have in them a mysterious element of terror of quite indefinite depth, German writers alone know how to make us feel. Their power of allying the profoundly awful with the perfectly commonplace seems akin to their faculty of combining sentiment and sausage eating.

I do not think that in my own instance the natural cowardice with which I was femininely endowed was unusually or unduly cultivated in childhood; but with a highly susceptible and excitable nervous temperament and ill-regulated imagination, I have suffered from every conceivable form of terror; and though, for some inexplicable reason, I have always had the reputation of being fearless, have really, all my life, been extremely deficient in courage.

Very impetuous and liable to be carried away by any strong emotion, my entire want of self-control and prudence, I suppose, conveyed the impression that I was equally without fear; but the truth is that, as a wise friend once said to me, I have always been "as rash and as cowardly as a child;" and none of my sex ever had a better right to apply to herself Shakespeare's line, —

"A woman, naturally born to fears."

The only agreeable impression I retain of my school-days at Boulogne is that of the long half-holiday walks we were allowed to indulge in. Not the two-and-two, dull, dreary, daily procession round the ramparts, but the disbanded freedom of the sunny afternoon spent in gathering wild flowers along the pretty, secluded valley of the Liane, through which no iron road then bore its thundering freight. Or, better still, clambering, straying, playing hide-and-seek, or sitting telling and hearing fairy tales among the great carved blocks of stone which lay, in ignominious purposelessness, around the site on the high, grassy cliff where Napoleon the First — the Only — had decreed that his triumphal pillar should point its finger of scorn at our conquered, "pale-faced shores." Best of all, however, was the distant wandering far out along the sandy dunes, to what used to be called La Garenne; I suppose because of the wild rabbits that haunted it, who — hunted and rummaged from their burrows in the hillocks of coarse grass by a pitiless pack of school-girls — must surely have wondered after our departure, when they came together stealthily, with twitching noses, ears, and tails, what manner of fiendish visitation had suddenly come and gone, scaring their peaceful settlement on the silent, solitary sea-shore.

Before I left Boulogne the yearly solemnity of the distribution of prizes took place. This was, at Madame Faudier's, as at all French schools of that day, a most exciting event. Special examinations preceded it, for which the pupils prepared themselves with diligent emulation; those studied then who never did before; and those who always did, then studied more. The prefect, the sub-prefect, the mayor, the bishop, all the principal civil and religious authorities of the place, were invited to honor the ceremony with their presence. The court-yard of the house was partly inclosed and covered over with scaffoldings, awnings, and draperies, under which a stage was erected, and this, together with the steps that led to it, was carpeted with crimson and adorned with a profusion of flowers. One of the dignified personages seated around a table on which the books designed for prizes were exhibited, pronounced a discourse commendatory of past efforts and hortatory to future ones, and the pupils, all *en grande toilette* and seated on benches facing the stage, were summoned through the rows of admiring parents, friends,

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acquaintances, and other invited guests, to receive the prizes awarded for excellence in the various branches of our small curriculum. I was the youngest girl in the school, but I was a quick, clever child, and a lady, a friend of my family, who was present, told me many years after how well she remembered the frequent summons to the dais received by a small, black-eyed damsel, the *cadette* of the establishment. I have considerable doubt that any good purpose could be answered by this public appeal to the emulation of a parcel of schoolgirls; but I have no doubt at all that abundant seeds of vanity, self-love, and love of display were sown by it, which bore their bad harvest many a long year after.

I left Boulogne when I was almost nine years old, and returned home, where I remained upwards of two years before being again sent to school. During this time we lived chiefly at a place called Craven Hill, Bayswater, where we occupied at different periods three different houses.

My mother always had a detestation of London, which I have cordially inherited. The dense, heavy atmosphere, compounded of smoke and fog, painfully affected her breathing and oppressed her spirits; and the deafening clangor of its ceaseless uproar irritated her nerves and distressed her in a manner which I invariably experience whenever I am compelled to pass any time in that huge Hubbub. She perpetually yearned for the fresh air and the quiet of the country. Occupied as my father was, however, this was an impossible luxury; and my poor mother escaped as far as her circumstances would allow from London, and towards the country, by fixing her home at the place I have mentioned. In those days Tyburnia did not exist; nor all the vast region of Paddingtonian London. Tyburn turnpike, of nefarious memory, still stood at the junction of Oxford Road and the Edgeware Road, and between the latter and Bayswater open fields traversed by the canal, with here and there an isolated cottage dotted about them, stretched on one side of the high-road; and on the other, the untidy, shaggy, raveled-looking selvage of Hyde Park; not trimmed with shady walks and flower borders and smooth grass and bright iron railing as now, but as forbidding in its neglected aspect as the desolate stretch of uninclosed waste on the opposite side.

About a mile from Tyburn Gate a lane turned off on the right, following which one came to a meadow, with a path across its gentle rise which led to the row of houses called Craven Hill. I do not think there were twenty in all, and some of them, such as Lord Ferrar's and the Harley House, were dwellings of some pretension. Even the most modest of them had pretty gardens in front and behind, and verandas and balconies with flowering creepers and shrubberies, and a general air of semi-rurality that cheated my poor mother with a make-believe effect of being, if not in the country, at any rate out of town. And infinite were the devices of her love of elegance and comfort produced from the most unpromising materials, but making these dwellings of ours pretty and pleasant beyond what could have been thought possible. She had a peculiar taste and talent for furnishing and fitting up; and her means being always very limited, her zeal was great for frequenting sales, where she picked up at reasonable prices quaint pieces of old furniture, which she brought with great triumph to the assistance of the commonplace upholstery of our ready-furnished dwellings. Nobody ever had such an eye for the disposal of every article in a room, at once for greatest convenience and best appearance; and I never yet saw the apartment into which by her excellent arrangement she did not introduce an element of comfort and elegance — a liveable look, which the rooms of people unendowed with that special faculty never acquire, and never retain, however handsome or finely fitted up they may be. I am sorry to be obliged to add, however, that she had a rage for moving her furniture from one place to another, which never allowed her to let well alone; and not unfrequently her

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mere desire for change destroyed the very best results of her own good taste. We never knew when we might find the rooms a perfect chaos of disorder, with every chair, table, and sofa "dancing the hay" in horrid confusion; while my mother, crimson and disheveled with pulling and pushing them hither and thither, was breathlessly organizing new combinations. Nor could anything be more ludicrous than my father's piteous aspect, on arriving in the midst of this *remue-ménage*, or the poor woman's profound mortification when, finding everything moved from its last position (for the twentieth time), he would look around, and, instead of all the commendation she expected, exclaim in dismay, "Why, bless my soul! what has happened to the room, *again!*" Our furniture played an everlasting game of puss in the corner; and I am thankful that I have inherited some of my mother's faculty of arranging, without any of her curious passion for changing the aspect of her rooms.

A pretty, clever, and rather silly and affected woman, Mrs. Charles Matthews, who had a great passion for dress, was saying one day to my mother, with a lackadaisical drawl she habitually made use of, "What do you do when you have a headache, or are bilious, or cross, or nervous, or out of spirits? I always change my dress, it does me so much good!" "Oh," said my mother briskly, "I change the furniture." I think she must have regarded it as a panacea for all the ills of life. Mrs. Charles Matthews was the half-sister of that amiable woman and admirable actress, Miss Kelly.

To return to Craven Hill. A row of very fine elm-trees was separated only by the carriage-road from the houses, whose front windows looked through their branches upon a large, quiet, green meadow, and beyond that to an extensive nursery garden of enchanting memory, where our weekly allowances were expended in pots of violets and flower-seeds and roots of future fragrance, for our small gardens: this pleasant foreground divided us from the Bayswater Road and Kensington Gardens. At the back of the houses and their grounds stretched a complete open of meadow land, with hedge-rows and elm-trees, and hardly any building in sight in any direction. Certainly, this was better than the smoke and din of London. To my father, however, the distance was a heavy increase of his almost nightly labor at the theatre. Omnibuses were no part of London existence then; a hackney coach (there were no cabs, either four-wheelers or hansoms) was a luxury to be thought of only occasionally, and for part of the way; and so he generally wound up his hard evening's work with a five miles' walk from Covent Garden to Craven Hill.

It was perhaps the inconvenience of this process that led to our taking, in addition to our "rural" residence, a lodging in Gerard Street, Soho. The house immediately fronts Anne Street, and is now a large establishment for the sale of lamps. It was a handsome old house, and at one time belonged to the "wicked" Lord Lyttleton. At the time I speak of, we occupied only a part of it, the rest remaining in the possession of the proprietor, who was a picture dealer, and his collection of dusky *chefs-d'œuvre* covered the walls of the passages and staircases with dark canvas, over whose varnished surface ill-defined figures and ill-discerned faces seemed to flit, as with some trepidation I ran past them. The house must have been a curious as well as very large one; but I never saw more of it than our own apartments, which had some peculiarities that I remember. Our dining-room was a very large, lofty, ground-floor room, fitted up partially as a library with my father's books, and having at the farther end, opposite the windows, two heavy, fluted pillars, which gave it rather a dignified appearance. My mother's drawing-room, which was on the first floor and at the back of the house, was oval in shape and lighted only by a skylight; and one entrance to it was through a small anteroom or boudoir, with looking-glass doors and ceiling all incrusted with scrolls and foliage

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and *rococo* Louis Quinze style of ornamentation, either in plaster or carved in wood and painted white. There were back staircases and back doors without number, leading in all directions to unknown regions; and the whole house, with its remains of magnificence and curious lumber of objects of art and *vertu*, was a very appropriate frame for the traditional ill-repute of its former noble owners.

A ludicrous circumstance enough, I remember, occurred, which produced no little uproar and amusement in one of its dreariest chambers. My brother John was at this time eagerly pursuing the study of chemistry for his own amusement, and had had an out-of-the-way sort of spare bedroom abandoned to him for his various ill-savored materials and scientific processes, from which my mother suffered a chronic terror of sudden death by blowing up. There was a monkey in the house, belonging to our landlord and generally kept confined in his part of it, whence the knowledge of his existence only reached us through anecdotes brought by the servants. One day, however, an alarm was spread that the monkey had escaped from his own legitimate quarters and was running wild over the house. Chase was given and every hole and corner searched in vain for the mischievous ape, who was at length discovered in what my brother dignified by the title of his laboratory, where, in a frenzy of gleeful activity, he was examining first one bottle and then another; finally he betook himself, with indescribably grotesque grinnings and chatterings, to uncorking and sniffing at them and then pouring their contents deliberately out on the (luckily carpetless) floor, — a joke which might have had serious results for himself as well as the house, if he had not in the midst of it suffered ignoble capture and been led away to his own quarters; my mother, that time certainly, escaping imminent "blowing up."

While we were living in Gerard Street, my uncle Kemble came for a short time to London from Lausanne, where he had fixed his residence, — compelled to live abroad, under penalty of seeing the private fortune he had realized by a long life of hard professional labor swept into the ruin which had fallen upon Covent Garden Theatre, of which he was part proprietor. And I always associate this my only recollection of his venerable white hair and beautiful face, full of an expression of most benign dignity, with the earliest mention I remember of that luckless property, which weighed like an incubus upon my father all his life, and the ruinous burden of which both I and my sister successively endeavored in vain to prop.

My mother at this time gave lessons in acting to a few young women who were preparing themselves for the stage; and I recollect very well the admiration my uncle expressed for the beauty of one of them, an extremely handsome Miss Dance, who, I think, came out successfully, but soon married, and relinquished her profession.

This young lady was the daughter of a violinist and musical composer, whose name has a place in my memory from seeing it on a pretty musical setting for the voice of some remarkably beautiful verses, the author of which I have never been able to discover. I heard they had been taken out of that old-fashioned receptacle for stray poetical gems, the poet's corner of a country newspaper. I write them here as accurately as I can from memory; it is more than fifty years since I learnt them, and I have never met with any copy of them but that contained in the old music sheet of Mr. Dance's duet.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MORN.

Now on their couch of rest
Mortals are sleeping,
While in dark, dewy vest,
Flowerets are weeping.
Ere the last star of night
Fades in the fountain,
My finger of rosy light
Touches the mountain.

Far on his filmy wing
Twilight is wending,
Shadows encompassing,
Terrors attending:
While my foot's fiery print,
Up my path showing,

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Gleams with celestial tint,
Brilliantly glowing.

Now from my pinions fair
Freshness is streaming,
And from my yellow hair
Glories are gleaming.
Nature with pure delight
Hails my returning,
And Sol, from his chamber bright,
Crowns the young morning.

My uncle John returned to Switzerland and I never saw him again; he had made over his share of Covent Garden to my father, and went back to live and die in peace at his Beau Site on the Lake of Geneva.

The first time that I visited Lausanne I went to his grave, and found it in the old burial-ground above the town, where I wonder the dead have patience to lie still, for the glorious beauty of the view their resting-place commands. It was one among a row of graves with broad, flat tombstones bearing English names, and surrounded with iron railings and flowers more or less running wild. At his former residence, Beau Site, I was courteously received on giving my name to the *concierge*, and was allowed to walk undisturbed around the grounds, where the trees were almost all planted by my uncle, and look from beneath their shadow over the lovely domain of his old and attached friend, Mr. Haldimand, to the heaven-blue lake, and Mont Blanc shining in the distant sky beyond it. Last year I revisited Lausanne and found the shrubs all but matted together over my uncle's tombstone, where his name was hardly discernible through their tangled mass; his house had passed into the hands of persons who knew nothing about him, and refused permission when I begged to be allowed to visit the grounds. Mr. Haldimand was dead, and that paradise, his garden on the lake shore, was to be parceled into building-lots for villas, while along the once quiet road, overshadowed with magnificent trees and climbing steeply between vineyards and meadows, from his beautiful estate to my uncle's house reigned a hideous chaos of mortar, plaster, bricks, lime, and stone; swarming with builders, masons, bricklayers, and carpenters, and ringing with the rapid rising of rows of houses, through a thick atmosphere of stifling white dust, — all tokens of the growing prosperity of Lausanne.

My father received the property my uncle transferred to him with cheerful courage, and not without sanguine hopes of retrieving its fortunes: instead of which, it destroyed his and those of his family; who, had he and they been untrammeled by the fatal obligation of working for a hopelessly ruined concern, might have turned their labors to far better personal account. Of the eighty thousand pounds which my uncle sank in building Covent Garden, and all the years of toil my father and myself and my sister sank in endeavoring to sustain it, nothing remained to us at my father's death, not even the ownership of the only thing I ever valued the property for, — the private box which belonged to us, the yearly rent of which was valued at three hundred pounds, and the possession of which procured us for several years many evenings of much enjoyment.

The only other recollection I have connected with Gerard Street is that of certain passages from Paradise Lost, read to me by my father, the sonorous melody of which so enchanted me that for many years of my life Milton was to me incomparably the first of English poets; though at this time of my earliest acquaintance with him, Walter Scott had precedence over him, and was undoubtedly in my opinion the first of mortal and immortal bards. His Marmion and Lay of the Last Minstrel were already familiar to me. Of Shakespeare at this time, and for many subsequent years, I knew not a single line.

While our lodging in town was principally inhabited by my father and resorted to by my mother as a convenience, my aunt Dall, and we children, had our home at my mother's *rus in urbe*, Craven Hill, where we remained until I went again to school in France.

Our next-door neighbors were, on one side, a handsome, dashing Mrs. Blackshaw, sister of George the Fourth's favorite, Beau Brummel, whose daughters

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were good friends of ours; and on the other Belzoni, the Egyptian traveler, and his wife, with whom we were also well acquainted. The wall that separated our gardens was upwards of six feet high, — it reached above my father's head, who was full six feet tall, — but our colossal friend, the Italian, looked down upon us over it quite easily, his large, handsome face showing well above it, down to his magnificent auburn beard, which in those less hirsute days than these he seldom exhibited, except in the privacy of his own back garden, where he used occasionally to display it to our immense delight and astonishment. Great, too, was our satisfaction in visiting Madame Belzoni, who used to receive us in rooms full of strange spoils, brought back by herself and her husband from the East; she sometimes smoked a long Turkish pipe, and generally wore a dark blue sort of caftan, with a white turban on her head. Another of our neighbors here was Latour, the musical composer, to whom, though he was personally good-natured and kind to me, I owe a grudge, for the sake of his Music for Young Persons, and only regret that he was not our next-door neighbor, when he would have execrated his own O Dolce Concerto, and Sul Margine d'un Rio, and all his innumerable progeny of variations for two hands and four hands, as heartily as I did. I do not know whether it was instigated by his advice or not that my mother at this time made me take lessons of a certain Mr. Laugier, who received pupils at his own house, near Russell Square, and taught them thorough-bass and counterpoint and the science of musical composition. I attended his classes for some time, and still possess books full of the grammar of music, as profound and difficult a study, almost, as the grammar of language. But I think I was too young to derive much benefit from so severe a science, and in spite of my books full of musical "parsing," so to speak, declensions of chords and conjugations of scales, I do not think I learned much from Mr. Laugier, and, never having followed up this beginning of the real study of music, my knowledge of it has been only of that empirical and contemptible sort which goes no further than the end of boarding-school young ladies' fingers, and sometimes, at any rate, amounts to tolerably skillful and accurate execution; a result I never attained, in spite of Mr. Laugier's thorough-bass and a wicked invention called a chiroplast, for which I think he took out a patent, and for which I suppose all luckless girls compelled to practice with it thought he ought to have taken out a halter. It was a brass rod made to screw across the keys, on which were *strung* like beads two brass frames for the hands, with separate little cells for the fingers, these being secured to the brass rod precisely at the part of the instrument on which certain exercises were to be executed. Another brass rod was made to pass under the wrist in order to maintain it also in its proper position, and thus incarcerated the miserable little hands performed their daily, dreary monotony of musical exercise, with, I imagine, really no benefit at all from the irksome constraint of this horrid machine, that could not have been imparted quite as well, if not better, by a careful teacher. I had, however, no teacher at this time but my aunt Dall, and I suppose the chiroplast may have saved her some trouble, by insuring that my practicing, which she could not always superintend, should not be merely a process of acquiring innumerable bad habits for the exercise of the patience of future teachers.

My aunt at this time directed all my lessons, as well as the small beginnings of my sister's education. My brother John was at Clapham with Mr. Richardson, who was then compiling his excellent dictionary, in which labor he employed the assistance of such of his pupils as showed themselves intelligent enough for the occupation; and I have no doubt that to this beginning of philological study my brother owed his subsequent predilection for and addiction to the science of language. My youngest brother, Henry, went to a day-school in the neighborhood.

All children's amusements are more or less dramatic, and a theatre is a favorite

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resource in most playrooms, and naturally enough held an important place in ours. The printed sheets of small figures representing all the characters of certain popular pieces, which we colored and pasted on card-board and cut out, and then by dint of long slips of wood with a slit at one end, into which their feet were inserted, moved on and off our small stage; the coloring of the scenery; and all the arrangement and conduct of the pieces we represented, gave us endless employment and amusement. My brother John was always manager and spokesman in these performances, and when we had fitted up our theatre with a *real* blue silk curtain that would roll up, and a *real* set of foot-lights that would burn, and when he contrived, with some resin and brimstone and salt put in a cup and set on fire, to produce a diabolical sputter and flare and bad smell, significant of the blowing up of the mill in The Miller and his Men, great was our exultation. This piece and Blue Beard were our "battle horses," to which we afterwards added a lugubrious melodrama called The Gypsy's Curse (it had nothing whatever to do with Guy Mannering) of which I remember nothing but some awful doggerel, beginning with —

> "May thy path be still in sorrow,
> May thy dark night know no morrow,"

which used to make my blood curdle with fright.

About this time I was taken for the first time to a real play, and it was to that paradise of juvenile spectators, Astley's, where we saw a Highland horror called Meg Murdoch, or the Mountain Hag, and a mythological after-piece called Hyppolita, Queen of the Amazons, in which young ladies in very short and shining tunics, with burnished breastplates, helmets, spears, and shields, performed sundry warlike evolutions round her Majesty Hyppolita, who was mounted on a snow-white *live* charger; in the heat of action some of these fair warriors went so far as to die, which martial heroism left an impression on my imagination so deep and delightful as to have proved hitherto indelible.

At length, we determined ourselves to enact something worthy of notice and approbation, and Amoroso, King of Little Britain, was selected by my brother John, our guide and leader in all matters of taste, for the purpose. Chrononhotonthologos had been spoken of, but our youngest performer, my sister, was barely seven years old, and I doubt if any of us but our manager could have mastered the mere names of that famous burlesque. Moreover, I think, in the piece we chose there were only four principal characters, and we contrived to speak the words and even sing the songs so much to our own satisfaction that we thought we might aspire to the honor of a hearing from our elders and betters. So we produced our play before my father and mother and some of their friends, who had good right (whatever their inclination might have been) to be critical, for among them were Mr. and Mrs. Liston (the Amoroso and Coquetinda of the real stage), Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and Charles Young, all intimate friends of my parents, whose children were our playmates, and coadjutors in our performance.

For Charles Matthews I have always retained a kindly regard for auld lang syne's sake, though I hardly ever met him after he went on the stage. He was well educated and extremely clever and accomplished, and I could not help regretting that his various acquirements and many advantages for the career of an architect, for which his father destined him, should be thrown away; though it was quite evident that he followed not only the strong bent of his inclination, but the instinct of the dramatic genius which he inherited from his eccentric and most original father, when he adopted the profession of the stage, where in his own day he has been unrivaled in the sparkling vivacity of his performance of a whole range of parts in which nobody has approached the finish, refinement, and spirit of his acting. Moreover, his whole demeanor, carriage, and manner were so essentially those of a gentleman that the broadest farce never betrayed him into either coarseness or vulgarity; and the comedy he acted, though often the lightest of the light,

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was never anything in its graceful propriety but high comedy. No member of the French theatre was ever at once a more finished and a more délightfully amusing and *natural* actor.

Liston's son went into the army when he grew up, and I lost sight of him.

With the Rev. Julian Young, son of my dear old friend Charles Young, I always remained upon the most friendly terms, meeting him with cordial pleasure whenever my repeated returns to England brought us together, and allowed us to renew the amiable relations that always subsisted between us.

I remember another family friend of ours at this time, a worthy old merchant of the name of Mitchell, who was my brother John's godfather, and to whose sombre, handsome city house I was taken once or twice to dinner. He was at one time very rich, but lost all his fortune in some untoward speculation, and he used to come and pay us long, sad, silent visits, the friendly taciturnity of which I always compassionately attributed to that circumstance, and wished that he had not lost the use of his tongue as well as his money.

While we were living at Craven Hill my father's sister, Mrs. Whitelock, came to live with us for some time. She was a very worthy but exceedingly ridiculous woman, in whom the strong peculiarities of her family were so exaggerated that she really seemed like a living parody or caricature of all the Kembles.

She was a larger and taller woman than Mrs. Siddons, and had a fine, commanding figure, at the time I am speaking of, when she was quite an elderly person. She was like her brother Stephen in face, with handsome features, too large and strongly marked for a woman, light gray eyes, and a light auburn wig, which, I presume, represented the color of her previous hair, and which, together with the tall cap that surmounted it, was always more or less on one side. She had the deep, sonorous voice and extremely distinct utterance of her family, and an extraordinary vehemence of gesture and expression quite unlike their quiet dignity and reserve of manner, and which made her conversation like that of people in old plays and novels; for she would slap her thigh in emphatic enforcement of her statements (which were apt to be upon an incredibly large scale), not unfrequently prefacing them with the exclamation, "I declare to God!" or "I wish I may die!" all which seemed to us very extraordinary, and combined with her large size and loud voice used occasionally to cause us some dismay. My father used to call her Queen Bess (her name was Elizabeth), declaring that her manners were like those of that royal *un*-gentlewoman. But she was a simple-hearted, sweet-tempered woman, whose harmless peculiarities did not prevent our all being fond of her.

She had a great taste and some talent for drawing, which she cultivated with a devotion and industry unusual in so old a person. I still possess a miniature copy she made of Clarke's life-size picture of my father as Cromwell, which is not without merit.

She was extremely fond of cards, and taught us to play the (even then) old-fashioned game of quadrille, which my mother, who also liked cards and was a very good whist player, said had more variety in it than any modern game.

Mrs. Whitelock had been for a number of years in the United States, of which then comparatively little known part of the world she used to tell us stories that from her characteristic exaggeration we always received with extreme incredulity; but my own experience, subsequent by many years to hers, has corroborated her marvelous histories of flights of birds that almost darkened the sun (*i. e.*, threw a passing shadow as of a cloud upon the ground), and roads with ruts and mud-holes into which one's carriage sank up to the axle-tree.

She used to tell us anecdotes of General Washington, to whom she had been presented and had often seen (his favorite bespeak was always The School for Scandal); and of Talleyrand, whom she also had often met, and invariably called Prince *Tallierande*. She was once terrified by being followed at evening, in the streets of Philadelphia, by a red

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Indian savage, an adventure which has many times recurred to my mind while traversing at all hours and in all directions the streets of that most peaceful Quaker city, distant now by more than a thousand miles from the nearest red Indian savage. Congress was sitting in Philadelphia at that time; it was virtually the capital of the newly-made United States, and Mrs. Whitelock held an agreeable and respectable position both in private and in public. I have been assured by persons as well qualified to be critics as Judge Story, Chief-Justice Kent, and Judge Hopkinson (Moore's friend), that she was an actress of considerable ability. Perhaps she was: her Kemble name, face, figure, and voice no doubt helped her to produce a certain effect on the stage; but she must have been a very imperfectly-educated woman, for I remember her amazing me when I was a chit of eleven years, by reading certain passages from Southey's Roderick, in which she made heretics of all Pelayo's followers, invariably calling him Pelayéres, and did atrocious violence to the blank verse and my ears by reading Austrians for Asturians, which produced a combination of false history, false geography, and false metre, that together with her emphatic declamation was irresistibly comical. Nothing could be droller than to see her with Mrs. Siddons, of whom she looked like a clumsy, badly-finished, fair imitation. Her vehement gestures and violent objurgations contrasted with her sister's majestic stillness of manner; and when occasionally Mrs. Siddons would interrupt her with "Elizabeth, your wig is on one side," and the other replied, "Oh, is it?" and giving the offending head-gear a shove put it quite as crooked in the other direction, and proceeded with her discourse, Melpomene herself used to have recourse to her snuff-box to hide the dawning smile on her face.

I imagine that my education must have been making but little progress during the last year of my residence at Craven Hill. I had no masters, and my aunt Dall could ill supply the want of other teachers; moreover, I was extremely troublesome and unmanageable, and had become a tragically desperate young person, as my determination to poison my sister, in revenge for some punishment which I conceived had been unjustly inflicted upon me, will sufficiently prove. I had been warned not to eat privet berries as they were poisonous, and under the above provocation it occurred to me that if I strewed some on the ground my sister might find and eat them, which would insure her going straight to heaven and no doubt seriously annoy my father and mother. How much of all this was a lingering desire for the distinction of a public execution by guillotine (the awful glory of which still survived in my memory, though of my own probable hanging, and the difference between the "block" and the "gibbet," I had not thought), how much dregs of Gypsy Curses and Mountain Hags, and how much the passionate love of exciting a sensation and producing an effect, common to children, servants, and most uneducated people, I know not. I never did poison my sister, and satisfied my desire of vengeance by myself informing my aunt of my contemplated crime, the fulfillment of which was not, I suppose, much apprehended by my family, as no measures were taken to remove myself, my sister, or the privet bush from each other's neighborhood.

Frances Anne Kemble.

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SONNETS.

I.

Rachel — Ristori.

WHILE yet my lip was breathing youth's first breath,
Too young to feel the utmost of their spell
I saw Medea and Phædra in Rachel:
Later I saw the great Elizabeth,
Rachel, — Ristori. We shall taste of death
Ere we see spirits like these. In one age dwell
Not many such: a century may tell
Its hundred beads before it braid a wreath
For two so queenly foreheads. — If it take
Eons to shape a diamond, grain on grain,
Eons to crystallize its fire and dew, —
By what slow processes must Nature make
Her Shakespeares and her Dantes? Great the gain
If she spoil thousands making one or two!

II.

Sleep.

WHEN to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To rosy daybreak, — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The sharp swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake, ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed:
For this brief space, the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

T. B. Aldrich.

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NATIONAL SELF-PROTECTION.

THE doctrine of protection to home industry, no matter by what means, grows directly and inevitably from the idea of nationality.

The nation exists of itself and for itself, not by the grace or for the benefit of any beyond its boundaries.

Although nations may agree between themselves to unite their efforts permanently for certain purposes, such as the suppression of piracy, and though some of them may from time to time form temporary alliances for specific objects, these arrangements are always based upon the advantage to be derived by each contracting party. No voluntary and gratuitous bestowal or surrender of an advantage is for a moment thought of, and when a pretense is made of a so-called nobler motive, it may safely be assumed to cover schemes that would not bear the light.

It cannot be seriously disputed that this exclusive property of each nation in itself, this assiduous caring by each for its own special weal, and this watchful, semi-antagonistic attitude of each towards its neighbors, have the same beneficial effect upon each that comes to individuals from each person being perfectly convinced that his fate depends upon his own exertion of his faculties; that his task is to till his own field and mind his own family and business, being well assured that he and his, and not others, shall reap the harvest and enjoy the fruits of diligence and thrift.

Rivalry, perhaps without enmity, and antagonism, perhaps without animosity, constantly animate the nations in their attitudes toward each other; each standing ready to win from another wealth, population, or territory which the other may be unable to retain.

The old-fashioned way of gaining population from a neighboring country by invading it and carrying off its inhabitants as slaves is no longer practiced in Europe, and the acquisition of territory by similar means is perhaps not so frequent as it once was, but the newer style of aggrandizement by winning the wealth of a neighbor through industrial assaults and trade invasions is now in the fullest activity.

In this modern and highly civilized style of warfare, improved machinery takes the place of improved artillery; the enemy's forces — his industrial population — are driven from their guns by missiles of textiles and metal wares, and are destroyed in their homes by starvation rather than by bullets in the field.

It is clear that the patriotism which can sleep through this industrial warfare and suffer this trade spoliation, and can only be roused into activity by the danger and passion of flagrant war, which can vote the public money to maintain rarely used armies, navies, and forts, but cannot give the slightest aid or comfort to the real and constant defenders of its country's independence, — its industrial soldiers, — is a patriotism belonging to periods long gone by, and is of little more present use than a bow and arrow. The spirit of loyalty is forever the same, but it must now learn to promote its country's welfare by the arts of peace, pursuing its ancient and honorable aim by the new methods.

One branch, or perhaps the main trunk, of the controversy between free trade and protection begins here, for some moralists count this peaceful patriotism as of doubtful propriety, it being in their opinion not consonant with the spirit of universal philanthropy which ought to rule in Christendom. But against this view stands the patent fact that no less in peace than in war all mankind have knit themselves into nations, and have found self-preservation as necessary for nations as for individuals. Any community holding slipshod ideas on this point dissolves, and perishes as a body, from incompetence to survive.

Doubtless the most important peaceful

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means by which a modern nation protects itself is that of tariff legislation. By tariff laws, which exact in advance from the foreign producer or his merchant a part of the price to be paid for his goods in the protected country, the native producers and their factories are sheltered at their work somewhat as are the crew, engines, and armament of a modern war vessel by its armor.

Without looking deeply into the history of tariff laws, we find that import duties were levied for revenue by Greeks and Romans, and that in the Middle Ages, when Europe was split into countless petty jurisdictions the same rudeness marked the tariffs of its different parts as characterized their other legislation, the transportation of merchandise being thereby grievously harassed. It was subject not merely to a single payment of uniform, regular, and publicly declared duties on passing the frontier from one great nation to another, but capricious and complicated charges were made even in passing from one province to another of the same kingdom.

The abolition of all those internal transit duties and complications, and the substitution for them of a single clear law governing a whole great empire, — "the removal of all custom-houses to the frontier," as was done for France by Colbert, in the reign of Louis XIV., — was a gain for the solidity of states and for humanity which at this period can with difficulty be appreciated.

The latest and one of the most beneficent instances of the removal of such internal tariffs is the formation in Germany of the Zollverein, or Customs-union,[1] by the numerous states which now compose the German empire. Upon this point, as on so many others, the United States started where older nations arrived after long efforts; that is, with perfect free trade between all parts of the great nation, and an absolute cordon of separation from all other nations around its entire frontier, in respect to tariff laws as to all other laws.

It must be observed that only when the common interests of contiguous regions so prevail over their differences as to draw them into political unity, with a common treasury and boundary, may the customs frontier between them be abrogated.

The provinces of old France were at least semi-independent states, and the abolition of their inter-provincial tariffs was merely an incident of their coalescing into a compact nation. The Zollverein was but the precursor of a union of states even more independent, now composing the German empire.

Tariffs for entire kingdoms or empires having been thus generally established, each nation has experimented upon revenue tariffs and protective tariffs as the good pleasure or policy of its rulers from time to time dictated; England especially, after having acquired the Protestant industrial refugees of France and Flanders, who brought with them so many valuable arts, having been perhaps more ferociously protective than any other country until about a generation ago. A temporary superiority over all other nations in its resources of coal and iron and in the development of its skilled labor then induced its rulers, the manufacturing and trading classes, to make its tariffs much less restrictive, while yet kept in exactly the condition deemed most advantageous to England (for England at this moment draws a considerable part of her national revenue from import duties upon our tobacco and whisky), they hoping to tempt other and less developed nations to follow by removing their tariffs upon British manufactures.

The system of regulating the commerce and influencing the industry of a nation by import duties, while at the same time replenishing its treasury, has grown up by slow degrees to such completeness as we now find, and covers each nation as the skin covers an animal; it is an integral part of the plan of government in every country that is even slightly raised above barbarism;[2] to

[1] See Professor Thompson's Social Science and National Economy, pages 337-341, for an account of the Zollverein.

[2] The most recent testimony that I find as to the universality of the protective system is that of George T. Clark, for twenty years an ironmaster in

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abandon it would be not merely to renounce an important part of the public revenue, but also to leave to chance, or rather to the mercy of rivals and enemies, the maintenance of industries necessary to independence. It would at the same time be an abandonment, by any nation not already at the head, of all attempt to reach equality with other nations in the difficult but lucrative and constantly advancing arts of modern civilization.

After all the grievous toils and varied experience of many countries in their struggles to attain industrial independence and to share in modern progress, it would hardly be necessary to reiterate the story of those which fail and those which succeed, if the one way to success and the principal way to failure were not persistently misrepresented by a clique of false teachers, as clamorous, as regardless of facts, and as illogical as the crowds of sophists whose wordy disputations marked the decadence of Grecian supremacy.

What are their claims? I understand them to be —

1. That, in regard to free interchange of commodities, man has certain natural rights, and that no interference should be tolerated by the individual who wishes to exchange anything he has for anything that another possesses and is willing to give for it.

2. That this inherent right is the same between individuals of different nations as between those of the same nation; that hence no restrictions or impositions should be laid upon international exchanges.

3. That, by the removal of all barriers to trade, a world-wide and open competition is established, by means of which each country and region finally succeeds in defeating all others in the production of certain commodities, by the exchange of which for the similarly cheapest productions of other regions, universal and cheap plenty of all desiderata is to be attained.

4. That full compliance by all mankind with these rules would result, as obedience to divine law must, in the greater happiness of all mankind; that all nations and individuals so believing should, therefore, strive by all means to cause other nations to adopt the system of free exchanges.

Descending from these lofty and world-wide considerations, the free traders further contend that —

5. The nation which undertakes to collect revenue by duties upon imported goods takes the most costly and absurd method of taxing its people, out of whose pockets all that revenue comes.

6. In charging import duty upon foreign products, especially manufactures, the government is paying bounties from the treasury to those natives who are engaged in producing similar commodities, since the amount charged as duty is invariably added by the native to what would otherwise be his price.

7. Thus the government actually takes money out of the pocket of one of its citizens and puts it into the pocket of another; confiscates one citizen's property for the benefit of another.

8. The result is to foster at the public cost industries not suited to the mineral, vegetable, or climatic resources of the country, and to force consumers to pay perpetually to the producers of such articles higher prices than they otherwise would have to pay, and that mostly for inferior goods.

9. The agricultural class is the one principally aggrieved, since its products are usually unprotected, while it must consume protected goods.

10. The laboring classes in general, even those employed in the protected manufactures, are plundered by import duties, since by import duties prices of

South Wales. In an article in the London Economist of March 13, 1875, lamenting the condition of the English iron trade, he says: —

"Unfortunately, foreign countries are all at this time far behind England in their appreciation of the benefits of free trade. To it almost all foreign nations are, at the least, indifferent, and all foreign governments, whether monarchical or democratic, are opposed."

At the last meeting of the Cobden Club, the chairman, Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, remarked, "My friend, Mr. Potter, said that this Cobden Club was the nucleus of free-trade sentiment all over the world. Gentlemen, there is no other nucleus."

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all commodities and necessaries of life are raised, so that the laborer's wages, even if nominally higher, will not buy so many necessaries and comforts as the wages of similar laborers in free-trade countries.

11. General stagnation, destruction of industry, corruption of morals, and ruin must end the scene in all protected countries, while free-trade countries must attain high prosperity.

So far as space will permit, I shall now pass in review these several points, referring to them by the above numbers.

1. "I assume that there are such rights as are called natural, and that these are the inalienable conditions under which individuals take part in social life. No one questions the natural right of free exchange." [1] The right to property being itself conventional, a product of society and by no means inherent, since possession in the savage state is limited by the power of forcible holding against all comers, it is idle to talk of such an attribute of property as the right of free exchange, belonging inherently and unconditionally to its owner.

Society has indeed allowed and guarantees the exclusive possession of property by an owner, but that exclusive possession has always been accompanied by just such conditions as the community thought expedient to impose, the exclusive possession as well as the conditions being justified in the last resort not by the convenience of the individual, but by the good of the community.

Taxes form one of these conditions which all are familiar with, and these have been imposed not only on the property once for all, as in excise, but very frequently upon sale or conveyance of property, as by stamps, license, or otherwise.

Instead of the right of free exchange being an inherent right or necessary adjunct to the right of property, it would be much more nearly correct to say that an inherent quality of all property is its liability to taxation, and even more so when in the act of being exchanged than when reposing in a settled ownership.

[1] Professor Thorold Rogers.

Freedom of exchange exists, then, to just such degree as the state ordains. Some exchanges or sales it absolutely prohibits as injurious to the community; others it strictly limits, others it taxes, others it freely permits. All is conventional and by virtue of law, not by natural right.

2. If exchanges between fellow-citizens are conditional and subject to law, it will hardly be contended that those between citizens of different nations are less so. Right of property being limited, and subject to the lien of the state, the exchange or sale of that property to foreigners may be absolutely prohibited by the state, and this has, in fact, frequently been done. Many states forbid the holding of real estate by foreigners, and many have at one time or another prohibited the export of certain sorts of personal property, such as coin or labor-saving machinery. Thus England formerly prohibited the exportation of sheep, under penalty for the first offense, by the Statute of 8th Elizabeth, c. 3, of forfeiture of goods, imprisonment, and cutting off the offender's left hand. France has so lately as March, 1875, prohibited the export of horses, because Germany wishes to buy them, and would pay satisfactory prices to French owners. Many other states impose an export duty on certain sorts of property: *e. g.*, Brazil levies such a duty on coffee, and Spain on sugar and cigars.

These are cases of preventing or burdening the sale of property to foreigners. Familiar instances of limiting the power of acquiring property from foreigners are afforded not only by the general practice of imposing import duties, but by actual prohibition when public policy seems to require it, as in the case of obscene publications. A recent instance of prohibiting importations is given in the newspapers of March 12, 1875, its object being to prevent, if possible, the introduction of the potato-bug into Europe: —

"The Secretary of the Treasury is advised through the Department of State of the adoption by the Federal Council of the German Empire of an ordinance

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prohibiting the importation of potatoes from the United States into Germany."

France, Spain, Russia, and other European countries have also prohibited the importation of American potatoes.

The existing French tariff, which is in many respects properly considered a model law, prohibits the importation of white sugar from foreign countries, tobacco for private account, both cast and wrought iron except specified sorts, fine glass and pottery, and numerous other articles, including all unenumerated chemical products.[1]

However abstractly desirable it may seem to some minds that international exchanges of property should be unrestricted, such exchanges can surely not be claimed as an inherent right or as established by custom.

3. "Every individual will be richer and happier, when each portion of the globe devotes itself to the creation of those products for which it has the greatest natural facilities."[2] What the capacities of any country are is nowhere fully known, since all are in transition, — some developing and advancing, some positively or relatively retrograding.

One of the most important factors in the capabilities of a country, and one which some minds appear unable to appreciate, is the character of its inhabitants. While they remain spirited and intelligent their country does not reach its limit of achievement, or become doomed to industrial and financial subjugation. They refuse to accept their country's present condition as a finality, but holding fast to that which is good they move onward.

Because France was once dependent upon the tropics for sugar, should she have accepted, as one of the ultimate facts, that nature had imposed upon her this dependence by making her soil and climate what they are? Or did her ingenious people act wisely by finding a way through toil and self-denial to a splendid independence of sources controlled at the time by her antagonist, England? Because America once produced no cotton, should she have rested content never to produce it, but have gone on winning a few muslins indirectly and at great cost, through the export of wheat and tobacco to England? Because Bessemer steel was first made successfully in Europe and the difficulties of producing it in the United States were great, should this country, though urgently needing steel rails, have refrained from attempting to make them; and should Illinois have gone on paying to England three hundred bushels of wheat for a ton of them, which she can now buy within her own borders for one hundred bushels?

It is curious to note that the philosophers who pretend to embrace the world in their far-seeing theories can never extend their vision beyond the price-current of to-day.

A small, weak, or timid nation yields to foreigners in such matters, and patiently buys from them at high prices such meagre supplies as it can afford. A great nation, aiming to be self-centred and independent, carefully examines its own resources and develops them through struggle and sacrifice if necessary, undeterred by the obstacles raised by those foreigners whose profits are threatened.

The claim by another country of possessing superior fitness to conduct a lucrative business is no doubt a legitimate trade device to suppress rivalry,

[1] Those who believe the invectives which represent our tariff as unequaled in its enormity may be instructed by the following incident: —

Late in the year 1873, I sent to Paris a small invoice of nickel-ammonia sulphate. Shortly after, I heard that my customer had died, that the goods had been seized by the French government for violation of the customs laws, and that a fine of six hundred francs was levied upon the consignee, simply because that substance was not named in the French law; it was therefore not only prohibited but was confiscated. My application to be allowed to take back the goods was refused except on condition of first paying a duty of thirty-six per cent. Finally, as a favor, the goods were surrendered to me for sale in France, on my paying, in addition to thirty-six per cent. duty, a fine of four hundred francs.

France thus prohibits the entry of goods, no matter how innocent and useful, which her laws do not explicitly name as admissible, and punishes by confiscation the shipper and, by fine, the receiver of such goods.

[2] Wayland, p. 91.

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though a shallow one; my own experience affords several instances of its unsoundness.

Fifteen years ago, when I was undertaking to introduce the manufacture of spelter, or metallic zinc, a French chemist kindly explained to me the impossibility of extracting zinc from the ore I had to deal with (the silicate); the New York agent of the largest foreign producer set before me, in the course of a very courteous visit, the great probability of my failure; even the American consumers were so persuaded thereof that they opposed the import duty, equal to the average of that on other imported goods, which seemed necessary to enable the new industry to survive.[1]

When twelve years ago I undertook to establish here the manufacture of nickel, similar predictions of loss were made from similar quarters, and similar objections to import duty urged. One of my foreign rivals said to me, "You will sink a hundred thousand dollars and then you will give it up and sell us your matte" (concentrated ore). If I had been unable or unwilling to sink more than a single hundred thousand he would have been quite right.[2]

These two enterprises, as useful to the country as the capture of two frigates in time of war, both succeeded, and the industries are thoroughly naturalized. In each case the protection of an average rate of import duty was denied or delayed for years, and until the battle was already won; but won, for lack of that protection, at a sacrifice of wearisome toil and of capital which it is not reasonable for a nation to exact as a condition of bringing needful industries into it.

When, eight years ago, an iron company in which I am a director thought of making Bessemer steel, we were deterred by the assertion of English experts that ores containing as much as .03 per cent. of phosphorus were unfit for that manufacture. Ores containing less phosphorus were not cheaply obtainable here, and we hesitated; but the average of nine analyses of highly approved English Bessemer rails, costing about one hundred and twenty dollars, gold, per ton, laid down in a railroad in front of our works, showed us nearly double that percentage of phosphorus, and we have since found English steel rails containing as much as .115 per cent. We determined to make our own experience, and are now selling steel rails better than the English at about sixty-five dollars, gold, per ton, though indeed without profit.

These instances could be corroborated by many others, illustrating how grossly short-sighted would be the national policy that would discourage a desirable industry, because it seemed at the moment difficult or unpromising of gain.[3]

Given the natural resources or conditions (and if not apparent they must be sought), the absolute condition of national prosperity is that the nation shall conquer as rapidly as possible from nature and from man whatever is needful to fortify and perfect itself.

The nation dependent upon others is never certain of being able to satisfy its wants, for it cannot always, even by the power of money, control the action of those nations from whom its supplies are drawn.

England was grievously tried when its cotton receipts were diminished during our civil war, and it finds even yet no escape from the false position of having

[1] See American Journal of Science and Art, 1871, cii. p. 168.

[2] It is a curious incident that Germany, which gives its name to the principal alloy of nickel, and whose miners and chemists first discovered and investigated it, is now paying for nickel, to make its coins, nearly double the price paid by the United States for its coin nickel, which was mainly purchased during the period when my establishment was fighting with foreigners for its life, and when free traders in Congress were fond of asserting or insinuating that the mint was being bled for the benefit of a Pennsylvanian. The very important German-silver industry of this country, which was at first almost hostile, would for several years past have been unable to procure an adequate supply of nickel but for the existence of my works, which have during that time supplied our German-silver manufactories at as low an average price as has been paid by their rivals in England or on the Continent.

[3] See Bentham's letter to Adam Smith on Projects in Arts, for a defense of projectors.

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engaged so large a fraction of its population in the business of cotton manufacture, which is so greatly at the mercy of foreign accident or policy.

At this moment the United States are in the precarious position of requiring from abroad ninety-two million dollars' worth annually of sugar and molasses, all of which might be produced at home with the greatest advantage to our agriculture as well as to our balance of trade. To naturalize the beet-sugar culture seems indeed to be the most important achievement now demanded of us.

Turning from the consideration of those first products which are sometimes called raw materials to that of manufactured goods, it is first to be observed that each live population has its own tastes and requirements, which are sure to be better satisfied by its own manufacturers than by foreigners, who cannot so accurately or promptly know what is wanted. When a nation sinks to accepting its tastes from abroad, of course the dictator of taste can probably best supply what is needed to gratify it, and can to a great extent be the dictator of price also. This is one great source of France's constant prosperity, for Colbert truly said that the fashions of France were worth to her as much as were the mines of Peru to Spain.

The combats between the industries of different countries which are approved by philanthropic free traders as the appointed means for determining the survival of the fittest are often of the most dreadful character.

The undefended artisans of India or of Turkey, engaged in a hopeless contest with the hurrying machinery and the mercantile facilities of England, were simply doomed to extermination; driven from their own occupation and unable to find another, they perished by myriads as certainly as a naked horde would under the artillery of a modern fort. The cunning brain and the nimble, dexterous fingers, which produced for many ages fabrics superior to any known elsewhere, went down in bitter defeat and ruin before the industrial weapons of Europe. Legislative interference to defend them while learning the new arts might have saved their lives, and have saved to their countries the treasure which England henceforth drains away for her cheaper (if also inferior) goods; but such interference English policy was able to prevent; her trade philanthropy rules, and "order reigns in Warsaw."

But in these wars of conquest which England constantly wages, her own combatants also suffer, for the condition of her success is that her goods shall be cheapest; and when her antagonist has resources and courage, her industrial armies are made to endure the extreme of toil and penury. Particularly when assailing the fortress of a protected or partially protected country like the United States, must the assaulting army suffer, even though skillfully guided to attack the weakest points at the most favorable and unguarded moments. My readers are probably too familiar with the pictures of English pauperism to require a rehearsal of its horrors here; but they may profitably remember that it is for declining to compete with her, in experimenting how far the laboring classes may be degraded without extinction, that philanthropic England upbraids us.

The desperate strikes and the trades-unions of England are but the inevitable mutiny of human nature against insufferable oppression. That those methods of warfare against employers should have spread to this country is an instance of the propagation of evil like the spread of disease from a foul neighborhood to a cleanly one.

Again, the effort to make goods cheap — to undersell at all events — has been the fruitful source of degradation in quality, and of dishonest work. "Cheap and nasty" is an English phrase; "shoddy" is an English term, for England invented the tearing up of old rags to spin and weave into shoddy cloth; railroad iron made of mill-cinder is an English production; and, in short, the old English pride in solid good quality is in danger of disappearing from all branches of their industry.[1]

[1] Carlyle says, writing to Sir J. Whitworth, in January, 1874, concerning the latter's intention to pay to his work-people a bonus in addition to wages:

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Supposing, however, the war to have been fought out, and the industries to have been at last apportioned among the nations, each nation having been defeated upon certain points and having retained certain others, — this one not allowed to make clothing from its own cotton or wool, and that one not permitted to make railroads or ships from its own ores and forests, — would the prosperity and happiness of all be promoted? Would a saving of human labor result? Answer 1. The conquering country in these contests conquers not merely on one point, but on most or all, and takes for itself the most profitable industries, leaving only the ruder and less remunerative to the defeated, whose prosperity and aspirations for development naturally perish or are postponed. One overfed and many needy do not constitute a happy world. Answer 2. Instead of a saving of human labor, a vast expenditure of quite unnecessary effort is required to carry back and forth the materials and products; as when America sends cotton and corn to England, taking back in payment a fraction of the product as cotton cloth, or when Australia sends thither wool, taking in payment a fraction in woolen cloth.

4. "Every means should be taken to circulate free-trade publications and promote free-trade measures in other countries."[1] Each nation and people has its own prosperity to look after, and has very little occasion or right to meddle in the affairs of others who know better what they want. To a Manchester philanthropist, with his moral pocket-handkerchiefs and his relentless extermination of the simple habits and industries of weaker people, — nay, consequently, of the people themselves, — this may be heretical doctrine. We will look, however, at the practical working of English interference to promote free commercial intercourse in a few of its most conspicuous instances; and here, instead of affecting original research, I shall simply extract from the most recent repository of facts, namely, Prof. R. E. Thompson's Social Science and National Economy: —

India. — By 1833 not a single piece of cloth was exported from India, and for the ruin inflicted on its artisans Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, could find "no parallel in the annals of commerce." English writers tell of "the enormous and undeniable falling off in the commercial activity of India; the decay of those flourishing marts with which the whole coast was once studded; . . . the contraction, and in great measure the ruin, of trade; the neglect of public works; the depreciation of agricultural produce;" which last "is observed to be a marked feature of our rule. . . . The numerous local markets created by the existence of the native princes," and by the wide existence of a class that had other means of subsistence than farming, "which, by serving as centres of money circulation, enhanced the value of produce on the spot, disappeared." "The trade of India is so trifling, as compared with its agriculture, that the trading classes, except the village bankers," or usurers, "form a very small item." (J. M. Ludlow.)

In fine, there is nothing left in India save an impoverished agriculture and a lifeless trade. The Hindoo cotton-grower produces the raw material to clothe his countrymen; but it reaches them by way of Calcutta and Manchester; the skill of his wonderful manufactures is being lost. (Page 323; see also pp. 321–329.)

Two European countries enjoy the unhappy distinction of illustrating the miseries inflicted upon nations industrially weaker when engaged in free competi-

"A sadder subject than either that of the coal strike or any conceivable strike is the fact that, loosely speaking, all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously. What a contrast between now and say only a hundred years ago! At that latter date, or still more conspicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and to help them to do well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers, awaken as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub: Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the devil's sake, amen!"

[1] Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, at the last Cobden Club dinner.

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tion with those that are stronger. (Page 346.)

PORTUGAL. — In 1703, after the death of Ericeira, Portugal negotiated the Methuen Treaty with England, by which Portuguese wines were admitted into England at lower rates than those of France, and English goods into Portugal at the old rates of duty. The aristocracy, who were large wine-growers, were chiefly interested in the new arrangement. "Their own fabrics," says The British Merchantman, "were perfectly ruined, and we exported one hundred thousand pounds' value in the single article of cloths the very year after the treaty. The court was pestered with remonstrances from their manufacturers; . . . but the thing was passed, the treaty was ratified, and all their looms were ruined." One of the first effects was such a drain of silver from Portugal that "there was left very little for their necessary occasions," and this was followed by a drain of gold. Exchange stood at fifteen per cent. against Portugal, and her export of coin to England rose to fifteen hundred thousand pounds a year. Goods were not paid for in goods, as free traders allege.

Her people were reduced to the monotony of a single occupation; the amount of their productive labor was vastly diminished; their power of association and mutual helpfulness was destroyed. (Page 346.)

Nor has England gained as much as Portugal has lost; the country is too poor to be a good customer. The Portuguese demand for English goods is now of no importance, and has no effect on the English market. The country is a sucked orange, a thing to be got rid of, — "a burden and a curse to England," Mr. Cobden says. (Page 348.)

TURKEY. — Turkey, Mr. Cobden thinks, is also "a burden and a curse" to the commercially powerful nation with which she has long enjoyed free trade. Turkey was once a burden to nobody; was one of the chief commercial nations of the world. "Greece and Asia Minor furnished us with their manufactured products, together with those of India, long after their conquest by the Turks, and up to the period when the industry of Europe reached its development. To-day their manufactures have all but disappeared, and those unhappy countries have nothing but farm products." (Constant.) (Page 348.)

"Trade degenerated into peddlery, enterprise into swindling, banking into usury, policy into intrigue; lands untilled, forests wasted, mineral treasures unexplored, roads, harbors, bridges, every class of public works utterly neglected and falling into ruin; pastoral life with nothing of the Abel about it, agriculture that Cain himself and metallurgy that his workman-son might have been ashamed of; in public life, universal venality and corruption; in social life, ignorance and bigotry; and in private life, immorality of every kind: not 'something' but everything 'rotten in the state of' Turkey. Such is the picture" drawn by Dr. Lennep. (Page 350; see pp. 348–353.)

The majority of modern wars have been undertaken, not for national honor or pride, but for the sake of trade, — "the fair, white-winged peace-maker." The communities most at war with the rest of the world have generally been those in which the spirit of trade predominated — Tyre, Carthage, Venice, England, etc. A great English military historian and general, Sir W. Napier, lays it down as a rule that the traders have begun the wars and the soldiers have ended them. (Page 240.)

With such results before us, "the interference theory of government," by which I mean the interference of trade propagandists of one nation in the commercial policy of other nations, can hardly be defended, and they surely afford no indication of the near approach of that millennium promised by the free traders as the consequence of their doctrines. Instead of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, free trade produces but too certainly the ruin of multitudes for the gain of a few — those few happening to be the Manchester prophets of the universal brotherhood of man.

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5. The chief part of the revenue collected for import duties comes from the pockets of foreigners and not from citizens. To that extent it is a clear gain to the nation collecting it, as if it were fished out of the sea at merely the cost of collection. Indeed, it is more than this, for, while the rival is thus forced to pay tribute, he is at the same time deterred from throwing in so great a quantity of his goods, disturbing home labor, and drawing away so much money as he otherwise would.

The collateral convenience, that no individual is obliged to pay the impost who chooses to abstain from using the goods, belongs equally to that class of internal revenue known as excise, and need not be dwelt upon here. To the extent that the import duty is paid by citizens, it closely resembles excise.

This branch of the subject, though much insisted on by some writers, seems to call for no further consideration, since it is obvious enough that, if the foreigner pays the duty by receiving for his goods after payment of duty no more than he would have got if no duty were exacted, he contributes the whole amount of the duty to support his customer's government, and a more satisfactory way of replenishing the treasury could hardly be imagined.

6, 7, and 8. Who pays the duty? Dr. Wayland says (Political Economy, page 392): "A tax, or as it is called a duty, is laid by this country on various goods imported from abroad immediately on their arrival. This duty is paid by the merchant who receives them; and he adds this duty to the cost of the goods when he sells them to the next purchaser. Thus the price of the product is raised, by this amount, when it comes into the hands of the consumer. If broadcloth pay a duty of two dollars a yard, he who buys a yard of broadcloth pays two dollars a yard more for it than he would pay if there were no duty to be paid. If coal be taxed two dollars a ton, as it is at present, every consumer of foreign coal pays two dollars a ton more than he would pay if no such tax were exacted. The effect of this tax is also to keep the price of all other coal two dollars a ton higher than it would otherwise be."

X being the value of a certain quantity of foreign goods in New York free of duty, and the duty being fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, then to find the selling price of the goods, $x+\frac{x}{2}=1\frac{1}{2}x$; but y represents a similar quantity and quality of domestic goods; then to find the selling price of those goods, as $y=x$, $y+\frac{x}{2}=1\frac{1}{2}x$.

This charming little equation would be quite free from blemish if men would only consent to be as fixed and rigid as x and y. But they are operated on by factors unknown to algebra, and shift about under change of circumstance with a freedom and an elasticity that are bewildering to the pedagogical mind.

Much of the practical gist of the whole question lies, however, just here; for though it is undoubtedly true that the government may for public benefit bestow upon one class of men the money drawn by direct taxation from another class, or from all, as in the familiar case of maintaining armies and civil officers; and though some of the tasks demanded for the more perfect security or development of the state may be so difficult and unremunerative that bounties may be offered with perfect propriety to those citizens who, although not in the employment of the state, will undertake them, as in the case of rewards for killing dangerous animals; and though even J. Stuart Mill says, concerning the introduction of new manufactures, "A protective duty, continued a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which a country can tax itself for the support of an experiment;" and though it is also true that, when import duties are levied upon foreign goods, every citizen is free to engage in the production at home of similar goods, — thus passing at pleasure out of the class whose property is confiscated into the class receiving the benefit of the confiscation, — and many are sure to do so if more than the average reward for labor is probable: yet a natural feeling of uneasiness under taxation cannot fail to be aroused, if a citizen find himself obliged to pay permanently to his neighbor a

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higher price than the same commodity could be got for from the foreigner.

"The duty collected on imported goods," says the free trader, "is added to the price which the consumer would otherwise pay for those goods. Also all domestic goods of similar nature are to the same extent charged dearer to the consumer. The nation pays to the producers of those domestic goods a bounty equal to the rate of import duty reckoned upon the entire mass of the domestic goods."

Mr. Burchard, of Illinois, working upon these axioms, figures up a list of articles with the bounty paid to each person engaged in producing them, from which I extract.

TARIFF PENSIONS.

Articles.	Value of Domestic Production, 1870.	Duty per cent.	Increased Cost.	Persons Employed.	Ann. Bounty per capita.
Cotton goods . .	$165,000,000	40	$51,241,000	171,000	$300
Silk	30,000,000	60	11,250,000	16,000	703
Woolen . . .	176,000,000	69	50,286,000	120,000	419

If the absurdity of this position is not apparent upon the mere inspection of it in this form, it will become apparent when other articles are inserted in place of those selected by Mr. Burchard, namely: —

Articles.	Domestic Production.	Duty.	Increased Cost.	Persons Employed.	Ann. Bounty per capita.
Crude petroleum, gallons	181,263,505	20 cts. per gall.	$36,252,701	4,487	$8,079
Oats, bushels	282,107,157	10 cts. per bus.	28,210,715	150,000 [1]	188
Potatoes, bushels . . .	143,337,473	15 cts. per bus.	21,500,620	150,000 [1]	143

No idiot has ever imagined that these duties produce the slightest effect upon the market prices of our enormous products of these articles.

Crude petroleum, for instance, frequently sells at three cents to five cents per gallon; yet Wayland, trained to know that the greater contains the less, here makes the less contain the greater, for somehow that price of three to five cents must include the twenty cents per gallon import duty.

Oats and potatoes come to us from Canada, but her people know perfectly well that the whole of the duty upon these articles, as upon all of her products sent to this country for sale, comes out of their pockets, and they want a reciprocity treaty to relieve them of that contribution to our treasury.

But take merchandise of another class — say Bessemer steel rails, as they have been particularly discussed in this regard.

Mr. Marshall, of Illinois, in his speech of June 6, 1870, upon the then pending tariff bill, says, "But the great outrage of this bill is in the proposed duty on steel rails." After rehearsing the great advantages of steel rails over iron in safety and durability, he proceeds: "Legislation interposes to deprive us of these benefits. . . . If government would withhold its interference, and the laws of trade were left free to operate, we would have this fine Bessemer steel rail for all our new roads. . . . The present duty on steel rails is forty-five per cent. ad valorem. . . . The bill before us, instead of reducing or abolishing this duty, actually proposes to increase it to $33.60 in gold per ton, increasing the cost thereof of course to that amount, . . . a robbery, Mr. Speaker, of such gigantic

[1] As about six million persons are reported by the census of 1870 to be engaged in farming, it may be nearly fair to estimate one twentieth as engaged in raising oats and potatoes — or say the full time of one hundred and fifty thousand persons at each crop.

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proportions that it is amazing that any one would dare to champion it."

Mr. Marshall I believe to be an honest man, but he quotes Mr. Wells in this speech, and had apparently been misguided. Against his invective I will set an extract from the Report of the Secretary of the Iron and Steel Association for 1871. He speaks of the huge profits derived by English railroad iron makers from increased prices charged to our railroads, after breaking down our rolling-mills by forcing down the market in periods of low tariff, and continues (pp. 9 and 10): —

"A more recent illustration of the principle in question is found in the history of the production and prices of steel rails. In 1864, just before the completion of the first Bessemer steel works in this country, the price of English steel rails in New York and Philadelphia was one hundred and sixty-two dollars in gold. In 1865 two works were in operation here, and foreign rails were lowered to one hundred and twenty dollars. Two years later, in 1867, a third works started, and two or three new companies were organized to further extend the manufacture, and foreign rails fell to one hundred and ten dollars, gold, per ton. In 1869 the capacity of our works was equal to the American demand, nearly five million dollars had been invested in the business, and foreign rails were put down to eighty dollars, gold, per ton. At that price they could not be made here, and the business was threatened with destruction. Ninety-five intelligent consumers of steel rails, alarmed at the prospect of being placed at the mercy of foreign makers, appealed to Congress to save our manufacturers by increasing the duty on imported rails. This was done, our works responded with renewed vigor to the increasing home demand, the price rose to a point at which a moderate profit could be made (about one hundred and five dollars per ton), and has since fluctuated but little. There can scarcely be a doubt that, had Congress not acted promptly in the premises, our works would have been closed, the capital invested in them sunk, their skilled labor driven into some other occupation, and the business so disorganized that, before resumption of operations could have taken place, American consumers would have suffered as severely as in the two instances previously given."

To this I need only add that maintenance of the duty at one and one fourth cents per pound caused still other Bessemer works to be erected in this country, including two in Mr. Marshall's own State of Illinois, and all the blessings of abundant and cheap steel rails, which he wrongly imagined were to come through free trade, have come from the opposite policy of protection; for the best steel rails are now selling at seventy-five dollars, currency, or about sixty-five dollars, gold, per ton, a lower price than that of iron rails two years ago, but little higher than steel rails could be landed here now from England duty free, and doubtless twenty-five dollars per ton lower than they could be had duty free if our works had not by protection been called into existence.

It cannot be doubted that the foreigner pays the duty in this case and in all similar cases.

The writer of What to do with the Surplus, in The Atlantic for January, 1870, wished to abolish the duty on pig iron, because it was a tax "to secure higher profits to the manufacturers by restricting the amount available for consumption within the country to the capacity of Pennsylvania and a few other scattered furnaces," and because it prevented this country from building iron bridges and iron ships.

He spoke too soon; henceforth he should prophesy only after the fact.

Encouraged by the duty, ironmasters improved their furnaces and built others in not one but a dozen States, in consequence of which there is now a surplus production, and pig iron is cheap enough to please the most fastidious, and to make us expect that other wail of the "still vexed" free traders, "You have diverted the industry of the country from its proper channels into something unremunerative."

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Iron bridges are now made in this country so cheaply as well as abundantly that our builders take contracts for erecting them in Canada, and iron shipbuilding has become in Pennsylvania an established industry, producing vessels which according to the highest European authority are superior to the best English vessels, and compete successfully under our own flag with the most firmly established English lines.

The beet sugar manufacture of France is another most conspicuous instance of the cheapening of a product at home by import duties upon its foreign rival, but the story is so hackneyed that I hesitate to repeat it here. It is, in fact, less an illustration of the question of "Who pays the duty?" than an example of the legitimate final result of a steady protective policy, namely, complete independence of foreigners for an article of prime necessity, while the entire cost of it is saved to the nation, and profitable employment of the most permanent kind is given to a large fraction of the people in thus supplying their own want. In brief, foreign sugars were from 1816 to 1833 subjected to duties of five to eight cents per pound, from 1833 to 1840 to duties of two and one half to five and three fourths cents per pound, and then from 1840 to 1860 to duties of one to three and one half cents per pound. In April, 1866, the *price* of beet sugar in France was four and three fourths cents per pound, though from being protected it had passed into the condition of being heavily taxed, and of being, in fact, one of the principal sources of internal revenue.[1] An excess over home consumption being now produced in France, Belgium, and Holland, those countries pay export bounties upon it, and it is exported in great quantities to England, competing there with tropical sugar so vigorously as to cause most serious alarm to the English refiners of colonial sugars, a deputation of whom lately declared, in an interview with Lord Derby, that the "enormous increase" in the sugar-producing power of France "would, if it continued, swamp the West Indies."

The real effect of import duty on prices is about this: —

In the case of articles produced only abroad, the duty is usually but not always added to the price, for when there is no supply except through the custom-house, either the duty must be paid, or the article be dispensed with. Now the fear of this latter event often causes the foreigner to pay the whole or a part of the duty by abating his price.

For instance, while coffee was subject to import duty here, the price in Brazil was decidedly lower than when that duty was abolished, the Brazilians having apparently preferred to abate their price rather than have their market curtailed by a higher price here. In 1870, when our import duty upon coffee was five cents per pound, the price of coffee at Rio was nine cents per pound, and our importations from Brazil only were 224,235,000 pounds; in 1874, our import duty having been meantime abolished, the price at Rio was twenty cents per pound, and our importations were 199,073,280 pounds.[2]

[1] See E. B. Grant on Beet Sugar.

[2] The following table exhibits the annual imports of coffee and tea from 1871 to 1874, inclusive, with the total value thereof, and the average price per pound in the countries of their production: —

Statement of Imports of Tea and Coffee during the four fiscal years (ended June 30) 1871 to 1874, inclusive.

Fiscal Years ended June 30.	Coffee.		Average Cost per Pound at Place of Shipment.	Tea.		Average Cost per Pound at Place of Shipment
	Pounds.	Aggregate Cost at Place of Shipment.		Pounds.	Aggregate Cost at Place of Shipment.	
1871	317,992,048	$30,992,869	9.74 cents.	51,364,919	$17,254,617	33.60 cents.
1872	298,805,946	37,942,225	12.69 "	63,811,003	22,943,575	36.00 "
1873	293,297,271	44,109,671	15.00 "	64,815,136	24,466,170	37.74 "
1874	285,171,512	55,048,967	19.34 "	55,811,605	21,112,234	37.82 "

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In the case of articles produced both at home and abroad, home competition, which is at first made possible by the duty preventing foreigners from crushing it in the bud through temporary lowering of prices,[1] or even by its causing an absolutely higher price, soon forces the foreigner to abate his price or totally lose his market. Later, it constantly obliges the foreigner to accept, not what he would wish to charge, but what the home producer is willing or able to sell at. Finally, in many cases, after quite driving the foreigner out of the field, domestic establishments competing among themselves force prices down to a lower point than foreigners could deliver at free of duty, even though they too have meantime improved and cheapened their processes. This result has almost been attained, as has been said, in the case of Bessemer steel rails, and has been fully attained in the case of divers other articles.

Why then in such cases do American producers desire the retention of the duty? I might say, For the same reason that makes a man prefer to keep his house-roof sound even in fair weather, but will rather say, —

First: In order that they may not in times of storm see their prosperity destroyed by vicissitudes growing out of the policy or accidents of other nations; nor would the public interest brook their being so destroyed.

Second: In order that, having assurance of a certain measure of defense from foreign assaults, they may confidently enlarge their operations, and by means of those larger operations derive adequate profits even at lower prices. It is notorious that most of the gains of successful manufacturers go into extensions and improvements of their mills and factories, by which they afterwards serve the public cheaper.

My limits forbid the further prosecution of this interesting branch of the subject. It has been treated at some length by John L. Hayes, in his Protection a Boon to Consumers, but it should be taken up afresh, and elaborated by the light of recent facts.

9. A purely agricultural nation can hardly exist at the present day, and those nations which most nearly approach that character are the most miserable. Our own Southern States were held as nearly as possible in this condition under the slave *régime*, and fell so far behind the current of the age that many years must pass before they can come up to the front. Of the plight of Turkey and India, after the extinction of their manufactures, enough has been said, and we all know the story of Ireland's wretchedness since the deliberate destruction by England of her manufactures;[2] let us rather look at Egypt, that ancient granary of the world, and at present almost a purely agricultural country.

How she fares in this modern era of commercial and industrial strife is well shown in the following abstracts from a valuable paper by Alexander Delmar, communicated to the American Philosophical Society, October 2, 1874: —

"The dominion of man over nature is so feeble in that country, that immense tracts of once fertile land are now abandoned for want of power to command the needful means to hold them in cultivation. 'One half the Delta is said to be uncultivated.' 'Part of the lower territory, now being reclaimed by the Suez Canal Company, was known in ancient times as the fruitful land of Goshen.' Though the area of Egypt is

This record of foreign prices for coffee tends strongly to the conclusion, making due allowance for the effect of short crops on prices, that the duty repealed by the act of 1872 was added to the selling price abroad, with no advantage to consumers here, while the country, as a whole, has paid more than before for the entire stock. The repeal of the duty on tea caused little or no reduction of prices to consumers here, but an increase of prices abroad. (Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1874.)

[1] In a preamble and joint resolution relative to the plate glass industry of New Albany, Indiana, which was passed by the Legislature of Indiana, February 23, 1875, occurs the following: "And whereas, the foreign manufacturers of polished plate glass have united, and publicly say, *We have had a long and profitable trade in America; we can afford, and will sell polished plate glass for years at a loss rather than yield this trade to American manufacturers.*"

[2] For Ireland, see Thompson, pp. 309–321.

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nearly five hundred and ninety-three million acres, and its population but 8,442,000, the *cultivated* land is but nine tenths of an acre *per capita*, which is but one half the ratio in Great Britain, one fourth that of France, and one twelfth that of the United States.

"The misery of the inhabitants may be partly inferred from this, when it is further remembered that the product per acre is less in Egypt than in the other countries named, and that of the product a much smaller proportion is consumed by its cultivators. So little are the field laborers able to defend themselves, and so fixed is the Khédive's fondness for foreign trade, that they are obliged to cultivate such crops as he considers best for export, looking to his own interest as chief land-owner and tax-recipient.

"Wages in 1873 were for —

Field laborers	per diem,	7 to 15 cts.
Unskilled laborers in salt works or factories	"	15 to 40 cts.
Mechanics, namely, masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.	"	60 to 100 cts.

"While in the United States fifteen persons out of one hundred produce abundant food for all, in Egypt at least three times as many are needed to produce a vastly inferior supply.

"The peasant has usually nothing but dates and *dourra* for food. His 'home is far less comfortable than that of some wild animals, for instance, the beaver. It is of the same character as the latter — a mud hut — and teems with vermin. Great numbers of the people live in the ancient tombs, with darkness and the bats. The dress of the people (about the frontier between Egypt proper and Nubia) consists of a piece of leather about six inches wide, cut in strings and tied about their loins.' 'The rate of interest ranges between ten per cent. on the most desirable government securities to sixty and even one hundred per cent. on fair commercial risks.' When the peasantry get any coin they usually bury it.

"The most antiquated tools are used; the crops, in spite of the Nile mud, are but meagre; wheat, for instance, eleven and one fourth bushels per acre, and other things in proportion. The total export of wheat has seldom been as much as five million bushels, mainly, of course, to England.

"Yet the population has great natural aptitude. The young Arabs are of quick intellect, and easily learn. 'They show considerable dexterity.' 'The young Egyptians show great skill, and often surpass their masters in cleverness.'"

This doleful picture is of a country once among the proudest of the world, and of a people whose ancestors were conquerors of many nations; but they are destitute of the machinery of modern civilization and industrial warfare. The few factories in the land belong to the Khédive, and no opportunity exists for the people to attempt industrial advancement.

The inhabitants of our prairie-land Egypt, more fertile than its prototype, and almost as destitute of manufactures, should ponder upon these results. They are, fortunately for themselves, politically wedded to the manufacturers of New England and the Middle States, who stand between them and England, and are better customers for their grain and better purveyors of wares and textiles; being so by virtue of that protective policy against which our Egyptians chafe. Without such defense, how many generations would elapse before British philanthropists had taken out of the land everything worth having? And how could the dwellers on those rich plains, unsupported by the metals, the manufactures, and the arts of their compatriots, resist any form of subjection or indignity which foreigners might choose to impose upon them?

That foreign traders should seek to seduce those regions from their fidelity may be comprehensible, but what shall we say of the domestic treason which tries to delude the Western farmers into believing that their real friend and ally is the English manufacturer, and their real enemy the Massachusetts mill-owner or the Pennsylvania ironmaster?[1]

[1] It is remarkable that while the Pennsylvania pig-iron monopolist has always aided in the westward and southward march of the iron industry, rejoicing in the success of a varied industry in any

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Hog and hominy may be plenty, but it is written that "man shall not live by bread alone," and the mere food producer, unaided by those who can satisfy his other cravings, sinks into meanness as well as penury. General Jackson, writing to Dr. Coleman, said, "Common sense points out at once the remedy. Draw from agriculture the superabundant labor and employ it in mechanism and manufactures, thereby creating a home market for your breadstuffs, and distributing labor to a most profitable account."

Having been myself a farm laborer for three years, and remembering well the long summer days, and the labor that goes to make a bushel of wheat, remembering also the feeling of mingled respect and envy with which I regarded the apparently easy lives and large profits of paper-mill owners and boiler-iron makers near by, I appreciate the farmer's misgiving as to whether it is quite a fair deal between him and the manufacturer; but I know that successive owners of those iron-works have since then failed, and that only the best of the paper-mills succeeded, while the farmers have held on steadily, and the old names still keep the old places, better schools having been set up, more industries established, and the whole region advanced in comfort and prosperity.

This advance of the arts and industries; the home market, the neighboring saw and grist mill, mechanics, teachers, implement factory, and woolen mill; a varied industry and varied opportunities, — are the farmer's needs. For them he could well afford, if need were, to pay temporarily higher for some few of his necessities, while his neighbors are learning to make them, especially as they, meantime, are paying him better for his crops; but shortly, as we have seen, his neighbors sell to him cheaper than the stranger, and if they seem to him prosperous beyond their share, they have shown to him or to his son the way to go and do likewise.

The farmer, however, enjoys more perhaps of the paternal and protective care of his government than any other citizen of this country. Not only are all of his products which are liable to foreign competition in our markets directly protected by import duties, but vast sums have been paid by the government to protect from Indians the farmers of those Western States which have successively been upon the frontier, while by selling millions of acres of lands to settlers at a nominal price, government has actually bestowed upon farmers the chief part of the capital needed in their business.

It is belittling as well as falsifying the question to insist that the farmer should mutiny against his neighbor and his government because that neighbor, aided by the government, is supplying his wants at prices lower indeed than they were formerly supplied by the foreigner, but at prices higher perhaps than the baffled foreigner now protests that he would supply them, if permitted. Without descending to confute the free trader's details as to the robbery inflicted on the farmers by the grasping manufacturers (that is, by the domestic ones, for the gains of foreign manufacturers never hurt the feelings of your free trader), I will close this part of the argument by some quotations.

Wayland says, p. 95, "Let the productiveness of labor in any department be ever so great, where labor and capital are free, competition will always reduce profit in one department to the same average per cent. that it affords in other departments."

In the discussion, February 12, 1875, of the tax and tariff bill, then before the House of Representatives, Mr. Parker, of Missouri, said, "I believe that the true solution of this question of getting the full value for the products of the farmer depends in the end . . . in

part of our country, the free-trade teacher, Wayland, says, p. 92, "Could not one of our old States supply one of the new States with manufactures cheaper than the new State could produce them itself?" Also that such free-trade sentiment as exists in New England among practical men grows mainly from the belief that European competition will be less dangerous to New England than that which protection is developing in the South and West.

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placing the farmer side by side with the consumer."

10. When we remember that English free-trade economists hold the normal rate of wages to be that which just suffices to prevent the extinction of the laborers, and that English employers have usually followed with perfect obedience the rule of conduct thus laid down,[1] — when we contrast the degraded working people and the swarming paupers thence resulting, with the well-nourished, well-clad, well-housed, and well-taught American working people, — the hardihood of the free-trade tenet now under review is most amazing. From the labor expended in the endeavor to prove it (labor which is apt to take the form of calculations as to the quantity of luxuries unused by laborers, such as wines, silks, and Brussels carpets, that could be procured here or in Europe by a month's work) I suppose there must be some who are expected to credit this proposition, but if such intellects exist it were vain to argue with them, for "*gegen die Dummheit kaempfen die Goetter selbst vergebens.*"

Let it suffice to point to the enormous and rarely checked emigration from Great Britain to this country, to the similar immigration from Canada, to the huge deposits in our savings-banks and payments for life-insurance, and to the streets of comfortable houses owned by working people in American manufacturing places.

Supposing the ratio of inevitable outlay to possible earning to be as large here as in England, — which is by no means the case, — it is clear that the amounts of both being larger in the protected country, the absolute saving and power of attaining competence must be greater here.

11. The revolt of our ancestors against Great Britain a century ago having been caused in part by their determination not to submit to free-trade plunder and the suppression of their infant manufactures, and the policy of this country having been ever since protective of our manufacturers, the general result of our hundred years of independence is fairly to be brought into court to testify whether degradation or advancement is the fruit of such a policy. Let those who prate of the prosperity arising from free trade produce a free-trade country showing attainments comparable to ours, or hold their peace for shame.

That our progress might have been yet greater is most true, for our policy has vacillated in the degree of protection established at different periods, and our growth has been accelerated or retarded in a similar degree, as has been sufficiently demonstrated by Henry C. Carey.

A free trader, writing from Melbourne, Australia, says: "I have only to add that at present our prosperity is something wonderful. *We defy all economical laws by protective tariffs* and inconsistent land legislation, and the revenue shows no sign of decrease."[2]

We have seen in the instances mentioned above, of Turkey, India, and Portugal, what prosperity attends the practice of free trade. Lack of space forbids the introduction of further examples.

It must not be understood that, because the rightfulness and expediency of national self-protection by means of import duties levied upon foreign goods are shown, everything that goes by the name of tariff must be defended. In nothing is it easier to show stupidity than in the framing of a tariff law, while to build up a judicious and harmonious one is a most difficult task, as Mr. Morrill or Mr. Dawes would probably be willing to testify.

Such ideas as occurred to me upon this subject may be found in my essay on International Industrial Competition,[3] p. 26, *et seq.;* I will now add merely that, of all modes of tariff legislation, that by commercial treaties which would deprive us for long terms of the power to regu-

[1] See Report of Abm. S. Hewitt, Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, on the Iron and Steel Industry.

[2] New York Nation, April 29, 1875.

[3] Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia.

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late our finances in accordance with our own interest is evidently the most dangerous and the least fitted to our circumstances, besides being unconstitutional, since such treaties are in violation of the exclusive privilege of originating revenue legislation, which belongs to the House of Representatives.[1]

National self-protection versus free trade is no debating-club topic, resultless whichever way decided, but is a most serious question, fraught with earnest verities and consequences. That Americans, accustomed to look sharply to the main chance, will in the future as in the past generally decide this great question aright cannot be doubted, though Mr. Cobden's calm British affectation of superior wisdom and virtue may impose upon the indifferent with an overbearing assumption of absolute right for the free-trade doctrines which his own nation dares not practice; though Mr. Mill's logical cobwebs may be spun all round and round the little parlor which British trade obligingly invites the world to enter; even though Mr. D. A. Wells's formidable statistics may demonstrate how disastrously tariffs affect the American laborer by making a family of parents and four children almost twice as costly to maintain as a family of parents and six children.[2]

Let England by all means take for herself such course as she thinks likely to promote her interest. It is her right, and though we, seeing the unbalanced and distorted development which she has reached in attempting the industrial and financial subjugation of other nations, may indulge the hope of her mending her ways before it is too late for her self-preservation, we refrain from fomenting disturbances among her people by insisting on their adopting our policy.

We shall take for ourselves, without asking her leave, the same privilege of consulting our own interests and doing our own thinking. We shall grow in strength and in national completeness and independence, despite the groans and growls of the Cobden Club, after England shall have distinctly failed in grasping at universal domination through trade. We decline to be her victim or her imitator.

Joseph Wharton.

[1] An attempt to fasten upon us a commercial treaty is simply an attempt to get the better of us in a bargain, and though such treaties are usually urged by free traders, they are in violation of the principles of free trade, as is thus shown by The Melbourne Age: —

"The free traders of England do not yet quite understand their own principles. If they ever did, the secret is lost to them. They are still clamorous for commercial treaties which shall secure advantages to English commerce, without inquiring too curiously into their effects on free trade with the rest of the world. . . . They do not see that the principles of free trade demand the abrogation of all commercial treaties, and that the making of a bargain with any other country for the remission, imposition, alteration, or continuance of any impost on either side is objectionable *per se*."

After showing how England has been hampered in her European policy by her free-trade propagandism, the Age continues: —

"The result of it all will be that England will be taunted with the decay of her influence as a European power, whereas she is only unsuccessful in the management of her hobby-horse. We look in vain for evidences of success in any quarter for the spread of the Manchester confession of faith."

[2] See his report for 1868 as Revenue Commissioner; also Kelley's Speeches, pp. 271, 272.

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DEEPHAVEN CRONIES.

During the summer which Kate Lancaster and I spent at Deephaven, we made many desirable friends and acquaintances, besides those of whom I spoke in The Shore House. It was curious to notice, in this quaint little fishing village by the sea, how clearly the gradations of society were defined. The place prided itself most upon having been long ago the residence of one Governor Chantrey, who was a rich ship-owner and East India merchant, and whose fame and magnificence were almost fabulous. It was a never-ceasing regret that his house should have burned down after he died, and there is no doubt that if it were still standing it would rival any ruin of the Old World.

The elderly people, though laying claim to no slight degree of present consequence, modestly ignored it, and spoke with pride of the grand way in which life was carried on by their ancestors, the Deephaven families of old times. I think Kate and I were assured at least a hundred times that Governor Chantrey kept a valet, and his wife, Lady Chantrey, kept a maid, and that the governor had an uncle in England who was a baronet; and I believe this must have been why our friends felt so deep an interest in the affairs of the English nobility: they no doubt felt themselves entitled to seats near the throne itself. There were formerly five families who kept their coaches, in Deephaven; there were balls at the governor's, and regal entertainments at other of the grand mansions; there is not a really distinguished person in the country who will not prove to have been directly or indirectly connected with Deephaven. We were shown the cellar of the Chantrey house, and the terraces, and a few clumps of lilacs, and the grand rows of elms. There are still two of the governor's warehouses left, but his ruined wharves are fast disappearing, and are almost deserted, except by small, barefooted boys, who sit on the edges to fish for sea-perch when the tide comes in. There is an imposing monument in the burying-ground to the great man and his amiable consort. I am sure that if there were any surviving relatives of the governor, they would receive in Deephaven far more deference than is consistent with the principles of a republican government; but the family became extinct long since, and I have heard, though it is not a subject that one may speak of lightly, that the sons were unworthy their noble descent and came to inglorious ends.

There were still remaining a few representatives of the old families, who were treated with much reverence by the rest of the towns-people, although they were like the conies of Scripture, a feeble folk.

Deephaven is utterly out of fashion. It never recovered from the effects of the embargo of 1807, and a sand-bar has been steadily filling in the mouth of the harbor. Though the fishing gives what occupation there is for the inhabitants of the place, it is by no means sufficient to draw recruits from abroad. But nobody in Deephaven cares for excitement, and if some one once in a while has the low taste to prefer a more active life, he is obliged to go elsewhere in search of it, and is spoken of afterward with kind pity. I well remember the Widow Moses said to me, in speaking of a certain misguided nephew of hers, "I never could see what could 'a' sot him out to leave so many privileges and go way off to Lynn, with all them children too. Why, they lived here no more than a cable's length from the meetin'-house!"

There were two schooners owned in town, and 'Bijah Manley and Jo Sands owned a trawl. There were two schooners and a small brig slowly going to pieces by the wharves, and indeed all Deephaven looked more or less out of

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repair. All along shore one might see dories and wherries and whale-boats, which had been left to die a lingering death. There is something piteous to me in the sight of an old boat. If one I had used much and cared for were past its usefulness, I should say good-by to it, and have it towed out to sea and sunk; it never should be left to fall to pieces above high-water mark.

Even the commonest fishermen felt a satisfaction, and seemed to realize their privilege, in being residents of Deephaven; but among the nobility and gentry there lingered a fierce pride in their family and town records, and a hardly concealed contempt and pity for people who were obliged to live in other parts of the world. There were acknowledged to be a few disadvantages, — such as living nearly a dozen miles from the railway, — but, as Miss Honora Carew said, the tone of Deephaven society had always been very high, and it was very nice that there had never been any manufacturing elements introduced. She could not feel too grateful herself that there was no disagreeable foreign population.

"But," said Kate one day, "would n't you like to have some pleasant new people brought into town?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Miss Honora, rather doubtfully; "I have always been public-spirited; but then, we always have guests in summer, and I am growing old. I should not care to enlarge my acquaintance to any great extent." Miss Honora and Mrs. Dent had lived gay lives in their younger days, and were interested and connected with the outside world more than any of our Deephaven friends; but they were quite contented to stay in their own house, with their books and letters and knitting, and they carefully read Littell and "the new magazine," as they called The Atlantic.

The Carews were very intimate with the minister and his sister, and there were one or two others who belonged to this set. There was Mr. Joshua Dorsey, who wore his hair in a queue, was very deaf, and carried a ponderous cane which had belonged to his venerated father, — a much taller man than he. He was polite to Kate and me, but we never knew him much. He went to play whist with the Carews every Monday evening, and commonly went out fishing once a week. He had begun the practice of law, but he had lost his hearing, and at the same time his lady-love had inconsiderately fallen in love with somebody else; after which he retired from active business life. He had a fine library, which he invited us to examine. He had many new books, but they looked shockingly overdressed in their fresher bindings, beside the old brown volumes of essays and sermons, and lighter works in many-volume editions.

A prominent link in society was Widow Tully, who had been the much respected housekeeper of old Captain Manning for forty years. When he died, he left her the use of his house and family pew, besides an annuity. The existence of Mr. Tully seemed to be a myth. During the first of his widow's residence in town, she had been much affected when obliged to speak of him, and always represented herself as having seen better days and as being highly connected. But she was apt to be ungrammatical when excited, and there was a whispered tradition that she used to keep a bake-shop in a town in Connecticut; though the mystery of her previous state of existence will probably never be solved. She wore mourning for the captain which would have befitted his widow, and patronized the towns-people conspicuously, while she herself was treated with much condescension by the Carews and Lorimers. She occupied, on the whole, much the same position that "Mrs. Betty Barker" did in Cranford. And indeed Kate and I were often reminded of that estimable town. We heard that Kate's aunt, Katherine Brandon, had never been appreciative of Mrs. Tully's merits, and that since her death the others had received Mrs. Tully into their society rather more.

It seemed as if all the clocks in Deephaven, and all the people with them,

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had stopped years ago, and the people had been doing over and over what they had been busy about during the last week of their unambitious progress. Their clothes had lasted wonderfully well, and they had no need to earn money when there was so little chance to spend it; indeed there were several families who seemed to have no more visible means of support than a balloon. There were no young people whom we knew, though a number used to come to church on Sunday from the inland farms, or "the country," as we learned to say. There were children among the fishermen's families at the shore, but a few years will see Deephaven possessed by two classes instead of the time-honored three.

We always went to church, and we enjoyed our first Sunday morning most heartily. We felt that we were considered as Miss Brandon's representatives, and we had already found that it was no slight responsibility, as she had received much honor and respect from her neighbors. We really tried, that summer, to do nothing to lessen the family reputation, and to give pleasure as well as take it, though we were singularly persistent in our pursuit of "a good time." It was very pleasant having Kate for one's companion, for she has an unusual power of winning people's confidence, and knows with surest instinct how to meet them on their own ground. It is the girl's being so genuinely sympathetic and interested which makes every one ready to talk to her and be friends with her; just as the sunshine makes it easy for flowers to grow up out of the ground, which the chilly winds have hindered. She is not polite for the sake of being polite, but polite for the sake of being kind; and there is not a particle of what Hugh Miller justly calls "the insolence of condescension" about her.

But to go back to our first Sunday at church: it must be in vain to ask you to imagine our delight when we heard the tuning of a bass-viol in the gallery just before service. We pressed each other's hands most tenderly, looked up at the singers' seats, and then trusted ourselves to look at each other. It was more than we had hoped for. There were also a violin and sometimes a flute, and a choir of men and women singers, though the congregation were expected to join in the psalm-singing. It was all so delightfully old-fashioned; our pew was a square pew, and was by an open window looking seaward. We also had a view of the entire congregation, and as we were somewhat early, we watched the people come in, with great interest. The Deephaven aristocracy came with stately step up the aisle; this was all the chance there was for displaying their unquestioned dignity in public.

Many of the people drove to church in wagons that were low and old and creaky, with worn buffalo-robes over the seat, and some hay tucked underneath for the sleepy, undecided old horse. Some of the younger farmers and their wives had high, shiny wagons, with tall horsewhips,— which they sometimes brought into church, — and they drove up to the steps with a consciousness of being conspicuous and enviable. They had a bashful look when they came in, and for a few minutes after they took their seats they evidently felt that all eyes were fixed upon them, but after a little while they were quite at their ease, and looked critically at the new arrivals.

The old folks interested us most. "Do you notice how many more old women there are than old men?" whispered Kate to me; and we wondered if the husbands and brothers had been drowned, and if it must not be sad to look at the blue, sunshiny sea beyond the marshes, if the far-away white sails reminded them of some ships that had never sailed home into Deephaven harbor, or of fishing-boats that had never come back to land.

The girls and young women adorned themselves in what they believed to be the latest fashion, but the elderly women were usually relics of old times in manner and dress. They wore to church thin, soft silk gowns that must have been brought from over the seas years

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upon years before, and wide collars fastened with mourning-pins holding a lock of hair. They had big black bonnets, some of them with stiff capes, such as Kate and I had not seen before, since our childhood. They treasured large, rusty lace veils of scraggly pattern, and wore sometimes, on pleasant Sundays, white China-crape shawls with attenuated fringes; and there were two or three of these shawls in the congregation which had been dyed black, and gave an aspect of meekness and general unworthiness to the aged wearer, they clung and drooped about the figure in such a hopeless way. We used to notice often the most interesting scarfs, without which no Deephaven woman considered herself in full dress. Sometimes there were red India scarfs in spite of its being hot weather; but our favorite ones were long strips of silk, embroidered along the edges and at the ends with dismal-colored floss in odd patterns. I think there must have been a fashion once, in Deephaven, of working these scarfs, and I should not be surprised to find that it was many years before the fashion of working samplers came about. Our friends always wore black mitts on warm Sundays, and many of them carried neat little bags of various designs on their arms, containing a precisely folded pocket-handkerchief, and a frugal lunch of caraway seeds or red and white peppermints. I should like you to see, with your own eyes, Widow Ware and Miss Exper'ence Hull, two old sisters whose personal appearance we delighted in, and whom we saw feebly approaching down the street this first Sunday morning under the shadow of the two last members of an otherwise extinct race of parasols.

There were two or three old men who sat near us. They were sailors, — there is something unmistakable about a sailor, — and they had a curiously ancient, uncanny look, as if they might have belonged to the crew of the Mayflower, or even have cruised about with the Northmen in the times of Harold Harfager and his comrades. They had been blown about by so many winter winds, so browned by summer suns, and wet by salt spray, that their hands and faces looked like leather with a few deep folds instead of wrinkles. They had pale blue eyes, very keen and quick; their hair looked like the fine sea-weed which clings to the kelp roots and mussel shells in little locks. These friends of ours sat solemnly at the heads of their pews and looked unflinchingly at the minister, when they were not dozing, and they sang with voices like the howl of the wind, with an occasional deep note or two.

Have you never seen faces that seemed old-fashioned? Many of the people in Deephaven church looked as if they must be — if not supernaturally old — exact copies of their remote ancestors. I wonder if it is not possible that the features and expression may be almost perfectly reproduced. These faces were not modern American faces, but belonged rather to the days of the early settlement of the country, the old colonial times. We often heard quaint words and expressions which we never had known anywhere else but in old books. There was a great deal of sea-lingo in use; indeed, we learned a great deal ourselves, unconsciously, and used it afterward to the great amusement of our friends; but there were also many peculiar provincialisms, and among the people who lived on the lonely farms inland, we often noticed words we had seen in Chaucer, and studied out at school in our English literature class. Everything in Deephaven was more or less influenced by the sea; the minister spoke oftenest of Peter and his fishermen-companions, and prayed most earnestly every Sunday morning for those who go down to the sea in ships. He made frequent allusions and drew numberless illustrations of a similar kind for his sermons, and indeed I am in doubt whether, if the Bible had been written wholly in inland countries, it would have been much valued in Deephaven.

The singing was very droll, for there was a majority of old voices, which had seen their best days long before, and the bass-viol was excessively noticeable and apt to be a little ahead of the time the

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singers kept, while the violin lingered after. Somewhere on the other side of the church we heard an acute voice which rose high above all the rest of the congregation, sharp as a needle, and slightly cracked, with a limitless supply of breath. It rose and fell gallantly, and clung long to the high notes of Dundee. It was like the wail of the banshee, which sounds clear to the fated hearer above all other noises. We afterward became acquainted with the owner of this voice, and were surprised to find her a meek widow, who was like a thin black beetle in her pathetic cypress veil and big black bonnet. She looked as if she had forgotten who she was, and spoke with an apologetic whine; but we heard she had a temper as high as her voice, and as much to be dreaded as the equinoctial gale.

I should consider my sketch of Deephaven society incomplete if I did not tell you something of the ancient mariners who may be found every pleasant morning, sunning themselves like turtles, on one of the wharves. There were always three of them, and sometimes several others, but the less constant members of the club were older than the rest, and the epidemics of rheumatism in town were sadly frequent. They sat close together, because most of them were deaf, and when we heard the conversation, it seemed to concern their adventures at sea, or the freight carried out by the Sea-Duck, the Ocean Rover, or some other Deephaven ship, the particulars of the voyage and its disasters and successes being as familiar as the wanderings of the children of Israel to an old parson. There were sometimes violent altercations when "the cap'ns" differed as to the tonnage of some ship that had been a prey to the winds and waves, dry-rot, or barnacles, fifty years before. The old fellows puffed away at little black pipes with short stems, and otherwise consumed tobacco in fabulous quantities. We used to wish we could join this agreeable company, but we found that the appearance of an outsider caused a disapproving silence, and that the club was evidently not to be interfered with. Once we were impertinent enough to hide ourselves for a while, just round the corner of the warehouse, but we were afraid or ashamed to try it again, though the conversation was inconceivably edifying. Captain Isaac Bean, the oldest and wisest of all, was discoursing upon some cloth he had purchased once in Bristol, which the shopkeeper delayed sending until just as they were ready to weigh anchor.

"I happened to take a look at that cloth," said the captain in a loud, droning voice, "and as quick as I got sight of it, I spoke onpleasant of that swindling English fellow, and the crew, they stood back. I was dreadful high-tempered in them days, mind ye; and I had the gig manned. We was out in the stream, just ready to sail, nice wind a-coming in from the no'east. I went ashore, and when I walks into his shop, ye never see a creatur' so wilted. Ye see the miser'ble sculpin thought I 'd never stop to open the goods, an' it was a chance I did, mind ye! 'Lor,' says he, grinning and turning the color of a b'iled lobster, 'I s'posed ye were a-standing out to sea by this time.' 'No,' says I, 'and I 've got some men out here on the quay a-landing that cloth o' yourn, and if you don't send just what I bought and paid for, down there to go back in the gig within fifteen minutes, I 'll take ye by the collar and drop ye into the dock.' I was twice the size of him, mind ye, and master strong. 'Don't ye like it?' says he, edging round. 'I 'll change it for ye, then.' Ter'ble perlite he was. 'Like it?' says I, 'it looks as if it were built of dog's hair and divil's wool, kicked together by spiders; and it 's coarser than Irish frieze; three threads to an *armful*,' says I."

This was evidently one of the captain's favorite stories, for we heard an approving grumble from the audience.

In the course of a long walk inland we made a new acquaintance, Captain Lant, whom we had noticed at church, and who sometimes joined the company on the wharf. We had been walking through the woods, and, coming out to his fields, we went on to the house for some water. There was no one at home but the captain.

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who announced cheerfully that he should be pleased to serve us, though his women-folks had gone off to a funeral, the other side of the P'int. He brought out a pitcher full of milk, and after we had drunk some, we all sat down together in the shade. The captain brought an old flag-bottomed chair from the wood-house and sat down facing Kate and me, with an air of certainty that he was going to hear something new and make some desirable new acquaintances, and also as if he knew something it would be worth our while to hear. He looked more and more like a well-to-do old English sparrow, and chippered faster and faster.

"Queer ye should know I 'm a sailor so quick; why, I 've been a-farming it this twenty years; have to go down to the shore and take a day's fishing every hand's turn, though, to keep the old hulk clear of barnacles. There! I do wish I lived nigher the shore, where I could see the folks I know, and talk about what 's been a-goin' on. You don't know anything about it, you don't; but it 's tryin' to a man to be called 'old Cap'n Lant,' and so to speak be forgot when there 's anything stirring, and be called gran'ther by clumsy creatur's goin' on fifty and sixty, who can't do no more work to-day than I can; an' then the women-folks keeps a-tellin' me to be keerful and not fall, and as how I 'm too old to go out fishing; and when they want to be soft-spoken, they say as how they don't see as I fail, and how wonderful I keep my hearin'. I never did want to farm it, but 'she' always took it to heart when I was off on a v'y'ge, and this farm and some consider-'ble means beside come to her from her brother, and they all sot to and give me no peace of mind till I sold out my share of the Ann Eliza and come ashore for good. I did keep an eighth of the Pactolus, and I was ship's husband for a long spell, but she never was heard from on her last voyage to Singapore. I was the lonesomest man, when I first come ashore, that ever you see. Well, you are master hands to walk, if you come way up from the Brandon House. I wish the women was at home. Know Miss Brandon? Why, yes; and I remember all her brothers and sisters, and her father and mother. I can see 'em now, coming into meeting, proud as Lucifer and straight as a mast, every one of 'em. Miss Catherine, she always had her butter from this very farm. Some of the folks used to go down every Saturday, and my wife, she 's been in the house a hundred times, I s'pose. So you are Hathaway Brandon's grand-daughter?" (to Kate); "why, he and I have been out fishing together many 's the time, — he and Chantrey, his next younger brother. Henry, he was a dis-app'intment; he went to furrin parts and turned out a Catholic priest, I s'pose ye 've heard? I never was so set agin Mr. Henry as some folks was. He was the pleasantest spoken of the whole on 'em. You do look like the Brandons; you really favor 'em consider'ble. Well, I 'm pleased to see ye, I 'm sure."

We asked him many questions about the old people, and found he knew all the family histories and told them with great satisfaction. We found he had his pet stories, and it must have been gratifying to have an entirely new and fresh audience. He was adroit in leading the conversation around to a point where the stories would come in appropriately, and we helped him as much as possible. In a small neighborhood all the people know each other's stories and experiences by heart, and I have no doubt the old captain had been snubbed many times on beginning a favorite anecdote. There was a story which he told us that first day, which he assured us was strictly true, and it is certainly a remarkable instance of the influence of one mind upon another at a distance. It seems to me worth preserving, at any rate; and as we heard it from the old man, with his solemn voice and serious expression and quaint gestures, it was singularly impressive.

"When I was a youngster," said Captain Lant, "I was an orphan, and I was bound out to old Mr. Peletiah Daw's folks, over on the Ridge Road. It was in the time of the last war, and he had a nephew, Ben Dighton, a dreadful high-

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strung, wild fellow, who had gone off on a privateer. The old man, he set everything by Ben; he would disoblige his own boys any day to please him. This was in his latter days, and he used to have spells of wandering and being out of his head; and he used to call for Ben and talk sort of foolish about him, till they would tell him to stop. Ben never did a stroke of work for him, either, but he was a handsome fellow and had a way with him when he was good-natured. One night old Peletiah had been very bad all day and was getting quieted down, and it was after supper; we sat round in the kitchen and he lay in the bedroom opening out. There were some pitch-knots blazing and the light shone in on the bed, and all of a sudden something made me look up and look in; and there was the old man setting up straight, with his eyes shining at me like a cat's. 'Stop 'em!' says he; '*Stop 'em!*' and his two sons run in then to catch hold of him, for they thought he was beginning with one of his wild spells, but he fell back on the bed and began to cry like a baby. 'Oh dear me,' says he, 'they 've hung him — hung him right up to the yard-arm! Oh, they ought n't to have done it; cut him down quick! he did n't think; he means well, Ben does; he was hasty. Oh my God, I can't bear to see him swing round by the neck! It 's poor Ben hung up to the yard-arm. Let me alone, I say!' Andrew and Moses, they were holding him with all their might, and they were both hearty men, but he most got away from them once or twice, and he screeched and howled like a mad creatur', and then he would cry again like a grieving child. He was worn out after a while and lay back quiet, and said over and over, 'Poor Ben!' and 'hung at the yard-arm;' and he told the neighbors next day, but nobody noticed him much, and he seemed to forget it as his mind come back. All that summer he was miser'ble, and towards cold weather he failed right along, though he had been a master-strong man in his day, and his timbers held together well. Along late in the fall he had taken to his bed, and one day there came to the house a fellow named Sim Decker, a reckless fellow he was, too, who had gone out in the same ship with Ben. He pulled a long face when he came in, and said he had brought bad news. They had been taken prisoner and carried into port and put in jail, and Ben Dighton had got a fever there and died.

"'You lie!' says the old man from the bedroom, speaking as loud and f'erce as ever you heard. 'They hung him to the yard-arm!'

"'Don't mind him,' says Andrew; 'he 's wandering-like, and he had a bad dream along back in the spring; I s'posed he 'd forgotten it.' But the Decker fellow he turned pale, and kept talking crooked while he listened to old Peletiah a-scolding to himself. He answered the questions the women folks asked him, — they took on a good deal, — but pretty soon he got up and winked to me and Andrew, and we went out in the yard. He began to swear, and then says he, 'When did the old man have his dream?' Andrew could n't remember, but I knew it was the night before he sold the gray colt, and that was the twenty-fourth of April.

"'Well,' says Sim Decker, 'on the twenty-third day of April Ben Dighton was hung to the yard-arm, and I see 'em do it, Lord help him! I did n't mean to tell the women, and I s'posed you 'd never know, for I 'm all the one of the ship's company you 're ever likely to see. We were taken prisoner, and Ben was mad as fire, and they were scared of him and chained him to the deck; and while he was raving there, a little parrot of a midshipman come up and grinned at him, and snapped his fingers in his face; and Ben lifted his hands with the heavy irons and sprung at him like a tiger, and the boy dropped dead as a stone; and they put the bight of a rope round Ben's neck and slung him right up to the yard-arm, and there he swung back and forth until as soon as we dared one of us clim' up and cut the rope and let him go over the ship's side; and they put us in irons for that, curse 'em. How did that old man in there know, and he bedridden here, nigh upon three thousand miles

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off? ' says he; but I guess there was n't any of us could tell him," said Captain Lant in conclusion. "It 's something I never could account for, but it 's true as truth. I 've known more such cases; some folks laughs at me for believing 'em, — 'the cap'n's yarns' they calls 'em, — but if you 'll notice, everybody 's got some yarn of that kind they do believe, if they won't believe yours. And there 's a good deal happens in the world that 's mysterious. Now there was Widder Oliver Pinkham, over to the P'int, told me with her own lips that she" — But just here we saw the captain's expression alter suddenly, and looked around, to see a wagon coming up the lane. We immediately said we must go home, for it was growing late, but asked permission to come again and hear the Widow Oliver Pinkham story. We stopped however to see "the women folks," and afterward became so intimate with them that we were invited to spend the afternoon and take tea, which invitation we accepted with great pride. We went out fishing, also, with the captain and "Danny," of whom I will tell you presently. I often think of Captain Lant in the winter, for he told Kate once that he "felt master old in winter to what he did in summer." He likes reading, fortunately, and we had a letter from him, not long ago, acknowledging the receipt of some books of travel by land and water which we had luckily thought to send him. He gave the latitude and longitude of Deephaven at the beginning of his letter, and signed himself "respectfully yours with esteem, Jacob Lant (condemned as unseaworthy)."

Kate and I went to a show that summer, the memory of which will never fade. It is somewhat impertinent to call it a show, and "public entertainment" is equally inappropriate, though we certainly were entertained. It had been raining for two or three days; the Deephavenites spoke of it as "a spell of weather." Just after tea, one Thursday evening, Kate and I went down to the post-office. When we opened the great hall door the salt air was delicious, but we found the town apparently wet through and discouraged; though it had almost stopped raining just then, there was a Scotch mist, like a snowstorm with the chill taken off, and the Chantrey elms dripped hurriedly and creaked occasionally in the east wind.

"There will not be a cap'n on the wharf for a week after this," said I to Kate; "only think of the cases of rheumatism!"

We stopped for a few minutes at the Carews', who were as surprised to see us as if we had been mermaids out of the sea, and begged us to give ourselves something warm to drink and to change our boots, the moment we got home. Then we went on to the post-office. Kate went in, but stopped, as she came out with our letters, to read a written notice securely fastened to the grocery door by four large carpet-tacks with wide leathers round their necks.

"Dear," said she, exultantly, "there 's going to be a lecture to-night in the church, a free lecture on The Elements of True Manhood. Would n't you like to go?" And we went.

We were fifteen minutes later than the time appointed, and were sorry to find that the audience was almost imperceptible. The dampness had affected the old-fashioned lamps so that those on the walls and on the front of the gallery were the dimmest lights I ever saw, and sent their feeble rays through a small space, the edges of which were clearly defined. There were two rather more energetic lights on the table near the pulpit, where the lecturer sat, and as we were in the rear of the church we could see the yellow fog between ourselves and him. There were fourteen persons in the audience, and we were all huddled together in a cowardly way in the pews nearest the door: three old men, four women, and four children, besides ourselves and the sexton, a deaf little old man with a wooden leg.

The children whispered noisily, and soon, to our surprise, the lecturer rose and began. He bowed, and treated us with beautiful deference, and read the dreary lecture with enthusiasm. I wish I could say for his sake that it was in-

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teresting, but I cannot tell a lie, and it was so long! He went on and on, until I felt as if I had been there ever since I was a little girl. Kate and I did not dare to look at each other, and in my desperation at feeling her quiver with laughter, I moved to the other end of the pew, knocking over a big hymn-book on the way, which attracted so much attention that I have seldom felt more embarrassed in my life. Kate's great dog rose several times to shake himself and yawn loudly, and then lay down again despairingly.

You would have thought the man was addressing an enthusiastic Young Men's Christian Association. He exhorted us with fervor upon our duties as citizens and as voters, and told us a great deal about George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, whom he urged us to choose as our examples. He waited for applause after each of his outbursts of eloquence, and presently went on again, in no wise disconcerted at the silence, and with redoubled energy, as if he were sure he would fetch us next time. The rain had begun to fall again heavily, and the wind wailed around the meeting-house. If the lecture had been upon any other subject it would not have been so hard for Kate and me to keep sober faces, but it was directed entirely toward young men, and there was not a single young man there.

The children in front of us mildly scuffled with each other at one time, until the one at the end of the pew dropped a marble, which struck the floor and rolled with a frightful noise down the edge of the aisle, where there was no carpet. The congregation instinctively started up to look after it, but we recollected ourselves and leaned back again in our places, while the awed children, after keeping unnaturally quiet, fell asleep and tumbled against each other helplessly. After a time the man sat down and wiped his forehead, looking well satisfied; and when we were wondering whether we might with propriety come away, he rose again, and said it was a free lecture, and he thanked us for our kind patronage on that inclement night, but in other places which he had visited there had been a contribution taken up for the cause. It would perhaps do no harm — would the sexton —

But the sexton could not have heard a cannon at that distance, and slumbered on. Neither Kate nor I had any money except a twenty-dollar bill in my purse, and some coppers in the pocket of her water-proof cloak, which she assured me she was prepared to give; but we saw no signs of the sexton's waking, and as one of the women kindly went forward to wake the children, we all rose and came away.

After we had made fun of the affair and laughed as long as we pleased that night, we became suddenly conscious of the pitiful side of it all; and being anxious that every one should have the highest opinion of Deephaven, we sent Tom Dockum out early in the morning with an anonymous note for the lecturer, whom he found without much trouble; but afterward we were disturbed at hearing that he was going to repeat his lecture that evening, — the wind having gone round to the northwest, — and I have no doubt there were a good many women able to be out, and that he harvested enough ten-cent pieces to pay his expenses without our help, though he had particularly told us it was "for the cause" the evening before, and that ought to have been a consolation.

None of our cronies were more interesting than the fishermen. The fish-houses, which might be called the business centre of the town, were at a little distance from the old warehouses, and were ready to fall down in despair. There were some fishermen who lived near by, but most of them were also farmers in a small way, and lived inland. From our eastern windows we could see the moorings, and we always liked to watch the boats go out and come straying in, one after the other, tipping and skimming under the square little sails, and we sometimes went down to the fish-houses to see what kind of a catch there had been.

I said we liked to see the boats go

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out, but I must not give you the impression that we saw them often, for they weighed anchor at an early hour in the morning. I remember once there was a light fog over the sea, lifting fast, as the sun was coming up, and the brownish sails soon disappeared, while voices could be heard occasionally for some minutes after the men were hidden from sight. But afterward, when the sun had risen, we found everything looked much the same as usual; the fog had gone, and the dories and even the larger boats were distant specks on the sparkling sea.

One afternoon we made a new acquaintance in this wise. We went down to the shore to see if we could hire a conveyance to the light-house the next morning. We often went out in one of the fishing-boats, and after we stayed as long as we pleased, Mr. Kew — do you remember him? — would bring us home. It was quiet enough that day, for not a single boat had come in, and there were no men to be seen along shore. There was a solemn company of lobster-coops or "cages" which had been brought in to be mended. They always amused Kate. She said they seemed like droll old women telling each other secrets. These were scattered about in different attitudes, and looked more confidential than usual.

Just as we were going away we happened to see a man at work in one of the sheds. He was the fisherman whom we knew least of all; an odd-looking, silent sort of man, more sunburnt and weather-beaten than any of the others. We had learned to know him by the bright red flannel shirt he always wore, and besides, he was lame; some one told us he had had a bad fall once, on board ship. Kate and I had always wished we could find a chance to talk with him. He looked up at us pleasantly, and when we nodded and smiled, he said "Good day" in a gruff, hearty voice, and went on with his work, cleaning mackerel.

"Do you mind our watching you?" asked Kate.

"No, *ma'am!*" said the fisherman emphatically, so there we stood.

Those fish-houses were curious places, so different from any other kind of workshop. In this there was a seine, or part of one, festooned among the cross-beams overhead, and there were snarled fishing-lines, and barrows to carry fish in, like wheelbarrows without wheels; there were the queer round lobster-nets, and "kits" of salt mackerel, tubs of bait, and piles of clams; and some queer bones, and parts of remarkable fish, and lobster-claws of surprising size fastened on the walls for ornament. There was a pile of rubbish down at the end; I dare say it was all useful, however, — there is such mystery about the business.

Kate and I were never tired of hearing of the fish that come at different times of the year, and go away again, like the birds; or of the actions of the dog-fish, which the 'longshore-men hate so bitterly; and then there are such curious legends and traditions, of which almost all fishermen have a store.

"I think mackerel are the prettiest fish that swim," said I presently, in an interested way.

"So do I, miss," said the man, "not to say but I've seen more fancy-looking fish down in southern waters, bright as any flower you ever see; but a mackerel," holding one up admiringly, "why, they're so clean-built and trig-looking! Put a cod alongside, and he looks as lumbering as an old-fashioned Dutch brig aside a yacht.

"Those are good-looking fish, but they an't made much account of," continued our friend, as he pushed aside the mackerel and took another tub; "they're hake, I s'pose you know. But I forgot, — I can't stop to bother with them now;" and he pulled forward a barrow full of small fish, flat and hard, with pointed, bony heads.

"Those are porgies, are n't they?" asked Kate.

"Yes," said the man, "an' I 'm going to sliver them for the trawls."

We knew what the trawls were, and supposed that the porgies were to be used for bait; and we soon found out what "slivering" meant, by seeing him take them by the head and cut a slice

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from first one side and then the other in such a way that the pieces looked not unlike smaller fish.

"It seems to me," said I, "that fishermen always have sharper knives than other people."

"Yes, we do like a sharp knife in our trade, and then we are mostly strong-handed."

He was throwing the porgies' heads and back-bones — all that was left of them after slivering — in a heap, and now several cats walked in as if they felt at home, and began a hearty lunch. "What a troop of pussies there is round here," said I; "I wonder what will become of them in the winter, though to be sure the fishing goes on just the same."

"The better part of them don't get through the cold weather," said Danny. "Two or three of the old ones have been here for years, and are as much belonging to Deephaven as the meetin'-house; but the rest of them are n't to be depended on. You 'll miss the young ones by the dozen, come spring. I don't know myself but they move inland in the fall of the year; they're knowing enough, if that 's all!"

Kate and I stood in the wide doorway, arm in arm, looking sometimes at the queer fisherman and the porgies, and sometimes out to sea. It was low tide; the wind had risen a little, and the heavy salt air blew toward us from the wet brown ledges in the rocky harbor. The sea was bright blue, and the sun was shining. Two gulls were swinging lazily to and fro; there was a flock of sandpipers down by the water's edge, in a great hurry, as usual.

Presently the fisherman spoke again, beginning with an odd laugh: —

"I *was* scared last winter! Jim Toggerson and me, we were up in the Cap'n Manning storehouse hunting for a half-bar'l of salt the skipper said was there. It was an awful blustering kind of day, with a thin, icy rain blowing from all points at once; sea roaring as if it wished it could come ashore and put a stop to everything. Bad days at sea, them are; rigging all froze up. As I was saying, we were hunting for a half-bar'l of salt, and I laid hold of a bar'l that had something heavy in the bottom, and tilted it up, and my eye! there was a stir and a scratch and a squeal, and out went some kind of a creatur', and I jumped back, not looking for anything live, but I see in a minute it was a cat; and perhaps you think it is a big story, but there were eight more in there, hived in together to keep warm. I car'd 'em up some new fish that night; they seemed short of provisions. We had n't been out fishing as much as common, and they had n't dared to be round the fish-houses much, for a fellow who came in on a coaster had a dog, and he used to chase 'em. Hard chance they had, and lots of 'em died, I guess; but there seems to be some survivin' relatives, an' al'ays just so hungry! I used to feed them some when I was ashore. I think likely you 've heard that a cat will fetch you bad luck; but I don't know 's that made much difference to me. I kind of like to keep on the right side of 'em, too; if ever I have a bad dream there 's sure to be a cat in it; but I was brought up to be clever to dumb beasts, an' I guess it 's my natur'. Except fish," said Danny after a minute's thought; "but then, it never seems like they had feelin's like creatur's that live ashore;" and we all laughed heartily and felt well acquainted.

"I s'pose you misses will laugh if I tell ye I kept a kitty once myself." This was said rather shyly, and there was evidently a story, so we were much interested, and Kate said, "Please tell us about it; was it at sea?"

"Yes, it was at sea; leastways, on a coaster. I got her in a sing'lar kind of way: it was one afternoon we were lying alongside Charlestown bridge, and I heard a young cat screeching real pitiful; and after I looked all round, I see her in the water clutching on to the pier of the bridge, and some little divils of boys were heaving rocks down at her. I got into the schooner's tag-boat, quick, I tell ye, and pushed off for her, 'n she let go just as I got there, 'n I guess you never saw a more miser'ble-looking

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creatur' than I fished out of the water. Cold weather it was. Her leg was hurt, and her eye, and I thought first I 'd drop her overboard again, and then I did n't, and I took her aboard the schooner and put her by the stove. I thought she might as well die where it was warm. She eat a little mite of chowder before night, but she was very slim; but next morning, when I went to see if she was dead, she fell to licking my finger, and she did purr away like a dolphin. One of her eyes was out, where a stone had took her, and she never got any use of it, but she used to look at you so clever with the other, and she got well of her lame foot after a while. I got to be ter'ble fond of her. She was just the knowingest thing you ever saw, and she used to sleep alongside of me in my bunk, and like as not she would go on deck with me when it was my watch. I was coasting then for a year and eight months, and I kept her all the time. We used to be in harbor consider'ble, and about eight o'clock in the forenoon I used to drop a line and catch her a couple of cunners. Now, it is cur'us that she used to know when I was fishing for her. She would pounce on them fish and carry them off and growl, and she knew when I got a bite, — she 'd watch the line; but when we were mackereling she never give us any trouble. She would never lift a paw to touch any of our fish. She did n't have the thieving ways common to most cats. She used to set round on deck in fair weather, and when the wind blew she al'ays kept herself below. Sometimes when we were in port she would go ashore a while, and fetch back a bird or a mouse, but she would n't eat it till she come and showed it to me. She never wanted to stop long ashore, though I never shut her up; I always give her her liberty. I got a good deal of joking about her from the fellows, but she was a sight of company. I don' know as I ever had anything like me as much as she did. Not to say as I ever had much of any trouble with anybody, ashore or afloat. I 'm a still kind of fellow for all I look so rough.

"But then, I han't had a home, what I call a home, since I was going on nine year old."

"How has that happened?" inquired Kate.

"Well, mother, she died, and I was bound out to a man in the tanning trade, and I hated him, and I hated the trade; and when I was a little bigger I ran away, and I 've followed the sea ever since. I was n't much use to him, I guess; leastways, he never took the trouble to hunt me up.

"About the best place I ever was in was a hospital. It was in foreign parts. Ye see I 'm crippled some? I fell from way up the mainmast rigging, and I struck my shoulder and broke my leg and banged myself all up. It was to a nuns' hospital where they took me. All of the nuns were Catholics, and they wore big white things on their heads. I don't suppose you ever saw any. Have you? Well, now, that 's queer! When I was first there I was scared of them; they were real ladies, and I was n't used to being in a house, any way. One of them, that took care of me most of the time, why, she would even set up half the night with me, and I could n't begin to tell you how good-natured she was, an' she 'd look real sorry too. I used to be ugly, I ached so, along in the first of my being there, but I spoke of it when I was coming away, and she said it was all right. She used to feed me, that lady did; and there were some days I could n't lift my head, and she would rise it on her arm. She give me a little mite of a book, when I come away. I 'm not much of a hand at reading, but I always kept it on account of her. She was so pleased when I got so 's to set up in a chair and look out of the window. She was n't much of a hand to talk English. I did feel bad to come away from there; I 'most wished I could be sick a while longer. I never said much of anything either, and I don't know but she thought it was queer, but I am a dreadful clumsy man to say anything, and I got flustered. I don't know 's I mind telling you; I was most a-crying. I used to

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think I'd lay by some money and ship for there and carry her something real pretty. But I don't rank able-bodied seaman like I used, and it's as much as I can do to get a berth on a coaster; I suppose I might go as cook. I liked to have died with my hurt at that hospital, but when I was getting well it made me think of when I was a mite of a chap to home before mother died, to be laying there in a clean bed with somebody to do for me. Guess you think I'm a master hand to spin long yarns; somehow it comes easy to talk to-day."

"What became of your cat?" asked Kate, after a pause, during which our friend sliced away at the porgies.

"I never rightfully knew; it was in Salem harbor, and a windy night. I was on deck consider'ble, for the schooner pitched lively, and once or twice she dragged her anchor. I never saw the kitty after she eat her supper. I remember I gave her some milk — I used to buy her a pint once in a while for a treat; I don't know but she might have gone off on a cake of ice, but it did seem as if she had too much sense for that. Most likely she missed her footing, and fell overboard in the dark. She was marked real pretty, black and white, and kep' herself just as clean! She knew as well as could be when foul weather was coming; she would bother round and act queer; but when the sun was out she would sit round on deck as pleased as a queen. There! I feel bad sometimes when I think of her, and I never went into Salem since without kind of hoping I should see her. I don't know but if I was a-going to begin my life over again, I'd settle down ashore and have a snug little house and farm it. But I guess I shall do better at fishing. Give me a trig-built fore-and-aft schooner painted up nice, with a stripe on her, and clean sails, and a fresh wind with the sun a-shining, and I feel first-rate."

"Do you believe that codfish swallow stones before a storm?" asked Kate. I had been thinking about the lonely fisherman in a sentimental way, and so irrelevant a question shocked me. "I saw he felt slightly embarrassed at having talked about his affairs so much," Kate told me afterward, "and I thought we should leave him feeling more at his ease if we talked about fish for a while." And sure enough he did seem relieved, and gave us his opinion about the codfish at once, adding that he never cared much for cod any way; folks up country bought 'em a good deal, he heard. Give him a haddock right out of the water for his dinner!

"I never can remember," said Kate, "whether it is cod or haddock that have a black stripe along their sides" —

"Oh, those are haddock," said I; "they say that the devil caught a haddock once, and it slipped through his fingers and got scorched; so all the haddock had the same mark afterward."

"Well, now, how did you know that old story?" said Danny, laughing heartily; "ye must n't believe all the old stories ye hear, mind ye!"

"Oh, no," said we.

"Hullo! There's Jim Toggerson's boat close in shore. She sets low in the water, so he's done well. He's been out deep-sea fishing since yesterday." Our friend pushed the porgies back into a corner, stuck his knife into a beam, and we hastened down to the shore. Kate and I sat on the pebbles, and he went out to the moorings in a dirty dory to help unload the fish.

We afterward saw a great deal of Danny, as all the men called him. But though Kate and I tried our best and used our utmost skill and tact to make him tell us more about himself, he never did. But perhaps there was nothing more to be told.

The day we left Deephaven we went down to the shore to say good-by to him, and to some other friends, and he said, "Goin', are ye? Well, I'm sorry; ye've treated me first-rate; the Lord bless ye!" and then was so much mortified at his speech that he turned and fled round the corner of the fish-house.

It is bewildering to try to write one's impressions of Deephaven, there is so much to be said. Beside the quaintness and unworldliness of the people,

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there was the delight we had in our housekeeping, in that fascinating old Shore House. I think it did Kate and me much good in more ways than one. I have the good fortune and the misfortune to belong to the navy, — that is, my father does, — and I have lived the consequent unsettled life. The thought of Deephaven brings up long, quiet summer days, and reading aloud on the rocks by the sea, the fresh salt air, and gorgeous sunsets; the wail of the Sunday psalm-singing; the yellow lichen that grew over the trees, the houses, and the stone wall; our importance as members of society, and how kind every one was to us both. By and by the Deephaven warehouses will fall and be used for firewood by the fisher-people, and the wharves will be worn away by the tides. The few old gentlefolks who still linger will be dead; and I wonder if some day Kate Lancaster and I shall not go down to Deephaven for the sake of old times, and read the epitaphs in the burying-ground, look out to sea, and talk quietly about the girls who were so happy there one summer long before. I should like to walk along the beach at sunset, and watch the color of the marshes and the sea change as the light of the sky goes out. It would make the old days come back vividly. We should see the roofs and chimneys of the village, and the great Chantrey elms look black against the sky. A little later the marsh fog would show faintly white, and we should feel it deliciously cold and wet against our hands and faces; when we looked up, there would be a star, the crickets would chirp loudly, perhaps some late sea-birds would fly inland. Turning, we could see the light-house lamp shine out over the water, and the great sea would move and speak to us lazily in its idle, high-tide sleep.

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE DANCING BEAR.

FAR over Elf-land poets stretch their sway,
And win their dearest crowns beyond the goal
Of their own conscious purpose; they control
With gossamer threads wide-flown our fancy's play,
And so our action. On my walk to-day
A wallowing bear begged clumsily his toll,
When straight a vision rose of Atta Troll,
And scenes ideal witched mine eyes away.
"*Merci, Mossieu!*" the astonished bear-ward cried,
Grateful for thrice his hope to me, the slave
Of partial memory, seeing at his side
A bear immortal; the glad dole I gave
Was none of mine; poor Heine o'er the wide
Atlantic welter reached it from his grave.

James Russell Lowell.

JUNE 11, 1875.

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A PATRIOTIC SCHOOL-MASTER.

It was recently said by some nice critic, anxious to be just before he was generous, that the book commonly known as Webster's Dictionary, sometimes, with a ponderous familiarity, as The Unabridged, should more properly be called The Webster Dictionary, as indicating the fact that the original private enterprise had, as it were, been transformed into a joint-stock company, which might out of courtesy take the name of the once founder but now merely honorary member of the literary firm engaged in the manufacture and arrangement of words. Indeed, the name Webster has been associated with such a vast number of dictionaries of all sizes and weights, that it has become to many a most impersonal term, so that we may almost expect in a few generations to find the word "Webster" defined in some millennial edition of The Unabridged as the colloquial word for a dictionary. The bright-eyed, bird-like-looking gentleman who faces the title-page of his dictionary may be undergoing some metempsychosis, but the student of American literature will at any time have little difficulty in rescuing his personality from unseemly transmigration, and by the aid of historical glasses he may discover that the dictionary-maker, far from being either the arid, bloodless being which his work supposes, or the reckless disturber of philological peace which his enemies aver, was an exceedingly vigilant, public-spirited American, and, if we mistake not, an important person among the founders of the nation.

It seems a little singular that a man so well known in his life-time should not have received at his death the customary second burial in a complete Life and Writings; perhaps it may be thought that the stones which have been flung at him have already raised a sufficiently high monument; but the fact remains that beyond the paragraphs in the encyclopædias there is no formal sketch except that prefixed to the dictionary, enlarged as there stated from one which appeared in the National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans. His writings are scattered in books, tracts, pamphlets, newspapers, and single volumes; twice, we believe, his shorter papers were collected into a volume, but in all these the autobiographic memoranda are not many, though it is possible to form from them some conception of his character. Whatever may have been the reason for neglecting to publish a memoir of Mr. Webster, the delay has not been altogether to his disadvantage. If it is now undertaken, it will probably be better done than it would have been at the time of his death. The dust of several combats has finally settled, and if the work should be executed in the life-time of his contemporaries, it would get the benefit of their personal reminiscences. Besides, the conception of American literary biography, and the perception of comparative distances in it as applied to this subject, would probably be truer than they could have been twenty years ago. In saying this we assume that the written materials for such a life have been preserved. If these exist in the form of his letters and diary, they might also throw considerable light upon the formative period of our national life.

For the first incident to remark is the interruption of his collegiate studies at Yale by the war of the Revolution. He was in his Junior year, a young man of eighteen, when the western part of New England was thrown into confusion by General Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, and for a short time the student was a volunteer under the captaincy of his own father; he graduated in due course, and began to qualify himself for the practice of the law, supporting himself meanwhile by school-teaching, for which he seems to have had no special liking. But though he tried to escape from it,

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and began in 1781 the practice of the law, there was no other so ready means of support, and he returned to it, to find there the suggestion of his subsequent work.

"In the year 1782," he writes, "while the American army was lying on the bank of the Hudson, I kept a classical school in Goshen, Orange County, State of New York. I there compiled two small elementary books for teaching the English language. The country was then impoverished, intercourse with Great Britain was interrupted, school-books were scarce and hardly attainable, and there was no certain prospect of peace." The "two small elementary books" were Parts I. and II. of A Grammatical Institute of the English Language, comprising an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Method of Education, designed for the use of English Schools in America. One is rather surprised at finding this stately title supported by two dingy little volumes, one a speller and the other a grammar. A third part was afterward issued with the sub-title, An American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking; calculated to improve the Minds and refine the Taste of Youth, and also to instruct them in the Geography, History, and Politics of the United States. To which are prefixed Rules in Elocution, and Directions for expressing the Principal Passions of the Mind. (We have tried to indicate something of the laborious emphasis of the title-page.) So the Grammatical Institute, when reduced to its lowest terms, consists of a spelling-book, a grammar, and a reader. The spelling-book blossomed into Webster's Elementary, the grammar was afterward suppressed by the author, who rose to higher views of truth, and the reader, passing to its eleventh edition in 1800, and appearing in 1810 as Hogan's fifth improved edition, was the forerunner of a number of reading-books all based on the same general plan, though this particular one, we think, has ceased to maintain an independent existence.

The title-page of the reader bears the motto from Mirabeau, "Begin with the infant in his cradle: let the first word he lisps be Washington." In strict accordance with this patriotic sentiment, the compiler gives a series of lessons which would not be inappropriate to any girl or boy who in infancy had performed the feat of lisping the easy-going name which Mirabeau himself probably had some struggle to achieve. "In the choice of pieces," says the editor in his preface, "I have been attentive to the political interests of America. I consider it as a capital fault in all our schools, that the books generally used contain subjects wholly uninteresting to our youth; while the writings that marked the Revolution, which are perhaps not inferior to the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, and which are calculated to impress interesting truths upon young minds, lie neglected and forgotten. Several of those masterly addresses of Congress, written at the commencement of the late Revolution, contain such noble sentiments of liberty and patriotism that I cannot help wishing to transfuse them into the breasts of the rising generation." Accordingly he makes abundant room in his book for orations by Hancock, Warren, Livingston, and Joel Barlow, and for poetry by Freneau, Dwight, Barlow, and Livingston again, all kept in countenance by Cicero, Publius Scipio, Shakespeare, and Pope, while a tribute is paid to "Mr. Andrus, of Yale College, since deceased," by the insertion of A Dialogue written in the Year 1776. To plump from Joel Barlow at the North Church in Hartford, July 4, 1787, to a portion of Cicero's oration against Verres probably produced no severe shock, since both orations were intended as exercises in speaking, and the former by its structure was removed to about the same chronological distance from the young orator as the latter. It would be a curious inquiry how far writers of historical addresses in America have from the beginning been affected by the necessity which a regard for ancient models laid upon them of fitting the facts of our Revolutionary war to oratorical periods, and how far popular conceptions of the beginning of our national life have been formed by the "pieces" which young

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Americans have been called upon to speak. As the war itself and the outrages of English misgovernment shrink in the historical perspective, the bubble of oratory looks bigger than ever to us. That the solidarity of the country, toward which colonial life had been inevitably tending, should be secured on paper after a brief struggle was a fact which turned many heads as wise as Noah Webster's, and the consciousness of national independence was so oppressive that it has required more than two generations to subdue it into a self-respectful recognition of national deficiency. In a period when every one was engaged in rearranging the universe upon some improved plan of his own, it is not surprising that those who suddenly found a brand-new nation on their hands should have made serious business of nationalizing themselves. The real elements of the nation were there, to be manifested in ways not wholly perceived by the busily anxious attendants at the birth, and the sponsors who had named the child were rather heavily freighted with the responsibility of the child's behavior.

Hence there was in some minds a discouraged feeling at the general slowness of the country to enter into full possession of its patriotic estate. "A fundamental mistake of the Americans," says our author in his Remarks on the Manners, Government, and Debt of the United States, "has been that they considered the Revolution as completed, when it was but just begun. Having raised the pillars of the building they ceased to exert themselves, and seemed to forget that the whole superstructure was then to be erected. This country is independent in government, but totally dependent in manners, which are the basis of government." Under this proposition he instances the several points in which America was still controlled by foreign authority: morals, fashions, and modes of speech. "By making the present taste of Europe our standards, we not only debase our own, but we check the attempts of genius in this country." So far as literature and pronunciation are concerned, Webster was not a mere unreasoning sufferer from Anglophobia. He probably was impatient of the easy supremacy which Englishmen of the day held over his countrymen in this regard, but he was entirely willing to go back to the England of eighty years previous for his authority. "Very seldom," he says, "have men examined the structure of the language to find reasons for their practice. The pronunciation and use of words have been subject to the same arbitrary or accidental changes as the shape of their garments. My lord wears a hat of a certain size and shape; he pronounces a word in a certain manner; and both must be right, for he is a fashionable man. In Europe this is right in dress; and men who have not an opportunity of learning the just rules of our language are in some degree excusable for imitating those whom they consider as superiors. But in men of science this imitation can hardly be excused. Our language was spoken in purity about eighty years ago; since which time great numbers of faults have crept into practice about the theater and court of London. An affected, erroneous pronunciation has in many instances taken place of the true; and new words or modes of speech have succeeded the ancient correct English phrases. Thus we have, in the modern English pronunciation, their natshures, conjunctshures, constitshutions, and tshumultshuous legislatshures." Was not independence a doubtful possession, if we were yet to be compelled to pronounce our words as if we had a Hibernian king for a school-master? This was, in fact, the king's Irish as set forth by Sheridan.

Webster's patriotism, as shown in the third part of his Grammatical Institute, had other and more brilliant flights; but it is worth while to consider a moment the fate of Part II., for its illustration of a less expansive trait of his character. Part II., as we have said, was a grammar, "a plain and comprehensive grammar, founded on the true principles and idioms of the language." Webster had fallen upon Lowth's Short Introduction to the English Grammar, and upon the basis of

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that book drew up his own grammar for the use of American youth. But the principal result of his work seems to have been the introduction of his own mind to the study. Six years afterward he wrote: "The favorable reception of this prompted me to extend my original plan, which led to a further investigation of the principles of language. After all my reading and observation for the course of ten years, I have been able to unlearn a considerable part of what I learnt in early life, and at thirty years of age can with confidence affirm that our modern grammars have done much more hurt than good. The authors have labored to prove what is obviously absurd, namely, that our language is not made right; and in pursuance of this idea have tried to make it over again, and persuade the English to speak by Latin rules, or by arbitrary rules of their own. Hence they have rejected many phrases of pure English, and substituted those which are neither English nor sense. Writers and grammarians have attempted for centuries to introduce a subjunctive mode into English, yet without effect; the language requires none, distinct from the indicative; and therefore a subjunctive form stands in books only as a singularity, and people in practice pay no regard to it. The people are right, and a critical investigation of the subject warrants me in saying that common practice, even among the unlearned, is generally defensible on the principles of analogy and the structure of the language, and that very few of the alterations recommended by Lowth and his followers can be vindicated on any better principle than some Latin rule or his own private opinion." Accordingly, besides publishing some dissertations on the subject, he issued a new grammar in 1807, based this time on Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley. This grammar reappears in the prefatory matter of his great dictionary, where he says, "My researches into the structure of language had convinced me that some of Lowth's principles are erroneous, and that my own grammar wanted material corrections. In consequence of this conviction, believing it to be immoral to publish what appeared to be false rules and principles, I determined to suppress my grammar, and actually did so."

Here we have his frankness of character, his honesty, his force of will, and the impulsiveness, too, with which he took up attractive theories. Perhaps the most comprehensive statement of his ruling principle in all matters of language is that he was governed by *usage*, but did not sufficiently discriminate between usage by educated and usage by uneducated people; he had, indeed, so violent a prejudice against grammarians in general, and so much respect for popular instinct, that it was a recommendation to him when a phrase was condemned by the grammarians, and in common use by the people. For example, he says:[1] "According to the grammars the pronoun *you*, being originally plural, must always be followed by a plural verb, though referring to a single person. This is not correct, for the moment the word is generally used to denote an individual it is to be considered as a pronoun in the singular number; the following verb should be regulated by that circumstance and considered as in the singular. . . . Indeed, in the substantive verb the word has taken the singular form of the verb, *you was*, which practice is getting the better of old rules and probably will be established." But old rules have considerable vitality, and the general opinion still seems to be that if an individual permits himself to be represented by a plural pronoun he must accept all the grammatical consequences; the editorial *we* has had severe struggles in this regard. "I will even venture to assert," he continues in the same letter, "that two thirds of all the corruptions in our language have been introduced by *learned* grammarians, who, from a species of pedantry acquired in schools, and from a real ignorance of the original principle of the English tongue, have been for

[1] A Letter to the Governors, Instructors, and Trustees of the Universities and other Seminaries of Learning in the United States.

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ages attempting to correct what they have supposed *vulgar errors*, but which are in fact *established analogies*. . . . In this country it is desirable that inquiries should be free, and opinions unshackled. North America is destined to be the seat of a people more numerous probably than any nation now existing with the same vernacular language, unless one except some Asiatic nations. It would be little honorable to the founders of a great empire to be hurried prematurely into errors and corruptions by the mere force of authority."

This appeal to the pride of the young nation is a curious part of that consciousness of being an American which we are inclined to think was more pronounced in Webster than in any of the leaders of the country.

The reader and grammar, however, recede into obscurity before the shining success of Part I. of A Grammatical Institute, which, at first "containing a new and accurate standard of pronunciation," afterward took the title of The American Spelling-Book, and finally, undergoing considerable revision, passed into the well-known Elementary. "The spelling-book," he says in one of his essays, "does more to form the language of a nation than all other books," and the man who first supplied our young nation with a spelling-book has undoubtedly affected its spelling habits more than any other single person. It is very plain, too, that Webster was a moralist and philosopher as well as a speller. He was by no means restricted in his ambition to the teaching of correct spelling, but he aimed to have a hand in the molding of the national mind and national manners. In his Preface to The American Spelling-Book, he says: "To diffuse an uniformity and purity of language in America, to destroy the provincial prejudices that originate in the trifling differences of dialect and produce reciprocal ridicule, to promote the interest of literature and the harmony of the United States, is the most earnest wish of the author, and it is his highest ambition to deserve the approbation and encouragement of his countrymen." His spelling-book, accordingly, in its early editions, contained a number of sharp little warnings in the form of foot-notes, which imply that he seized the young nation just in time to prevent the perpetuation of vulgar errors which, once becoming universal, would have required the hereditary Webster to make them the basis of orthoepic canons. Thus *ax* is reprobated when *ask* is intended; Americans were to say *wainscot*, not *winchcott; resin*, not *rozum; chimney*, not *chimbly; confiscate*, not *confisticate*. As these warnings disappeared after a few years, it may be presumed that he regarded the immediate danger as past; but the more substantial matters of good morals came to have greater prominence, and in addition to the columns of classified words, which constitute almost the sole contents of the earliest edition, there came to be inserted those fables and moral and industrial injunctions, with sly reminders of the virtue of Washington, which have sunk into the soft minds of three generations of Americans. Webster had the prudence, possibly fortified by his publisher's worldly wisdom, to keep his spelling-book free from the orthographic reforms which he was longing to make, and remembering the sturdiness with which he held to what he regarded as sound grammatical principles, we suspect that his spelling-book cost him many conflicts of conscience. He very early threw out feelers in the direction which he afterward took. In the Preface quoted from above, he says further: "The spelling of such words as publick, favour, neighbour, head, prove, phlegm, his, give, debt, rough, well, instead of the more natural and easy method, public, favor, nabor, hed, proov, flem, hiz, giv, det, ruf, wel, has the plea of antiquity in its favor; and yet I am convinced that common sense and convenience will sooner or later get the better of the present absurd practice." There is a curious foot-note to the Introduction to his Dictionary (edition of 1828) in which he supports the spelling of *favor* by the authority of General Washington, who was a most

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unimpeachable authority, since he was the Father of his Country.

His mind was intent on this reform, and so early as 1790 he published A Collection of Essays and Fugitiv Writings, in which he carried out, in part, his notions as to the reform of the American language. The Preface is printed as he decided the whole volume ought to have been, except for the inconvenience of it. "The reeder wil obzerv," he says, "that the orthography of the volum iz not uniform. The reezon iz that many of the essays hav been published before, in the common orthography, and it would hav been a laborious task to copy the whole for the sake of changing the spelling. In the essays ritten within the last yeer, a considerable change of spelling iz introduced by way of experiment. This liberty waz taken by the writers before the age of Queen Elizabeth, and to this we are indeted for the preference of modern spelling over that of Gower and Chaucer. The man who admits that the change of *housbonde*, *mynde*, *ygone*, *moneth*, into *husband*, *mind*, *gone*, *month*, iz an improovment, must acknowledge also the riting of *helth*, *breth*, *rong*, *tung*, *munth* to be an improovment. There iz no alternativ. Every possible reezon that could ever be offered for altering the spelling of wurds stil exists in full force; and if a gradual reform should not be made in our language, it will proov that we are less under the influence of reezon than our ancestors." The reader can easily see that Webster himself in the above paragraph is rather a timid reformer, attacking such defenseless little words as *is*, and passing by respectfully *would* and *offered*. The general appearance of those essays, in the volume, which are printed after Webster's own heart, leads one happening upon them nowadays into some disappointment, since they are by no means to be ranked with the humorous writings of later misspellers, who have contrived to get some fun out of respectable words by pulling off their wigs and false teeth and turning them loose in the streets.

We fancy that Isaiah Thomas, who printed this volume, had no great relish for these pranks, and Webster himself was no harum-scarum reformer who regarded himself as appointed trumpet-blower against any Jericho which lay in his way. He was an experimenter, sanguine and shrewd, who made use of the most direct means for securing his results. "In closing my remarks on false or irregular orthography," he writes in one of his essays, "I would suggest that American printers, if they would unite in attempting corrections, would accomplish the object in a very short time. To prove how much influence printers have on this subject, I would state that within my memory they have banished the use of the long *s* in printed books; they have corrected the spelling of household, falsehood, in which the *s* and *h* were formerly united, forming houshold, falshood; and this has been done without any rule given them or any previous concert." The present printer of Webster's Dictionary remembers that when he was a boy of thirteen, working at the case in Burlington, a little, pale-faced man came into the office and handed him a printed slip, saying, "My lad, when you use these words, spell them as here: *theater*, *center*," etc. It was Noah Webster, traveling about among the printing-offices and persuading people to spell as he did, and a better illustration could not be found of the reformer's sagacity, and his patient method of effecting his purpose.

It was in his dictionary, however, that Mr. Webster gathered most completely the results of his work, and illustrated the principles which we have discovered as governing in his life. The first suggestion came to him after publication of his Grammatical Institute, but it was not until 1806 that he published his Compendious Dictionary, and shortly after he began preparation for a larger work, which twenty years later saw the light as The American Dictionary of the English Language, in two volumes quarto. It is worth one's while to read the Author's Preface to the edition of 1828, which continues to be prefixed to The Unabridged, for the sake of getting some

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notion of the resolution and independence with which he set about and carried forward a task that might well stagger even a dictionary-maker. It is no part of our purpose to discuss the importance or correctness of the changes he introduced, which were in part accepted, in part rejected by subsequent editors, nor to follow the fortune of a book which has shown itself abundantly able to fight its own battles. But there is a passage in the Preface which is worth quoting as a fresh illustration of what we have pointed out as a ruling principle in Webster's mind. He has been giving reasons why it had become necessary that an English dictionary should be revised to meet the exigencies of American as distinct from English life, and he says finally: "One consideration, however, which is dictated by my own feelings, but which I trust will meet with approbation in correspondent feelings in my fellow-citizens, ought not to be passed in silence; it is this: 'The chief glory of a nation,' says Dr. Johnson, 'arises from its authors.' With this opinion deeply impressed on my mind, I have the same ambition which actuated that great man, when he expressed a wish to give celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle. I do not indeed expect to add celebrity to the names of Franklin, Washington, Adams, Jay, Madison, Marshall, Ramsay, Dwight, Smith, Trumbull, Hamilton, Belknap, Ames, Mason, Kent, Hare, Silliman, Cleaveland, Walsh, Irving, and many other Americans distinguished by their writings or by their science; but it is with pride and satisfaction that I can place them, as authorities, on the same page with those of Boyle, Hooker, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Ray, Milner, Cowper, Davy, Thomson, and Jameson. A life devoted to reading and to an investigation of the origin and principles of our vernacular language, and especially a particular examination of the best English writers, with a view to a comparison of their style and phraseology with those of the best American writers and with our colloquial usage, enables me to affirm, with confidence, that the genuine English idiom is as well preserved by the unmixed English of this country as it is by the best *English* writers. Examples to prove this fact will be found in the *Introduction* to this work. It is true that many of our writers have neglected to cultivate taste, and the embellishments of style; but even these have written the language in its genuine *idiom*. In this respect Franklin and Washington, whose language is their hereditary mother-tongue, unsophisticated by modern grammar, present as pure models of genuine English as Addison and Swift. But I may go further, and affirm with truth that our country has produced some of the best models of composition. The style of President Smith; of the authors of the Federalist; of Mr. Ames; of Dr. Mason; of Mr. Harper; of Chancellor Kent; [the prose]" (happily bracketed reservation) "of Mr. Barlow; of Dr. Channing; of Washington Irving; of the legal decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; of the reports of legal decisions in some of the particular States; and many other writings, — in purity, in elegance, and in technical precision, is equaled only by that of the best British authors, and surpassed by that of no English compositions of a similar kind."

The extracts given above would seem sufficient to establish what we have said respecting Webster's patriotism, but there is one other passage which should be read, as it sets forever at rest any doubts that might linger as to the ruling purpose of this extraordinary man. In the Appendix to his Dissertations on the English Language is an essay on the necessity, advantages, and practicability of reforming the mode of spelling, and of rendering the orthography of words correspondent to the pronunciation. "A capital advantage of this reform," he says, "in these States would be, that it would make a difference between the English orthography and the American. This will startle those who have not attended to the subject; but I am confident that such an event is an object of vast political consequence. For the alteration, however small, would encourage the publication of books in our own country. It would render it in some meas-

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ure necessary that all books should be printed in America. The English would never copy our orthography for their own use; and consequently the same impressions of books would not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation would read the English impressions; but posterity, being taught a different spelling, would prefer the American orthography. Besides this, a *national language* is a bond of *national union*. Every engine should be employed to render the people of this country *national;* to call their attachments home to their own country; and to inspire them with the pride of national character. . . . Let us then seize the present moment, and establish a *national language* as well as a national government. Let us remember that there is a certain respect due to the opinions of other nations. As an independent people, our reputation abroad demands that in all things we should be federal, be *national*, for if we do not respect *ourselves* we may be assured that *other nations* will not respect us. In short, let it be impressed upon the mind of every American that to neglect the means of commanding respect abroad is treason against the character and dignity of a brave, independent people."

A patriotism so rampant as this is likely to tilt at windmills, but it cannot be carelessly laughed away as a mere vagary. It was the passion of a hard-headed, industrious man, whose work has entered into the common life of the nation more distinctly than has that of any other American, unless Franklin be excepted. There is unquestionably a parochial sort of nationality which it is easy to satirize. No one could well set it out in stronger light than Webster himself has done in the passages quoted above. He is judiciously silent concerning the American poets of his time, being careful even — most unkindest cut! — not to commit himself to the support of Joel Barlow's heroic verse; but he produces a list of American prosaists whom he seems to array in a sort of spelling-match against their English fellows. He has a proper sense of the importance of language to a nation, and appears to be perplexed by the implied question, If Englishmen and Americans speak the same language, how in the world are we to tell them apart and keep them apart? Then again, since there has been a revolution resulting in governmental independence, what stands in the way of a complete independence, so that the spick-and-span new nation may go to the language tailors and be dressed in a new suit of parts of speech? "Let us seize the present moment," he cries, "and establish a national language as well as a national government." Never was there such a chance, he seems to say, for clearing out the rubbish which has accumulated for generations in our clumsy, inelegant language. Hand me the Bible which people have foolishly regarded as a great conservator of the English tongue, and I will give you a new edition, "purified from the numerous errors." Knock off the useless appendages to words which serve only to muffle simple sounds. Innocent iconoclast with his school-master ferule! Yet the changes in the language which have ever since been taking place, and are still in progress, coincide in many respects with his summary decisions, and fresh attention has of late been called in the highest court of language in the country to the wrongs suffered by Englishmen and Americans in the matter of orthography.

It is worth our while to make serious answer to this serious proposition, since the true aspect of native literature may perhaps thus be disclosed. The Revolution, which so filled Webster's eyes, was unquestionably a great historic event by reason of its connection with the formal institution of a new nation, but the roots of our national life were not then planted. They run back to the first settlements and the first charters and agreements, nor is the genesis of the nation to be found there; sharp as are the beginnings of our history on this continent, no student could content himself with a conception of our national life which took into account only the events and conditions determined by the

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people and soil of America. Even in actual relations between America and Europe there never has been a time when the Atlantic has not had an ebbing as well as a flowing tide, and the instinct which now sends us to the Old World on passionate pilgrimages is a constituent part of our national life, and not an unnatural, unfilial sentiment. In the minds of Webster and many others, England was an unnatural parent, and the spirit of anger, together with an elation at success in the severing of governmental ties, made them impatient of even a spiritual connection. But the Revolution was an outward, visible sign of an organic growth which it accelerated, but did not produce, and the patriotic outcries of the generation were incoherent expressions of a profounder life which had been growing, scarcely heeded, until wakened by this event. The centrifugal force of nationality was at work, and it is possible now, even from our near station, to discover the conjunction of outward circumstance and inward consciousness which marks nationality as an established fact. It was a weak conception of nationality which was bounded by Webster's definition, but his belief in his country and his energetic action were in reality constantly surpassing that conception. In spite of the disposition to regard a written constitution as the bottom fact, there was the real, substantial, organic nation, and that saved the paper nation from erasure — a fate that easily overtakes the South American republics. A nation which could immediately be placed in the world's museum, duly ticketed and catalogued, with its distinct manners, dress, language, and literature, — this was the logical conception which resulted from theories that held the nation itself to be the creation of popular will or historic accident; but a nation slowly struggling against untoward outward circumstance and inward dissension, collecting by degrees its constituent members, forming and reforming, plunging with rude strength sometimes down dangerous ways, but nevertheless growing into integral unity, — this has been the historical result of the living forces which were immanent in the country when the nation was formally instituted.

Now there never has been a time from Webster's day to this, when Americans have not believed and asserted that nationality consisted mainly in independence, and waxed impatient not merely of foreign control and influence, but even of hereditary influence: the temper which calls for American characteristics in art and literature is scarcely less hostile to the past of American history than to the present of European civilization. It is a restless, uneasy spirit, that is goaded by self-consciousness. It finds in nature an aider and abettor; it grows angry at the disproportionate place which the Cephissus, the Arno, the Seine, the Rhine, and the Thames hold on the map of the world's passion. We are all acquainted with the typical American who added to his name in the hotel book, on the shores of Lake Lugano, "What pygmy puddles these are to the inland seas of tremendous and eternal America." But these are coarser, more palpable signs of that uneasy national consciousness which frets at a continued dependence on European culture.

There is no doubt that Webster was right when he set himself the task of Americanizing the English language by a recourse to the spelling-book. He has succeeded very largely in determining the forms of words, but he did more than this, while he failed in the more ambitious task he set himself. He did more, for by his shrewdness and his ready perception of the popular need, he made elementary education possible at once, and furnished the American people with a key which moved easily in the lock; he failed where he sought the most, because language is not a toy nor a patent machine which can be broken, thrown aside at will, and replaced with a better tool ready-made from the lexicographer's shop. He had no conception of the enormous weight of the English language and literature when he undertook to shovel it out of the path of American civilization. The stars in their courses fought against him. It is so still. We

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cannot dispense with European culture, because we refuse to separate ourselves from the mighty past which has settled there in forms of human life unrepresented among us. We cannot step out of the world's current, though it looks sluggish beside our rushing stream, because there is a spiritual demand in us which cries louder than the thin voice of a self-conscious national life. This demand is profoundly at one with the deeper, holier sense of national being which does not strut upon the world's stage. The humility of a great nation is in its reverence for its own past, and, where that is incomplete, in its admiration for whatever is noble and worthy in other nations. It is out of this reverence and humility and this self-respect that great works in literature and art grow, and not out of the overweening sensitiveness which makes one's nationality only a petty jealousy of other people.

The patriotic school-master who in the dark twilight of his country's new institution turned to the making of elementary school-books might well find his reproduction at the present time. A certain instinctive sense of nationality, poorly disclosed in his thin pleading for the mere signs of national life, led him to tasks which have been of profound value. He made a speller which has sown votes and muskets; he made, alone, a dictionary which grew, under the impulse he gave it, into a national encyclopædia, possessing now an irresistible momentum. His failures we may smile at; the substantial success remains. So, doubtless, in the more complex life of the present day, when gloom overcasts the political landscape, when literature seems a spiritless thing, and no great names or works rise above the horizon, the humbler elements at work may some day be proved to have been laboring more efficaciously than we now guess. We are all making ready for a new start in history, but history has an inconvenient way of disregarding the almanacs, and it may be that while we are beating our centennial drums no great deeds or great books will come to the call. Yet in the somewhat desperate encounter with that worst form of ignorance which is ignorant of its own ignorance, literature in the person of its knights may take courage from the growing resolution to make the most of our own past. Certain it is that a sturdy belief in the nation as a divine fact is the condition of hearty literary work, and the patriotic school-master of to-day, whether holding the pen or the ferule, has the advantage over Webster in being able to look before and after from a point a little further along in the nation's course.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

I.

It is proposed in these papers to consider a subject which, one might almost say, was born — or reborn — but a quarter of a century ago, and which has contended with much difficulty in bringing itself to the notice of the public. Indeed, it is only within the past ten years that it has made its way in any important degree outside of purely professional literature.

Happily men, and women too, are fast coming to realize the fact that humanity is responsible for much of its own sickness and premature death, and it is no longer necessary to offer an apology for presenting to public consideration a subject in which, more than in any other, — that is, the subject of its own healthfulness and the cleanliness of its own living, — the general public is vitally interested.

The evils arising from sanitary neg-

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lect are as old as civilization, perhaps as old as human life, and they exist about every isolated cabin of the newly settled country. As population multiplies, as cabins accumulate into hamlets, as hamlets grow into villages, villages into towns, and towns into cities, the effects of the evil become more intense, and in their appeal to our attention they are reinforced by the fact that while in isolated life fatal or debilitating illness may equally arise, in compact communities each case arising is a menace to others, so that a single centre of contagion may spread devastation on every side.

It is not enough that we build our houses on healthful sites, and where we have pure air and pure water; we must also make provision for preventing these sites from becoming foul, as every unprotected house-site inevitably must — by sheer force of the accumulated waste of its occupants.

Houses, even of the best class, which are free from sanitary objections are extremely rare. The best modern appliances of plumbing are made with almost no regard for the tendency of sewer-gas to find its way into living-rooms, and for other insidious but well known defects. So generally is this true, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that unwholesomeness in our houses is practically universal. Hardly less universal is a curious sensitiveness on the part of the occupants of these houses to any suggestion of their short-comings.

Singularly enough, no one whose premises are subject to malarial influences seems willing to be told the truth with regard to them. No man likes to confess that his own well and his own cess-pool occupy the same permeable stratum in his garden; that the decaying vegetables in his cellar are the source of the ailments in his household; or that an obvious odor from his adjacent pig-sty, or from his costly marble-topped wash-stand, has to do with the disease his physician is contending against.

That the imperfections of our own premises are a menace to our neighbors is a still more irritating suggestion, and such criticism seems to invade the domain of our private rights. Yet surely there can be no equitable or legal private right whose maintenance jeopardizes the well-being of others. It is not possible, in a closely-built town or compact neighborhood, for one to retain in his own ground (either on the surface or in a vault or cess-pool) any form of ordure or festering organic matter, without endangering the lives of his neighbors, through either the pollution of the common air or the poisoning of wells fed from strata underlying the whole ground and more or less tainted by household wastes. Even if he might be permitted to maintain a source of injury to his own family, his neighbors may well insist that he shall not endanger them.

It being important for all that each be made to live cleanly, and the requirements of all, so far as the removal of the wastes of life is concerned, being essentially of the same character, the question of drainage is one in which the whole public is interested, and should be decided and carried out by public authority, — so that all may have the advantage of the economy of organized work and the security of work well done.

The drainage question is essentially a question of health and life. Dr. George Derby stated the whole case when he said, "The well are made sick and the sick are made worse for the simple lack of God's pure air and pure water."

Yet, neither this statement nor the most perfect modern development of the art of cleansing towns by water-carriage has the merit of novelty. Hippocrates gave as the cardinal hygienic formula, "Pure air, pure water, and a pure soil," and after all these centuries we know nothing to add to it. Our modern sewerage works are thus far only taking us back to the cleanly condition of the most prosperous ancient cities; only lifting us out of the slough of plague-causing filth that marked the darkest periods of the Middle Ages; only continuing the wholesome revival that the Mahometan Moors introduced among the unwashed Christians of Europe. It is a revival that has grown slowly, urged on

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by the harsh whip of disease and death. So late as the middle of the brilliant nineteenth century it had only begun to command the aid of the law, and as a subject of popular interest it can hardly yet be said to command the attention of even the more intelligent members of society.

Yet, when the subject is once considered, every thoughtful person must appreciate the fact that in seeking the advantages of civilized life we necessarily depend at every turn upon our fellow-men, and that in this communion we lay ourselves open to the consequences of the neglect of others, while we equally threaten others with the consequences of our own neglect. The influence of thoughtful persons cannot long be withheld from a movement whose object it is to popularize the knowledge of good and evil in the conduct of the daily life of the household and of the community, and to make the public at large insist that each shall so regulate his action as to secure the greatest safety for all.

Public sanitary improvement is not the affair of the philanthropist alone, nor is the interest of the individual satisfied when he has made his own immediate surroundings perfect. Everything that can affect the health of the poorest and most distant of our neighbors may affect us; and, practically, the spread of disease in closely-built towns is more often than not from the poorest classes upward, so that many a patient falling ill of contagious or infectious disease in the back slums of the city becomes the centre of a wide infection. The health of each is important to all, and all must join in securing it.

The great aim of all sewerage work is to secure to every member of the community his full supply of uncontaminated air, and, where wells are used, of pure drinking-water.

Referring to the lower quarters of the city of Boston, Dr. Derby asks us to consider "what would be the effect upon the annual mortality in a community like Boston, if the wretched cellars and crystal palaces and rookeries and dens in which the extremely poor and improvident live could be depopulated, and their occupants transferred to well drained and lighted and ventilated buildings, of however cheap and simple construction; if all the foul fluids could be made quickly to depart by force of gravity through ventilated sewers; if all the foul solids could be removed without delay in carts provided with means for arresting putrefaction; if the blind alleys and narrow streets were opened to the admission of the air and of sunlight; if the old vaults were removed, the old cisterns torn down or filled, and the general principle of *cleanliness in its broadest sense* applied to air, water, and food." The picture would have been complete, had he suggested the well-known fact that the danger to the community from the class of diseases known as "pythogenic" (born of putridity) is not confined to those who live amid these filthy surroundings, but that the very sewers with which the better houses are drained are too often subterranean channels for conveying poisonous gases from the places of their origin to quarters which, without this transmission, would remain free from contamination.

Self-preservation is the first law of our nature; but it is a law which we ignorantly and constantly disregard in laying our life and health at the mercy of the foul conditions of life prevailing among our neighbors.

We roll up our eyes and stand aghast when contemplating the horrors of war; yet the mortality of war is trifling as compared with the mortality by preventable disease. England, in twenty-two years of continuous war, lost 79,700 lives; in one year of cholera she lost 144,860 lives.

We look idly on and see our population decimated by an infant mortality so great that its like among calves and colts would appall the farmer, and set the whole community energetically at work to discover a remedy.

It is estimated that for every person dying, twenty fall sick (Playfair estimates it at twenty-eight), and — to turn the argument in a direction best under-

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stood by many of our more influential neighbors — that every case of sickness costs on the average fifty dollars.

Dr. Stephen Smith says, "Man is born to health and longevity; disease is abnormal, and death, except from old age, is accidental, and both are preventable by human agencies."

Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to an unnatural condition of living, — to neglect, abuse, or want.

Were any excuse needed for the constant reiteration of such truths as are known concerning the origin and spread of infectious diseases, it is to be found in the hope that by creating a public realization of the danger of sanitary neglect we may obviate the necessity that now seems to exist for the appearance of occasional severe epidemics, acting as scavengers and inducing the performance of sanitary duties whose continued neglect would lead to even more serious results.

Dr. Farmer speaks of pestilence as the angel "with which it would seem it has pleased the Almighty Creator and Preserver of mankind" to awaken the human race to the duty of self-preservation; plagues "not committing havoc perpetually, but turning men to destruction and then suddenly ceasing, that they may consider. As the lost father speaks to the family, and the slight epidemic to the city, so the pestilence speaks to nations."

The death-rate in the healthiest broad districts in England may be fixed at about fifteen per thousand per annum, but taking the whole kingdom into consideration, the death-rate is thirty-five per thousand, over one fourth of the deaths being due to preventable diseases. It is estimated that eighteen deaths take place every hour which might have been prevented by proper precaution. In addition to this, account must be taken of the lowering of the tone of health of those who survive, and of the existence of a vast number of weakly persons who are a tax on the community, and who transmit an inheritance of physical weakness to their offspring. Infants are most susceptible to unhealthful influences, and one half of the population of Great Britain dies before attaining the age of five years.

An ordinary epidemic any modern community will bear almost with indifference. The few who know the close relation between the disease and its preventable cause will generally maintain their accustomed indifference until their own circle is attacked, and even then they are powerless to arouse the authorities to the necessary action. It is only when an outbreak of more than ordinary malignity occurs that even the sanitary authorities of most of our towns bestir themselves in the matter; but if the prevalence and the malignity be sufficient, there follows a most active cleansing of streets, purification of drains, and investigation of the private habits of the lower classes of the people.

Then only is such attention given to the most obvious duty not only of the sanitary authorities but of every man in the community, as, had it been exercised in advance, would have prevented every death and every case of sickness that has gone to swell the aggregate needed to attract public attention.

Nothing so arouses the alarm of a people as an epidemic of cholera, yet it is a singular fact that even during the most severe cholera epidemics the deaths from this disease are less than from many others which attract no attention and excite no apprehension. During the epidemic of 1849–50 there were 31,506 deaths from cholera in the United States. During the same period there were more than this number of deaths from other diseases of the intestinal canal, and more from fevers alone.

That a proper use of known sanitary appliances is competent to remove the causes of a large class of fatal diseases is hardly disputed, and it is clearly proven by experience here and abroad.

Mr. Baldwin Latham, in his excellent work on Sanitary Engineering, gives the following table, showing the effect on health of sanitary works in different towns in England: —

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Name of Place.	Population in 1861.	Average Mortality per 1000 before Construction of Works.	Average Mortality per 1000 since Completion of Works.	Saving of Life per Cent.[1]	Reduction of Typhoid Fever Rate per Cent.	Reduction in Rate of Phthisis per Cent.
Banbury . .	10,238	23.4	20.5	12½	48	41
Cardiff . . .	32,954	33.2	22.6	32	40	17
Croydon . .	30,229	23.7	18.6	22	63	17
Dover . . .	23,108	22.6	20.9	7	36	20
Ely	7,847	23.9	20.5	14	56	47
Leicester . .	68,056	26.4	25.2	4½	48	32
Macclesfield .	27,475	29.8	23.7	20	48	31
Merthyr .	52,778	33.2	26.2	18	60	11
Newport . .	24,756	31.8	21.6	32	36	32
Rugby . . .	7,818	19.1	18.6	2½	10	43
Salisbury .	9,030	27.5	21.9	20	75	49
Warwick .	10,570	22.7	21.0	7½	52	19

When the improvement of sewerage was actively undertaken in London some twenty-five years ago, it was found that the death-rate was so much reduced, in some of the worst quarters of the town, that if the same reduction could be made universal the annual deaths would be twenty-five thousand less in London, and one hundred and seventy-seven thousand less in England and Wales; or, by another view, that the average age at death would be forty-eight instead of twenty-nine, as it then was.

The early registration returns of England developed the fact that the prevalence of fatal diseases was in the case of some three times, of some ten or twenty times, and of others even forty or fifty times greater in certain districts than in others, and that these diseases raised the mortality of some districts from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than that of other districts, the death-rate of the whole country being from thirty to forty per cent. above that of its healthiest parts.

The effect of sanitary improvement has been nowhere better shown than in the British navy, where in 1779 the death-rate was one in forty-two (this of able-bodied, picked men), and the sick were two in every five. In 1813, after the means and appliances of health had been furnished, the death-rate was one in one hundred and forty-three, and the sick two in twenty-one.

Less than a generation ago the idea prevailed that it was of doubtful propriety to ask why we are sick, and even at this day many believe that such an inquiry savors of irreligion. Happily this condition of otherwise intelligent minds is passing away.

While we know, thus far, comparatively little of the exact causes of disease, our knowledge at least points to certain perfectly well-established truths. One of these is that man cannot live in an atmosphere that is tainted by exhalations from putrefying organic matter, without danger of being made sick — sick unto death. It is true that not all of those who live in such an atmosphere either fall sick or die from its effects; but it is also true that not all who go into battle are shot down. In both cases they expose themselves to dangers from which their escape is a matter of good fortune. Fewer would be shot if none went into battle, and fewer would die of disease if none were exposed to poisoned air. Our adaptability is great, and we accustom ourselves to withstand the attacks of an infected atmosphere wonderfully well; but for all that, we are constantly in the presence of the danger, and though insensibly resisting, are too often insensibly yielding to it. Some, with less power to resist, or exposed to a stronger poison, or finally weakened by long exposure, fall sick with typhoid fever or some similar disease, that springs directly from putrid infection. Of these, a portion die; the community loses their services, and it sympathizes with their friends in mourning that, "in the wisdom of a

[1] It is to be remembered that even this great saving of life has been effected by works that are very far from perfect.

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kind but inscrutable Providence, it has been found necessary to remove them from our midst."

In this way we blandly impose upon Divine Providence the responsibility of our own short-comings. The victims of typhoid fever die, not by the act of God, but by the act of man; they are poisoned to death by infections that are due to man's ignorance or neglect.

Pettenkofer states that, so far as the city of Munich is concerned, typhoid epidemics bear in their frequency or rarity a certain fixed relation to changes in the soil, which can only be surmised, but which correspond with the differences of elevation of the water-table, or line of saturation in the soil. The greatest mortality coincides with the lowest state of the water-table, and the least mortality with the approach of this to the surface of the ground.

Fifteen years' observation showed that the prevalence of typhoid was indicated by the water-level in the wells. This careful investigator believes that the cause of the disease exists not in the water, but in the soil; that it is due to certain "organic processes" in the earth.

The English investigators say that when the water in the well is low its area of drainage is extended, and it draws typhoid poison from a greater distance.

Neither of these theories is inconsistent with the hypothesis that the disease is due to organic matter reaching the soil from house-drains, cess-pools, etc., and finally either carried into the well to poison the drinking-water to a degree that becomes apparent when, during drought, it is reduced to a small quantity and its impurities are concentrated, or else left in the soil after the withdrawal of the water, and there exposed in such quantities to the action of the permeating air that poisonous gases are generated by their decomposition.

It is very clear that no system yet applied has been so generally efficient in lessening and weakening the attacks of typhoid as the English system of water supply and impervious drainage, which gives drinking-water free from contamination, and leaves the air untainted by the decomposition of organic matters in the immediate vicinity of dwellings.

Whether the London theory or the Munich theory be correct, the general result of all investigations shows that typhoid fever stands in a certain relation to the amount of neglected filth permitted to poison water and air.

The Massachusetts Board of Health published in 1871 a copious report on the causes of typhoid as occurring in that State. It concludes that the propagation of the fever is occasioned by a poison "as definite as that which causes vaccine disease;" and divides the means of propagation under three heads: first, drinking-water made foul by the decomposition of any organic matter, whether animal or vegetable, and specially by the presence in such water of excrementitious matters discharged from the bodies of those suffering from typhoid fever; second, propagation by air contaminated by any form of filth and specially by privies, cess-pools, pig-sties, manure-heaps, rotten vegetables in cellars, and leaky or obstructed drains; third, emanations from the earth, occurring specially in the autumnal months and in seasons of drought.

So far as Massachusetts towns are concerned, the contamination of wells, though a prominent, was not found to be a preëminent cause; numerous instances show this to have been active, but other causes, such as foul drains, sewer-gas, etc., are more important. It appears that the attack is more frequently received through the lungs than through the intestines. While it may be necessary that a marked quantity of impurity should exist in drinking-water before it can do us harm, an extremely small proportion of impurity in air is greatly to be apprehended; for we drink but a comparatively small amount of water, while we inhale, every twenty-four hours, from one to two thousand gallons of air.

There is reason to suspect the poison to be sometimes, if not quite generally,

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odorless, and the danger seems to be the greatest where the natural process of decomposition is secluded from air and light. The decay of vegetables in dark and unventilated cellars, and of house wastes or street wash in unventilated sewers, are especially to be feared.

In the town of Pittsfield, when the Board of Health assiduously attended to the removal of all nuisances, there was a very decided falling off in the number of cases of typhoid fever.

Derby says, "Whether the vehicle be drinking-water made foul by human excrement, sink drains, or soiled clothing, or air made foul in inclosed places by drains, decaying vegetables or fish, or old timber; or, in open places, by pig-sties, drained ponds or reservoirs, stagnant water, or accumulations of filth of every sort, — the one thing present in all these circumstances is decomposition."

If anything has been clearly proven with reference to the whole subject, it is that nearly all of the causes of typhoid fever are strictly within human control.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, an eminent physician of the last century, was so satisfied that the means of preventing pestilential fevers are "as much under the power of human reason and industry as the means of preventing the evils of lightning or common fire," that he looked for the time when the law should punish cities and villages "for permitting any sources of malignant or bilious fevers to exist within their jurisdiction."

No dense population can hope to escape recurrent pestilential diseases unless the inhabited area is kept habitually free from the dejections and other organic wastes of the population.

The instance of the "Maplewood" young ladies' school, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been so often quoted in sanitary writings during the past ten years, that it must seem almost an old story to those who are familiar with the literature of the subject; but it is at the same time such a striking instance of the possibilities of the evils with which we are contending, that it can never lose its interest, and it is to be hoped that it may always remain the worst instance of its sort in our country's record.

The house was a large one, built of wood, closely surrounded by trees, with a foul barn-yard near it containing water in which swine wallowed, and emitting offensive odors. The cellar of the centre main building was used for storing vegetables, and its private closets connected by closed corridors with the main halls of the building. The kitchen drain opened eighty or ninety feet away from the building. The vaults of the private closets were shallow and filled nearly to the surface with semi-fluid material (they received the slops from the sleeping-rooms). The house seems to have been beset with danger on every side, and it was often necessary in the heat of summer to close the windows, to keep out offensive odors. The whole case was examined after the attack by Drs. Palmer, Ford, and Earle, of the Berkshire Medical College, and they took, so far as possible, the testimony of every member of the household and of the relatives of those who had died after being removed to their homes. Their investigation fixed the origin of the Maplewood fever (which was clearly marked typhoid) unquestionably upon the unhealthfulness of the air of the house, made impure by the causes above specified.

This Maplewood fever is one of the most fatal ever recorded. Of seventy-four resident pupils heard from, sixty-six, or nearly ninety per cent., had illness of some sort, and fifty-one, or nearly sixty-nine per cent., had well-marked typhoid fever. Of the whole family of one hundred and twelve persons, fifty-six had typhoid fever, and of these fifty-six, sixteen died. These proportions applied to the eight thousand people living in Pittsfield would have given four thousand cases of typhoid fever within the space of a few weeks, and of these eleven hundred and forty would have died. The outbreak was, however, so entirely local that some physicians in Pittsfield had no cases, and others only two or three. The Maplewood fever was a sudden explosion. It broke up the school

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in a very short time, and the pupils scattered to their homes, where, under the influence of pure air, many recovered.

Dr. Palmer says of this epidemic, "Before the investigation, the matter was spoken of as the act of a mysterious Providence, to whose rulings all must submit. Looking with the eye of science upon the overflowing cess-pools and reeking sewers as inevitable causes, and with the eye of humanity upon the interesting and innocent victims languishing in pain and peril or moldering in their shrouds, I could but regard such implications of Providence, though perhaps sincerely made, as next to blasphemy; especially when uttered by the agents who were to be held responsible; though the prayer of charity might have been, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.'"

A century ago epidemic diseases carried with them only calamity, not culpability; but now, when their occurrence is chargeable to willful ignorance or to wicked neglect, Dr. Rush's prophecy should be fulfilled, and the law should hold the community responsible for every death permitted to occur from preventable disease within the area that it controls.

The sanitary reforms recommended by the examining physicians being carried out, Maplewood became, and still remains, free from malarial disease.

Dr. Anstie, in his Notes on Epidemics, after describing the fouling of wells by the escape of cess-pool matter, and the fouling of the interior air of houses by reason of imperfect drain-traps, says, "In short, all observers arrived at the conclusion that it would be possible, by rendering our drinking-water absolutely pure, and by disinfecting our sewage at the earliest moment, entirely, or almost entirely, to suppress typhoid fever."

Dr. Austin Flint says, "Typhoid fever is very rarely if ever communicated by means of emanations from the bodies of patients affected with the disease. It does not spread from cases in hospitals to fellow-patients, nurses, and medical attendants. Isolated cases are numerous, occurring under circumstances which preclude the possibility of contagion. Its special cause may be a product of the decomposition of collections of human excrement."

The agency of tainted water was enunciated by Canstatt, in Germany, in 1847, and many later medical writers have confirmed the theory.

Dr. Flint investigated an outbreak of typhoid fever in a village in Western New York, in 1843. No case of typhoid fever had ever been known in the county. The community numbered forty-three persons; twenty-eight of these were attacked with fever, and ten died. All of those affected obtained their drinking-water from a well adjoining the tavern; but one family, living in the midst of the infected neighborhood, owing to a feud with the tavern-keeper did not use this water and escaped infection. Two families lived too far away to use this well. This immunity on the part of the enemy of the tavern-keeper led to a charge that he had maliciously poisoned the well, a charge which led to a suit for slander and the payment of one hundred dollars damages. At this time the idea that typhoid fever might be communicated by infected drinking-water had not been advanced, but its truth receives strong confirmation from the fact that a passenger, coming from a town in Massachusetts where typhoid prevailed, and traveling westward in a stage-coach, having been taken ill, was obliged to stop at this tavern. Twenty-eight days after his arrival he died of typhoid fever, and thus, doubtless, communicated in some way to the water of this well the germs of the disease, which speedily attacked every family in the town, except the three which did not resort to it for their supply. Dr. Flint states it as his opinion that "in typhoid fever the contagion is in the dejections, and this fever may be, and generally is, caused by a morbific matter produced in decomposing excrement from healthy bodies." And he believes that "the spontaneous occurrence of this disease is to be avoided by a complete precaution against the pollution of water or air by the dejecta from healthy persons."

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In the summer vacation of 1874, ten students from Oxford went on a reading party to a rural retreat in Cornwall, which was recommended as of undoubted healthfulness and of quiet seclusion. They fell into a fever trap. The water and the soil of this village were polluted until it equaled the worst slums of Liverpool. Detecting the sanitary shortcomings of their retiring-place, they beat a hasty retreat, but they carried with them the germs of the disease, and before many days six of the party were down with typhoid fever: one has since died.

The Local Government Board of England lately deputed Dr. Thorne to investigate an outbreak of typhoid at Brierly. He found that the spread of the fever was due to the poisonous dejecta of the patients. Wherever those dejecta went, poison and disease went also. The original case was in the person of a dairy-man, and was of a mild type; but it was followed by two other cases in the same house, and, by the tainting of the milk vessels, the infection was carried to thirty-eight houses in the village, in twenty-three of which the fever appeared. From these centres it spread by excremental contamination until nearly the whole village was attacked. Dr. Thorne "wished it to be distinctly understood that he by no means attributed all the cases occurring to the use of milk from the infected dairy; for when once the disease was started another powerful means for distributing it came into operation;" and he proceeds to show a very defective condition of the vaults and drains. His irresistible conclusion was that the outbreak had been due, primarily, to the use of milk from an infected dairy, and that bad drainage and bad disposal of excrement had done the rest.

During the autumn of 1874 there was an outbreak of typhoid fever in the town of Lewes, about four hundred and fifty cases occurring. The town is divided into three sections, each having its own water supply, and the disease was confined almost entirely to the division supplied by the Lewes Water-Works Company. This company furnished an intermittent supply of water, the head being turned on for three or four hours in the morning and for the same time in the afternoon. When the head is taken off, the pipes empty themselves, sucking in air at every opening. Examination showed that there were many water-closets, some of them used by fever patients, which were supplied by pipes leading directly from the water-mains into the soil-pan, and that it was a common habit to leave the taps open so that the closets should be flushed whenever the water was turned on. There were leaks in some of the old mains, and many of these were laid in soil fouled with the overflow of vaults. In one case a leak was found in a water-main where it passed through a sewer. The lead service-pipes of houses were frequently honey-combed, especially in the immediate vicinity of vaults, and in one case a leak was found directly under a vault. In seeking for this while the water was subsiding in the mains, the opening was exposed, and the whole contents of the vault were sucked into the water-pipe. In short, on every occasion of the subsiding of the water supply, air was drawn in violently at every opening, and the pipes thus received air contaminated by closets and vaults, and air from within a public sewer, so that in some cases at least, particles of excrement were drawn in from closet pans. In one section of the town only sixty houses out of a total of four hundred and fifty-four were supplied by the water-works company, and in this section, with the exception of two infants, every case of typhoid fever occurred in these sixty houses, to the total exclusion of the other three hundred and ninety-four. Even after the epidemic became rife, and there were many other means for its extension, it was found that twenty-seven per cent. of the town-water houses had been attacked, and only six per cent. of all the others.

There has recently been an investigation into the origin of an outbreak of "filth fever" in Over-Darwen, England, the origin of which for a long

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time eluded the careful search of the authorities. It was finally worked out by a sanitary officer dispatched from London. The first case was an imported one, occurring in a house at a considerable distance from the town. The patient had contracted the disease, came home, and died with it. On first inquiry it was stated that the town derived its water supply from a distance, and that the water was brought by covered channels and could not possibly have been polluted by the excreta from this case. Further examination showed that the drain of the closet into which the excreta of this patient were passed emptied itself through channels used for the irrigation of a neighboring field. The water-main of the town passed through this field, and although special precautions had been taken to prevent any infiltration of sewage into the main, it was found that the concrete had sprung a leak and allowed the contents of the drain to be sucked freely into the water-pipe. The poison was regularly thrown down the drain, and as regularly passed into the water-main of the town. This outbreak had a ferocity that attracted universal attention; within a very short period two thousand and thirty-five people were attacked, and one hundred and four died. The report of this investigation closes as follows: "If an inquest were held on every case of death from typhoid fever, as we have long contended there should be, a similar relation of fatal effect to preventable cause could nearly always be traced, and may always safely be presumed."

Thus much attention has been given to the subject of typhoid fever because it is universally recognized as the typical pythogenic disease, and the most prominent of those which are believed to be entirely preventable by human agency.

Two other prevalent scourges, not ascribed to organic uncleanliness but connected with the question of soil-water removal, — consumption and fever and ague, — must have a prominent place in any discussion of sanitary drainage.

The scientific world has been quick to accept the suggestion of Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, that the genesis of pulmonary disease seems to be connected with excessive moisture arising either from a wet soil, from a clay subsoil, which is usually a cause of damp and cold, from springs breaking out near the site of the house, from sluggish drains, damp meadows, ponds of water, and other sources of fog and atmospheric moisture, or from too close sheltering by trees. To one or more of these causes it is now thought that we may ascribe the origin of a large proportion of the cases of that painful disease which, more than any other, characterizes New England.

Dr. Bowditch says, "Private investigations in Europe and America have in these later times proved that residence on a damp soil brings consumption; and second, that drainage of the wet soil of towns tends to lessen the ravages of that disease."

In 1865–66 the British government instituted an examination into the effect of drainage works on public health. Twenty-four towns sewered by the modern system were examined. "It appeared that while the general death-rate had greatly diminished, it was most strikingly evident in the smaller number of deaths from consumption." As Bowditch had pointed out, the drying of the soil as an incidental effect of sewerage had led to the diminution of this disease.

Those ailments which are caused by the influence of stagnant water or excessive wetness of the soil — consumption in its most fatal form being one of them — may be much alleviated by the simple removal of the drainage-water, through exactly the same process that is employed in farm drainage.

The connection of fever and ague with soil moisture and with the obstructed decomposition of vegetable matter in saturated ground or in moist air is almost universally recognized.

The improvement resulting from drainage is fully attested by wide areas in England where whole neighborhoods have been drained for farming purposes, and where, as a consequence, malarial diseases have entirely disappeared.

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In the report of the Staten Island Improvement Commission (1871) it is stated that where the foundations of the dwelling and the land about it for a certain space have been thoroughly underdrained, and where considerable foliage interposes between such space and any exterior source of malaria, the liability to disease is greatly reduced, and there is little danger that fever and ague would be contracted by the inmates of such a house except by exposure outside their own grounds. An instance is cited where four adjoining farms, near Fresh Kills, were drained. Close to each of these farms there has been much malarial disease, but the seventy people living on them have had scarcely a symptom of it. In another quarter formerly very malarial, the occupants of which carried to other residences the disease there contracted, those who remained after the thorough drainage of the land have recovered, and have not suffered at all since; while those who moved to them after their drainage have lived there for years without injury. In this case as in the first, the neighborhood beyond the influence of the under-drains is still highly malarial.

Pulmonary diseases, especially the early stages of consumption; all continued fevers, especially typhoid fever; degenerative diseases, such as scrofula and cancer; and uterine diseases, both of tissues and of function, are stated by the Staten Island commissioners to become less severe with the natural or artificial reduction of the level of the ground-moisture.

The Secretary of the General Board of Health (England) published in 1852 Minutes of Information collected in respect to the drainage of the land forming the sites of towns, etc.

He says: "When experienced medical officers see rows of houses springing up on a foundation of deep, retentive clay, inefficiently drained, they foretell the certain appearance among the inhabitants of catarrh, rheumatism, scrofula, and other diseases, the consequence of an excess of damp, which break out more extensively and in severer forms in the cottages of the poor, who have scanty means of purchasing the larger quantities of fuel and of obtaining the other appliances by which the rich partly counteract the effects of dampness. Excess of moisture is often rendered visible in the shape of mist or fog, particularly towards evening. An intelligent medical officer took a member of the sanitary commission to an elevated spot from which his district could be seen. It being in the evening, level white mists could be distinguished over a large portion of the district. 'These mists,' said the officer, 'exactly mark out and cover the seats of disease for which my attendance is required. Beyond these mists, I have rarely any cases to attend but midwifery cases and accidents.' Efficient drainage causes the removal, or at least a diminution of such mists, and a proportionate abatement of the disease generated or aggravated by dampness.

"After houses built in the manner described have been inhabited for some time, and especially if crowded, fevers of a typhoid type are added to the preceding list of diseases, in consequence of emanations from privies and cess-pools. The poisonous gases, the product of decomposing animal and vegetable matter, are mixed with the watery vapor arising from excessive damp (such vapors being now recognized as the vehicle for the diffusion of the more subtle noxious gases), and both are inhaled night and day by the residents of these unwholesome houses. A further consequence of the constant inhalation of these noxious gases, which have an extremely depressing effect, is inducing the habitual use of fermented liquors, ardent spirits, or other stimulants, by which a temporary relief from the feeling of oppression is obtained."

In the English Sanitary Report for 1852 the following propositions are laid down: —

1. Excess of moisture, even on lands not evidently wet, is a cause of fogs and damps.

2. Dampness serves as the medium of conveyance for any decomposing matter that may be evolved, and adds to the

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injurious effect of such matter in the air; in other words, the excess of moisture may be said to increase or aggravate excess of impurities in the atmosphere.

3. The evaporation of the surplus moisture lowers temperature, produces chills, and creates or aggravates the sudden and injurious changes of temperature by which health is injured.

The copious evidence taken by the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission, in 1848, concerning the effect of ordinary agricultural land-drainage, as practiced in England, upon the improving healthfulness of men and animals and upon climate, resulted in the production of a vast amount of evidence of the most telling character, to review which, even briefly, would be impossible in this limited space; but it clearly showed that all the benefits that the advocates of land-drainage have claimed for it had already been fully sustained by English experience.

The agricultural drainage of the land in and about the sites of towns, and the soil-drainage which is usually effected, even where no especial provision is made for it, by the ordinary works of sewerage, has fully demonstrated the sanitary benefit arising from the removal of stagnant water, or water of saturation, from the soil. The earth acts upon foul organic matters much in the same way that charcoal would do, having, though in less degree, the same sort of capacity for condensing within its pores the oxygen needed to consume the products of organic decomposition. But no soil can act in this way so long as its spaces are filled with water, and in order to make it an efficient disinfectant it is necessary to withdraw its surplus moisture and thus admit atmospheric air within its pores.

It is now generally believed that in addition to the many other evils of excessive soil-moisture, its effect in rendering a dwelling-house cold and unwholesome is especially marked in encouraging the formation of tubercles in consumptive subjects; and the various forms of malarial fever, neuralgia, influenza, dysentery, and diseases of the bowels, are thought to be aggravated by excess of moisture in the soil immediately about human habitations.

During the past thirty or forty years very large contiguous areas have been drained in England for agricultural purposes, and an invariable result of the improvement has been a great decrease of malarial diseases, such as fever and ague and neuralgia. The vast fen-lands of Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and Cumberlandshire were formerly the seat of very wide-spread diseases of a malarial type. Since the drainage of the fens these diseases have become comparatively rare and mild in form; and it is asserted with regard to England generally, that such diseases "have been steadily decreasing both in frequency and severity for several years; and this decrease is attributed in nearly every case mainly to one cause, — improved land-drainage."

The well-known Mr. James Howard, of Bedford, England, says, "In my own county, ague and fever thirty or forty years ago were very common in certain villages; since draining has been carried out the former has quite disappeared, and the latter has greatly decreased."

So far as the question of social prosperity is concerned, it is quite proper to consider the financial aspects of the question of health. The body politic has perhaps no compassion for the sufferings of the poor invalid or the bereaved mourner, but it has a quick and a vital interest in everything affecting its worldly prosperity, and the deepest foundation of its worldly prosperity lies in the strength and efficiency of its members.

Dr. Boardman, of Boston, in the sixth annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, enters into a calculation, based on numerous data, which seem to be sufficiently proved.

In the metropolitan district, including Boston, the average loss of time from sickness for each individual is twenty-four days in the year. In the western district, including Berkshire County, the loss is about fourteen days; and the average for the whole State is nearly

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seventeen days for each member of the population. This was in 1872; a similar computation for the previous eight years shows an average of fourteen days for each person. Calculating the cost of nursing, medical attendance, etc., and the loss of time to persons of a productive age, he finds that the loss to the State from the sickness of working people alone is over fifteen million dollars; and the same computation for the entire population would amount to nearly forty million dollars.

Assuming that out of the nineteen persons in every thousand who die annually in the whole State of Massachusetts, four might be saved by the avoidance of preventable diseases, — and this is certainly very low, for it may be reasonably assumed that eleven per thousand is the *natural* death-rate, or the lowest that can be attained, — the following saving to the State would result: the annual mortality being 26,619 with a death-rate of nineteen per one thousand, it would be, with a death-rate of fifteen per thousand, 21,015, or an annual saving of 5604 lives. Good grounds are given for assuming that every death represents a total of 730 days of sickness and disability; the aggregate saving from sickness therefore would be 4,090,920 days, which would amount to $8,181,840, or for the working population alone $3,190,916, which latter sum would represent the interest on more than fifty million dollars. The practical question then which the commonwealth should consider is whether an investment of fifty million dollars in the improvement of the sanitary condition of its population, and in their enlightenment as to means for preserving health, would result in a reduction of the death-rate from nineteen to fifteen. If it would do so, then the investment would be a profitable one. That it might do this, and even more, is proven by English experience, and no one can doubt it who will give even casual attention to the degree to which human life, in even our best communities, whether in town or country, is hourly endangered by the unwholesome conditions under which it exists.

In every household in which a pronounced case of typhoid occurs, it may fairly be assumed that the value of the whole family to themselves and to the community is distinctly lessened; and the large proportion of "debilitated and weakly" persons found in all our communities are but half-way victims struggling against the assaults of foul air and contaminated water. Their lives are permanently dulled by a malaria they are in part able to withstand.

In this ever-waged battle there are wounded as well as killed; and in England it is recognized that "convulsions" and many attacks of nervous ailments are marks of excremental poisoning.

There are several diseases which are now known to indicate more or less definitely unfavorable sanitary arrangements, and as the knowledge of hygiene extends, other diseases are being added to the list. Nervous toothache, neuralgia, scarlet fever, cholera, dysentery, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and consumption are among those which are either generated by foul air or foul water, or which are made worse because of unhealthy surroundings.

Dr. Derby says, "That an obscure internal cause — which, in our ignorance of its nature, is called a proneness of disposition to receive the poison — is necessary for its development does not affect the truth of the fact that without filth the disease is not born. . . . The improvement of public health as expressed by that unerring guide, the death-rate, corresponds with all the means by which air and water are kept free from pollution."

Typhoid fever is the most conspicuous type of the class of zymotic diseases, all of which are clearly pythogenic, and none of which can originate under conditions fit for proper human habitation.

A fertile soil or an impervious subsoil is especially favorable to typhoid poisoning; while deep gravel or sand, well drained and offering free access to the air, are the least so. Rock near the surface is bad in the same way that a clay subsoil is bad.

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As a rule, new residents in an unhealthy locality are more subject to disease than those who have become accustomed to the unfavorable influence; yet when typhoid contagion appears, it attacks first those whose systems have been debilitated by the insidious influences of foul air or water.

One naturally argues from circumstances with which he is most familiar, and as I have given more especial attention to the sanitary short-comings of my own town, I take it as an example, believing, however, that its interior arrangements are not less favorable than those of the average of our prosperous country places, and recognizing the important fact that its position (on a neck of land hardly a mile wide and sloping in one direction to the Atlantic Ocean and in the other to Narragansett Bay, without a hill or a forest to intercept the free-blowing winds from every quarter) makes Newport *naturally* a perfectly salubrious town. The population in 1870 was 12,521, the larger number living in a compactly built district facing the west and drained into a deep cove of Narragansett Bay. At the north and at the south the land is flat, but nearly all of it lies high enough for tolerable drainage. It is underlaid with stratified rock, and has a heavy clay subsoil interrupted by fissures of gravel sloping similarly to the surface of the ground.

There is no public water supply, and probably a large majority of the population drink water from wells only, although there are many filtering cisterns. Nearly all the houses of well-to-do people have the usual plumbing arrangements, which discharge into cisterns or into cess-pools in the ground. Some of these drain themselves through the gravel streaks of the subsoil, and a very few are absolutely tight, so that they require hand emptying. A rude sort of sewerage has been attempted here and there, laid without system and constructed apparently without the least reference to the well-known requirements of all town drains.

These sewers have the advantage of being at every opening so noisomely offensive that persons living near them are warned by the odor to keep their windows closed when the wind comes from a certain direction, and passers-by do not loiter in their vicinity. There is less insidious sewer poisoning here, as the exhalations are blazoned to the dullest sense. Usually where a sewer is available, the private cess-pool overflows into it, but in a great majority of cases the removal is by hand, with carts trundling into the country and making winter days and summer nights more than hideous.

If the best winds of heaven did not blow almost constantly through our streets, we should probably be as badly off as a country town can be, but apparently this free ventilation will for some time continue to stave off the epidemic that awaits us, and which alone probably (here as elsewhere) will be able to secure the needed reform.

With these advantages and disadvantages Newport had a death-rate in 1863 of 34.16 per thousand (even supposing the population not to have increased between 1863 and 1870); a death-rate in 1873 of 25.76 per thousand, and an average death-rate for eleven years ending 1873 of 21.05 per thousand.

The town of Worthing, on the south coast of England, is probably more nearly like Newport in its climate, population, and uses than any other sea-coast town with which it can be compared. Like Newport, Worthing is more or less a resort for invalids and persons seeking a beneficial change of air, but unlike Newport it has an excellent and abundant supply of pure water, and its drainage is said to be perhaps the most complete in Great Britain, every cess-pool and surface drain having been suppressed and a main sewer emptying into the sea two miles away. The sanitary effect of this difference is shown by the fact that Worthing has the lowest death-rate ever recorded — 14.5 per thousand (during the second quarter of 1874 it was only 12.9 per thousand); and *a death-rate of* 14.5 *means an average longevity of nearly sixty-nine years for the whole population.*

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It is probably as nearly certain as any such speculation can be, that could Newport have the simple advantage of a pure water supply and the perfect drainage that could so easily be given it, its average death-rate could be reduced to that of Worthing, causing us an annual saving of nearly one third of its deaths, with the enormous amount of costly and wearying illness and of debility and inefficiency that these deaths imply. Viewed in another light, could the questionable reputation under which Newport now suffers be replaced by one like that of Worthing, it would lead to such a growth of "stranger" population in summer and in winter as would gladden the hearts and overflow the coffers of all its eager army of purveyors.

Nor are our cities better provided with sanitary appliances than our smaller towns. Even Boston, which congratulates itself on its refinement and civilization, is assiduously planting the seeds of future trouble.

The newer parts of the city, especially the district toward the mill-dam, may serve as a very good illustration of what it is possible to do in the way of providing unfit habitations. The annoyances caused by the imperfect sewerage of this district have long been a ground of complaint even among persons who would accept the ordinarily defective drainage of higher-lying town-districts as quite satisfactory.

In this case the remedy though radical is simple, and it would be much less costly than would be supposed by those who are not acquainted with the artificial pumping system largely in use in England. Indeed, this district is especially well adapted for such drainage, for the reason that all its houses are occupied by a class who use water very liberally, so that there need be no fear that there would not be an ample flow to remove all solid matter reaching properly made drains.

All street-wash and the rain-water falling on the roofs, court-yards, etc. (beyond what would be needed for occasional flushing of the house sewers), may be removed by surface gutters or by a system of shallow drains discharging into Massachusetts Bay, and flushed, whenever needed, by water admitted to a flushing reservoir from Charles River. The house drainage itself should be disposed of through an independent system of small sewers laid at least three feet below the level of the lowest cellars, collected at one point and lifted by steam power into a sewer leading to Massachusetts Bay.

Nothing but the fact that it is surrounded by wide stretches of water and great areas of unoccupied land could account for the preservation of the city in a state of even tolerable healthfulness, in the face of the circumstance that the water system is only partially introduced, and that fully one half of its night-soil, or about five thousand cords per annum, is still removed by carts; and it should be borne in mind that this five thousand cords is only what has been retained in the vaults after enormous volumes of its liquid parts have soaked away into a soil covered with a dense population.

Reference has been made to the fact that there is often less danger from impure well-water than from impure air, and some of the Massachusetts investigations indicate that in that State contaminated wells are not a very prominent source of infection. At the same time, the fouling of well-water by organic impurities is a very frequent source of fatal disease, and probably the reason why it does not appear relatively more serious in Massachusetts is that so much of the soil of that State is of a light character to a very great depth, there being less lateral movement of excessive soil-moisture than where strata of hardpan, or impervious soil, and seams in stratified rocks are more prevalent.

The reason why well-water is often bad and unwholesome is, in plain English, because sink-drains and vaults empty their foul contents into it. A well may be good for a long time and subsequently become poisoned, because the soil lying between the source of the impurity and the well itself has a certain amount of cleansing power. While this is effective, every impurity is with-

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held, but by degrees the soil becomes foul farther and farther on, until at last there is no grain of uncorrupted earth to stand between the sink and our only source of the pure water without which we cannot live in health.

The well is in effect a deeper drain, toward which the water from the surrounding earth finds its way, and in time, as impurities will follow water to any outlet unless the filter that holds them back remains always active, the foulness of the earth within the drawing range of the well is carried into the water, which it renders unfit for human use.

In 1847 typhoid fever broke out nearly at once in the thirteen houses of a single terrace in Clifton, England, which took their drinking-water from a certain well. Other houses in the same terrace escaped entirely, and it was found on investigation that in every house supplied from the well in question the disease was severe, while in no other house of the terrace did it appear. The infected houses were considerably scattered, and the only connecting link between the inmates was the use of the same drinking-water.

A very striking case in point which occurred in Williamstown, Massachusetts, was well and skillfully investigated. A house-drain became choked, and its contents mingled with those of a field-drain that was near a well. The season was wet, the ground was thoroughly saturated, and surface water oozed into the well. The house was a boarding-house, with from thirty to thirty-five persons, mostly students, at table. Within two weeks most of the boarders were affected, and twenty or more of the students fell sick. At this time there was one case of typhoid fever in town, and this patient had been removed from his lodgings in the college to this boarding-house, where, probably by means of the escape of his dejections from the imperfect drain, his disease was communicated through the water of the well to all or nearly all of those who drank the water unboiled. Those who drank no cold water escaped: but a family in an adjoining house supplied from the same well were attacked, except one member who habitually drank no cold water. All who drank that water unboiled had the disease; all who avoided it in that state escaped.

Dr. Stephen Smith describes a visit to a country clergyman, a former schoolmate, who told him of a family, five of the members of which had died, while another was then fatally sick with typhoid fever; and he had not thought of attributing it to anything else but a "visitation of Providence." An investigation showed that during a busy harvest the valve of the pump had got out of order, and there being no time to replace it, water had been taken from a brook which received, higher up, surface water and the drainage from several barn-yards. Of the entire family but two escaped attack, and they had not used the water.

The Broad Street pump in London is now famous in the annals of epidemics. During the cholera visitation in 1848–49, it killed five hundred persons in a single week. And many of the better classes, who fled the town and went to reside five miles farther up the Thames, were there attacked with cholera, it being found that they had been in the habit of sending to the Broad Street pump for their tea-water.

Having been instrumental in introducing the dry-earth system of sewerage into this country, it is proper for me to say here that my faith in the ability of that system to accomplish all that it has ever promised remains unabated, and that, under circumstances where its application is practically feasible, I should never recommend water sewerage; yet, in the present state of its development, it is so inapplicable to a large majority of cases, or so distasteful to a mass of persons whose necessities demand immediate relief, that, without in any way receding from its advocacy, I freely acknowledge that the practical good which is to come of early sanitary reform is to be sought through other means.

The drawback, so far as towns are concerned, lies in the inability of this system to deal satisfactorily with copious

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amounts of water. Twenty-five gallons of waste running from a kitchen sink would require for its absorption from four hundred to five hundred pounds of earth. Still, earth sewerage can be perfectly depended on in village and rural establishments where there is a sufficient amount of lawn or garden to absorb the waste by underground irrigation; such irrigation beginning at a point sufficiently far from the house or the well. Disposed of in this way, and made to feed a vigorous vegetation, all of the liquid waters of the house may be safely treated in a small lawn or garden.

The evidence as to the sanitary completeness of this system is all as conclusive as the following recent report from a very unhealthy quarter: Before 1868, dysentery and fever were very prevalent in the convict-prison of Labuan, Borneo, and the old system of water-closets and cess-pits was abolished, earth-closets being substituted. Hereupon the sickness and mortality declined. In 1870 a great mortality broke out among the troops of the station, and a government inquiry developed the fact that in the barracks, where the earth system had been neglected, thirty per cent. of the troops died per annum; the deaths in the prison, where it had been assiduously used, amounted to but two per cent. In Sierra Leone, where the commanding officer had taken efficient measures to provide earth-closets for the troops, the health of the officers and men was maintained "at the very time when fever and dysentery were carrying off twenty per cent. per annum of the European population residing in the town."

A novel system of sewerage by pneumatic action, invented a few years ago by a Dutch engineer named Liernur, has been introduced on a large scale in parts of Amsterdam, Leyden, and other towns of Holland, and is now being much discussed by those interested in sanitary matters in England. The accounts given of the success of this method, of the entire absence of odor in all its processes, and of the complete saving for agricultural use of almost every part of the household waste, indicate that it is most efficient, economical, and admirable. It has just been adopted for the entire sewerage of St. Petersburg, where it is to be introduced at a cost of over twenty million dollars.

It has been attempted, in this preliminary paper, to bring within the scope of a magazine article some of the leading considerations which make the subject of sanitary drainage seem well worthy of more attention at the hands of the public than it has thus far received. It seemed advisable to offer such an introduction to the later articles of this series, — which will treat more particularly of the better methods of dealing with such of the wastes of human life in and about dwelling-houses, whether isolated or in towns, as lead to the evils herein referred to; and of the safest means for removing from inhabited town-areas the accumulated waste of its individual houses.

George E. Waring, Jr.

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LOVE'S REWARD.

For Love I labored all the day,
  Through morning chill and midday heat,
For surely with the evening gray,
  I thought, Love's guerdon shall be sweet.

At eventide, with weary limb,
  I brought my labors to the spot
Where Love had bid me come to him;
  Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folk had gone
  To dance the hours of night away;
And I that toiled was left alone,
  Too weary now to dance or play.

F. W. Bourdillon.

EXOTICS.[1]

This many-colored bouquet of strange flowers would interest us at once as coming from the hands of a father and daughter who have wrought together as if they had been brother and sister. It may even be doubted if brother and sister would ever work together in such perfect accord as father and daughter are sometimes found doing, and as they have done in this labor of love. Poets have commonly invoked the muse to aid them, but to find one dwelling under one's own roof, a child that was rocked in the household cradle, that has grown into girlhood and womanhood by the family fireside, is a rare and singular felicity. In this case it is not always easy to say whether the father or the daughter is author of the particular translation before us. The masculine hand is so nice in touch, and the feminine one is so firm and true, that we may be pardoned for looking now and then to make sure whether it is to J. F. C. or to L. C. that we owe the verses which we have been reading.

Other readers must perform the critical labor of comparing these versions with the original. For us, as for most of those into whose hands they will pass, they are valuable in themselves, as English poems. One would hardly be thought to have read them carefully if he did not point out a false rhyme in two or three places; "morning" and "dawning" (VI.), "morn" and "gone" (XX.), and the "out" repeating itself (LXXIX.). The grandeur of those two parallel sentiments "*Æquo pede pulsat,*" and "*la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre,*" falters in the rhythm of the translation, and in one instance, at least, as acknowledged in a foot-note, the classic air of the poem is modernized. But these are small matters and need not disturb our judgment.

The translation of a poem from one language to another is in one sense an impossibility — as much as it is to get a ripe peach from New Jersey to Boston;

[1] *Exotics: Attempts to domesticate them.* By J. F. C. and L. C. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

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to carry a full-blown rose from here to San Francisco; to waft the salt-sea odor of Nahant to St. Louis. Or, to change the comparison, it is like the reproduction of a painting in mosaic. The scenes and figures that "savage Rosa dashed or learned Poussin drew," the sweeps of Michel Angelo's brush, the flood from the paint-jars of Rubens which overflowed some palace ceiling, have to be reproduced by picking out little colored bits one by one, and thus cheating the eye if possible into the belief that they are something other than mere patches brought together in a state of mind the very opposite of that in which paintings are conceived and executed. So the mental condition of the translator is like to be, in the vast majority of cases, the very reverse of that of the poet whom he is trying to reproduce.

What is the poet's condition when writing? If Shakespeare called it a "fine frenzy," a modern psychologist would be quite as likely to say it is a kind of clairvoyance. The poet is a medium, and he has always recognized himself as such ever since and long before the invocation which begins the great early epic. He holds the pen, and the divinity, the muse, the inspiration, the genius, the spirit-influence, — whatever the time may choose to call it, — shapes the characters. The difference is this. In the "medium" commonly so called, the mechanical process of writing is automatically performed by the muscles, in obedience to an impulse not recognized as proceeding from the will. In poetical composition the will is first called in requisition to exclude interfering outward impressions and alien trains of thought. After a certain time the second state or adjustment of the poet's double consciousness (for he has two states, just as the somnambulists have) sets up its own automatic movement, with its special trains of ideas and feelings in the thinking and emotional centres. As soon as the fine frenzy or *quasi* trance-state is fairly established, the consciousness watches the torrent of thoughts and arrests the ones wanted, singly with their fitting expression, or in groups of fortunate sequences which he cannot better by after treatment. As the poetical vocabulary is limited and its plasticity lends itself only to certain moulds, the mind works under great difficulty, at least until it has acquired by practice such handling of language that every possibility of rhythm or rhyme offers itself actually or potentially to the clairvoyant perception simultaneously with the thought it is to embody. Thus poetical composition is the most intense, the most exciting, and therefore the most exhausting of mental exercises. It is exciting because its mental states are a series of revelations and surprises; intense on account of the double strain upon the attention. The poet is not the same man who seated himself an hour ago at his desk, with the dust-cart and the gutter, or the duck-pond and the hay-stack and the barn-yard fowls beneath his window. He is in the forest with the song-birds; he is on the mountain-top with the eagles. He sat down in rusty broadcloth, he is arrayed in the imperial purple of his singing-robes. Let him alone now, if you are wise, for you might as well have pushed the arm that was finishing the smile of a Madonna, or laid a rail before a train that had a queen on board, as thrust your untimely question on this half cataleptic child of the muse, who hardly knows whether he is in the body or out of the body. And do not wonder if, when the fit is over, he is in some respects like one who is recovering after an excess of the baser stimulants.

If the reader thinks this is put too strongly, let him open the little book before us and read the first poem in it, a translation from Goethe, which is headed —

THE RULE WITH NO EXCEPTIONS.

Tell me, friend, as you are bidden,
What is hardest to be hidden?
Fire is hard. The smoke betrays
Its place by day, by night its blaze.
I will tell as I am bidden, —
FIRE is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell as I am bidden!
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;

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Actions, looks, and tones reveal it.
I will tell as I am bidden, —
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell as I am bidden!
POETRY cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead,
But a poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the poet;
He will sing it, he will show it.

He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it!
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'T is impossible to hide it.
I will tell as I am bidden, —
POEMS never can be hidden.

"*Song intoxicates the poet.*" His brain rings with it for hours or days or weeks after it has chimed itself through his consciousness. The vibration dies away gradually, like the tremor of a bell which has been struck, and the medium comes to himself again. What a pity that the passion and the fever and the delirium are not a measure of the excellence of the product of the poetic trance! It is mournful to think how many rhymes have been written in tears of ecstasy and self-admiration, which have been read with the smile of pity or the sneer of contempt. No small fraction of the correspondence of an over-good-natured literary man consists of replies to the victims of the delusion that their vascular and nervous excitement is the index of their power. He cannot help the same kind of commiseration for them that he would have for the poor, foolish, sickly mother who should insist on sending her limp infant to one of those elevating spectacles known as "baby-shows;" her blood is in its veins, and her milk is in its blood; how can she help thinking it worthy to be admired of all?

The passion with which verse is written does not measure its true poetical value, but that true poetry can be evolved by any calm process, like the working out of a mathematical problem, is hardly to be conceived. Under what conditions, then, can a translation, which is a transfer, drop by drop, into a more or less opaque receptacle, of the crystalline thought that sprang up into the air from its hidden fountain, have anything of the effect of the original?

The answer is that if the translator is really "penetrated by a sense of the qualities of his author," he must have some mental gift like that of his author. His mind must have a mordant for the colors to be transferred from the original pattern. The poem to be translated must have lain in his memory long enough to have naturalized itself as a part of his thought. It must have worked itself in before it tries to work itself out. When this "fretting in" has taken place, and not before, the translator, if, as has been assumed, he has something of the poetical nature akin to his original, may reproduce a poem with somewhat of the passion which accompanied its conception in the mind of the author. He will not then give us a literal rendering, but a new poem, which produces an impression on the reader's mind as nearly as possible like that which the original produced on his own. The treatment is not unlike that of a landscape by a true painter, who often gets his best effects by neglecting the details which a novice would have thought essential. This is the kind of work the reader may look for in the pages before us.

In every work where taste and judgment are called in requisition, we try the man in some measure by his book, but we are also, in some degree, influenced in our estimate of the book by what we know of the man. Mr. Emerson's Parnassus, for instance, independently of any excellences it possesses as a collection of poems, interests us and commands our respect as showing what has especially pleased the unforeseeable selective instinct of his ethereal but incisive intelligence. It is only fair, then, to ask who it is that gives us, with the occasional aid of his homebred and long domesticated muse, this book of choicely gathered poetical blossoms from various ages and climates.

Fifty years of friendly association, beginning in the earliest college days, may tempt the writer to speak of James Freeman Clarke in terms which have ripened towards the superlative, but it is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the

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writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker. These translations are the work of one who, though not unknown as a poet, is not a mere man of letters. They reveal some of the mental affinities of a man whose life has been passed in labor of various kinds; very little of which has come even as near to recreation as the work of making these careful versions; all of which labor has been directed to high and unselfish ends. A faithful, untiring preacher and pastor, a diligent student from his youth upward, for more than an entire generation constantly before us, speaking and writing manly and living thoughts on vital subjects; a Christian without a crook of ecclesiasticism or a squint of bigotry; a philanthropist who leaves no aftertaste of bitterness in any word he utters, as largely human in his sympathies as the old neighbor of Terence's play; ready to lend a hand to every useful project, in church, college, state, society; scholarly in acquisition, familiar in imparting knowledge, always cheerful and hopeful, — he is wanted in as many places and fills those places as well as any man among us. The accomplishment of verse is no more needful to his record than it was to that of John Quincy Adams, who felt, nevertheless, as so many other great personages have felt, that to get into the inmost heart of his fellow men and women, his thought must wind its way aided by the flexuous graces of rhythmical expression.

The reader cannot but like to know what are the inmates of such a man's memory, his favorites, which he has robed in the fairest garments of his vocabulary, as a mother adorns her children for a festival.

Where was ever the poet who did not sing of love? Where was ever the lover of poetry who lived long enough to outgrow the recollection of the love-songs of his youth? "My lyre will ring to love alone," said Anacreon, though the maidens told him he was no longer young. Its dreams and memories at least belong to every age, and so the reader will be glad to know that love, hoping and despairing, love returned and love rejected, love with its anticipations and love with its regrets, is the burden of one third of these poems. Devotion, self-forgetfulness, prayer, faith, good works, patriotism, wise counsel, epigrammatic satire, lively pictures from Roman life, and chips of various aspects from the poets' workshops, help to fill the volume, which, small as it is, holds more than many of those great books whose very size has given them a name of reproach.

A few of the more attractive poems may be mentioned, and this notice will be closed most fitly by the citation of one or two as specimens. Rabia, it may be taken for granted, everybody remembers; once heard it is hard to forget it. If the reader wishes to smile, let him read the translation from Goethe, entitled Modern Catholics. If he would smile at the expense of some of his estimable but sometimes ill-balanced neighbors, let him read the lesson to Philanthropists, which ends with the four lines, —

> "Be so benevolent, I pray,
> As to drive the wolf away;
> Love *him*, if you will, but keep
> Some love also for the sheep."

But if he does not laugh with delight when he reads the following, he has not had the experiences through which some of us have passed. It is the same counsel, with an addition, which good Dr. Primrose gives in the Vicar of Wakefield, and is credited to the Gulistan of Saadi.

> "A scholar sought his teacher: 'What shall I do?' said he,
> 'With these unasked-for visitors, who steal my time from me?'
> The learned master answered, 'Lend money to the poor,
> And borrow money of the rich, — they 'll trouble you no more.'
> When Islam's army marches, send a beggar in the van,
> And the frightened hosts of Infidels will run to Hindostan."

Miss Clarke's part of the joint labor is, as has been said, not unworthy to be associated with the best of her father's. Two verses — a translation from Geibel — will be enough at least to show her graceful management of language.

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TEARS.

I mourned and wept through many weary years,
In bitter grief and care;
And now this perfect hour still brings me tears;
My bliss I cannot bear.

Oh, how can one poor heart all heaven contain?
My foolish lips are dumb;
Alas! in sweetest joy, in sharpest pain
Only these bright tears come.

One more specimen must be given in full, and can hardly fail to leave the reader longing for the book which holds it. This is from the hand of the father.

MOSES AND THE WORM.

(Herder.)

Holy Moses, man of God, came to his tent one day,
And called his wife Safurja, and his children from their play:
"O sweetest orphaned children! O dearest widowed wife!
We meet, dear ones, no more on earth, for this day ends my life.
Jehovah sent his angel down and told me to prepare" —
Then swooned Safurja on the ground; the children, in despair,
Said, weeping, "Who will care for us, when you, dear father, go?"
And Moses wept and sobbed aloud to see his children's woe.
But then Jehovah spake from heaven: "And dost thou fear to die?
And dost thou love this world so well that thus I hear thee cry?"
And Moses said, "I fear not death. I leave this world with joy;
Yet cannot but compassionate this orphan girl and boy."
"In whom then did thy mother trust, when, in thy basket-boat,
An infant, on the Nile's broad stream all helpless thou didst float?
In whom didst thou thyself confide, when by the raging sea
The host of Pharaoh came in sight?" Then Moses said, "In Thee!
In Thee, O Lord, I now confide as I confided then."
And God replied, "Go to the shore! Lift up thy staff again."
Then Moses lifted up his rod. The sea rolled wide away,
And in the midst a mighty rock black and uncovered lay.
"Smite thou the rock!" said God again. The rock was rent apart,
And then appeared a little worm, close nestled in its heart.
The worm cried, "Praise to God on high, who hears his creatures' moan,
Nor did forget the little worm concealed within the stone."
"If I remember," said the Lord, "the worm beneath the sea,
Shall I forget thy children, who love and honor me?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

MORE problems![1] Why should we read them if they are not our problems, but only Mr. Lewes's? Of all forms of earthly worry, the metaphysical worry seems the most gratuitous. If it lands us in permanently skeptical conclusions, it is worse than superfluous; and if (as is almost always the case with non-skeptical systems) it simply ends by "indorsing" common-sense, and reinstating us in the possession of our old feelings, motives, and duties, we may fairly ask if it was worth while to go so far round in order simply to return to our starting-point and be put back into the old harness. Is not the primal state of philosophic innocence, since the practical difference is *nil*, as good as the state of reflective enlightenment? And need we, provided we can stay at home and take the world for granted, undergo the fatigues of a campaign with such uncomfortable spirits as the present author, merely for the sake of coming to our own again, with nothing gained but the pride of having accompanied his expedition? So we may ask. But is the pride nothing? Consciousness is the only measure of utility, and even if no philosophy could ever alter a man's motives in life, — which is untrue, — that it should add to their conscious completeness is enough to make thousands take upon themselves its burden of perplexities. We like the sense of companionship with better and more eager intelligences than our own, and that increment of self-respect which we all experience in passing from an instinctive to a reflective state, and adopting a belief which hitherto we simply underwent.

Mr. Lewes has drunk deep of the waters of skepticism that have of late years been poured out so freely in England, but he has worked his way through them into a constructive activity; and his work is only one of many harbingers of a reflux in the philosophic tide. All philosophic reflection is essentially skeptical at the start. To common-sense, and in fact to all living thought, matters actually thought of are held to *be* absolutely and objectively as we think them. Every representation *per se*, and while it persists, is of something absolutely *so*. It becomes relative, flickering, insecure, only when reduced, only in the light of *further* consideration which we may bring forward to confront it with. This may be called its *reductive*. Now the reductive of most of our confident beliefs about Being is the reflection that they are *our* beliefs; that we are turbid media; and that a form of being may exist uncontaminated by the touch of the fallacious knowing subject. In the light of this conception, the Being we know droops its head; but until this conception has been formed it knows no fear. The motive of most philosophies has been to find a position from which one could *exorcise the reductive*, and remain securely in possession of a secure belief. Ontologies do this by their conception of "necessary" truth, *i. e.*, a truth with no alternative; with a *præterea nihil*, and not a *plus ultra possibile;* a truth, in other words, whose only reductive would be the impossible, nonentity, or zero.

In such conclusions as these philosophy re-joins hands with common-sense. For above all things common-sense craves for a stable conception of things. We desire to know what to *expect*. Once having settled down into an attitude towards life both as to its details and as a whole, an incalculable disturbance which might arise, disconcert all our judgments, and render our efforts vain, would be in the last degree undesirable. Now as a matter of fact we do live in a world from which as a rule we know what to expect. Whatever items we found together in the past are likely to coexist in the future. Our confidence in this state of things deprives us of all sense of insecurity; if we lay our plans rightly the world will fulfill its part of the contract. Common-sense, or popular philosophy, explains this by what is called the judgment of Substance, that is, by the postulation of a persistent Nature, immutable by time, behind each phenomenal group, which binds that group together and makes it what it is essentially and eternally. Even in regard to that mass of accidents which must be expected to occur in some shape but cannot be accurately prophesied in detail, we set our minds at rest, by saying that the world with all its events has a substantial cause; and when we call this cause God, Love, or

[1] *Problems of Life and Mind.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. II. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

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Perfection, we feel secure that whatever the future may harbor, it cannot at bottom be inconsistent with the character of this term. So our attitude towards even the unexpected is in a general sense defined.

Now this substantial judgment has been adopted by most dogmatic philosophies. They have explained the collocations of phenomena by an immutable underlying nature or natures, beside or beyond which they have posited either the sphere of the Impossible, if they professed rationalism throughout, or merely a *de facto* Nonentity if they admitted the element of Faith as legitimate. But the skeptical philosophers who have of late predominated in England have denied that the substantial judgment is legitimate at all, and in so doing have seemed among other things to deny the legitimacy of the confidence and repose which it engenders. The habitual concurrence of the same phenomena is not a case of dynamic connection at all, they say. It may happen again — but we have no rational warrant for asserting that it must. The syntheses of data we think necessary are only so to *us*, from habit. The universe may turn inside out to-morrow, for aught we know; our knowledge grasps neither the essential nor the immutable. Instead of a nonentity beyond, there is a darkness, peopled it may be with every nightmare shape. Their total divergence from popular philosophy has many other aspects, but this last thought is their reductive of its tendency to theosophize and of its dogmatic confidence in general.

The originality of Mr. Lewes is that while vigorously hissing the "Substances" of common-sense and metaphysics off the stage, he also scouts the reductive which the school of Mill has used, and maintains the absoluteness and essentiality of our knowledge. The world according to him as according to them is truly enough only the world *as known*, but *for us* there *is* no other world. For grant a moment the existence of such a one: we could never be affected by it; as soon as we were affected, however, we should be knowers of it, in the only sense in which there is any knowledge at all, the sense of subjective determination, — and it would have become our world. Now, as such it is a universe and not a heap of sand, or, as has been said, a *nulliverse* like Mill's. Its truths are *æternæ veritates*, essential, exhaustive, immutable. We can settle down upon them and they will keep their promise. The sum of all the properties *is* the substance; the predicates *are* the subject; each property *is* the other viewed in a "different aspect." The same collocations must therefore occur in the future. So far from the notion of cause being illusory, the cause *is* the effect "in another relation," and the effect the procession of the cause. The identification by continuity of what the senses discriminate, and so, according to the reigning empiricism, disunite, is carried so far by Mr. Lewes that in his final chapter he affirms the psychic event which accompanies a tremor in the brain to *be* that tremor "in a different aspect."

His arguments we have not space to expose. One thing is obvious, however: that his results will meet with even greater disfavor from the empirics than from the ontologists in philosophy, and that the pupils of Mill and Bain in particular will find this bold identification of the sensibly diverse too mystical to pass muster. It is in fact the revival of the old Greek puzzle of the One and the Many — how each becomes the other — which they, if we apprehend them aright, have escaped by the simple expedient of suppressing the One. They will join hands too with the ontologists in conjuring up beyond the universe recognized by Mr. Lewes the spectre of an hypothetical possible Something, not a Zero — only the ontologists will not join them again in letting this fill the blank form of a logical reductive pure and simple, but will dub it the universe *in se*, or the universe as related to God, if Mr. Lewes still insists on their defining everything as in relation. That Mr. Lewes should say candidly of this thought that *he* is willing to ignore it, cannot restrain them. We may conclude, therefore, that ever-sprouting reflection, or skepticism, just as it preys on all other systems, may also in strict theoretic legitimacy prey upon the ultimate data of Mr. Lewes's Positivism taken as a whole; even though all men should end by admitting that within the bounds of that empirical whole, his views of the necessary continuity between the parts were true. To this reduction by a *plus ultra*, Mr. Lewes can only retort by saying, "Foolishness! So much ontologic thirst is a morbid appetite." But in doing this he simply falls back on the *act of faith* of all positivisms. Weary of the infinitely receding chase after a theoretically warranted Absolute, they return to their starting-point and break off there, like practical men, saying, "Physics, we espouse thee;

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for better or worse be thou our Absolute!"

Skepticism, or unrest, in short, can always have the last word. After every definition of an object, reflection may arise, infect it with the *cogito*, and so discriminate it from the object *in se*. This is possible *ad infinitum*. That we do not all do it is because at a certain point most of us get tired of the play, resolve to stop, and assuming something for true, pass on to a life of action based on that.

We wish that Mr. Lewes had emphasized this volitional moment in his Positivism. Although the consistent pyrrhonist is the only theoretically unassailable man, it does not follow that he is the right man. Between us and the universe, there are no "rules of the game." The important thing is that our judgments should be right, not that they should observe a logical etiquette. There is a brute, blind element in every thought which still has the vital heat within it and has not yet been reflected on. Our present thought always has it, we cannot escape it, and we for our part think philosophers had best acknowledge it, and avowedly *posit* their universe, staking their persons, so to speak, on the truth of their position. In practical life we despise a man who will risk nothing, even more than one who will heed nothing. May it not be that in the theoretic life the man whose scruples about flawless accuracy of demonstration keep him forever shivering on the brink of Belief is as great an imbecile as the man at the opposite pole, who simply consults his prophetic soul for the answer to everything? What is this but saying that our opinions about the nature of things belong to our moral life?

Mr. Lewes's personal fame will now stand or fall by the *credo* he has published. We do not think the fame should suffer, even though we reserve our assent to important parts of the creed. The book is full of vigor of thought and felicity of style, in spite of its diffuseness and repetition. It will refute many of the objections made by critics to the first volume; and will, we doubt not, be a most important ferment in the philosophic thought of the immediate future.

— In Mr. Boyesen's new novel,[1] as in the case of his Gunnar, we have first of all to greet a substantial success — and success with characters and scenery that will speak, of their nature, to a wider audience than his initial romance, popular as it is, addressed. But this done, there are some exceptions to be taken. The plot is as simple as possible; this, of course, we do not object to; but it is sometimes a good principle of art to graft upon the plain, sturdy stock of the primary motive a variety of situations, of counter motives and emotions, that strengthen as well as beautify the different parts. The Norseman's Pilgrimage is not wanting in change of *physical* and scenic situation, but the mental and spiritual pose and grouping are about the same all the way through. After the opening startle and adventure of the first chapter, and the encounter at the Venusberg, Varberg and Ruth Copley assume at once the relative position which is maintained by them up to the final pages; and the change from Leipsic to Strasburg, and from there to Norway, with all the splendor and pleasure of association that it involves, is really to a certain slight extent factitious in its interest. Besides this, we do not quite like the portrait of Ruth. No doubt the author has drawn with care from nature; but Ruth stands here, by a more or less strong implication, as a type of the best American girls, without any other figure to modify the effect produced by her. Though we recognize in her traits that are characteristic of many American young women, they are combined with certain elements of character — a dignity, a grave sweetness — that we think is not apt to coexist with them.

Especially we should say she lacks the accent of Boston girlhood, though it is that city that she hails from. We must not, however, neglect to mention the many skillful touches of character, both in her portrait and in those of others. Mrs. Elder is excellent. Too much cannot be said in praise of the way in which Thora is rendered, — that delicate, dreamy snow-maiden of the north who seems like the ghost of Varberg's haunting love for his motherland, and bears her disappointment with such sweet, pathetic silence. The whole description of the Norwegian homestead and the old grandparents is charming. Mr. Boyesen is as yet more harmonious in his pictures of Norway than in others; but his advances in the presentation of other things is decided and commendable; and with his remarkable command of English and rapidly developing style, therefore, we are prepared to see him introduce into our fictitious

[1] *A Norseman's Pilgrimage.* By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, author of Gunnar. New York: Sheldon and Company. 1875.

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literature elements of the liveliest interest and vigor, unused before.

— The inverted title of Mr. Calvert's collected essays [1] indicates their greatest fault: a certain pomposity of manner, a something which looks like verbal affectation. He has a remarkable affluence of words, which he is apt to dispose rather showily and fantastically, so that his style sometimes reminds us of the dress of those people who are a trifle too fond, for perfect taste, of making picturesque points in costume. Frequently Mr. Calvert's verbal magnificence is appropriate and striking, like that of Sainte-Beuve himself, for whom the American essayist has so healthful and honorable an enthusiasm. But then again he will disport himself in such expressions as "posited," "teemful," "transpicuous;" or strain after an aphorism with an effect of blank absurdity, as in the remark, "That no writer of limited faculties can have a style of high excellence ought to be a truism;" or airily cast off the ordinary bonds of English grammar, as where he says of Carlyle's Cromwell and Frederick, "Such giants, carrying nations on their broad fronts, Mr. Carlyle in writing their lives with duteous particularity has embraced the full story of the epoch in which each was a leader." These eccentricities are the more remarkable because Mr. Calvert in the essay entitled Errata proclaims himself exceedingly sensitive in the matter of "English undefiled," and is certainly hypercritical in his censure of the use of "another" for "other" in the expression "on one ground or another." "Now," he says, "*another*, the prefix *an* making it singular, embraces but one ground or cause, and therefore, contrary to the purpose of the writer, the words mean that there are but two grounds or causes." This seems to us nonsense. The prefix *an* is the indefinite article. Derivatively, of course, it means one: *unus, ein;* but practically it means one of a class, in this case and in many others any one, not one to the exclusion of the rest. However, other is shorter than another, and so, if for no other reason, it is usually better. And it would be invidious to emphasize too strongly the trifling blemishes on Mr. Calvert's work, since his little volume contains so much of refined literary insight, delicate criticism, and writing which is truly and justifiably *fine*. The essay on Dante and his Recent Translators not only glows with enthusiasm for the great Florentine, but shows the nicest possible discrimination of the merits of his translators, and is full of valuable suggestion for poetical translators generally. Mr. Calvert's analysis of the *terza rima* is so fascinating, and his defense of it so eloquent, that we could wish he had adopted it in his own highly concentrated octosyllabic versions.

The very interesting and valuable paper entitled Sainte-Beuve the Critic reflects much of the great master's own spirit and method, and we cannot wonder that he himself was made happy by it. We are particularly grateful to Mr. Calvert for his generosity in appending to his essay the lovely and characteristic letter in which in the last year of his life M. Sainte-Beuve thanked him for his appreciation. "It is always amazing to me," wrote the gracious Frenchman, "and in the present case more so than ever, to see how a friendly reader and a nice judge can contrive to construct a simple and consistent figure out of what looks to me in the retrospect like the course of a long river which goes meandering along with little care for declivities, and is perpetually deserting its banks. Portraits like that which you offer me give me a resting-place, and could almost make me believe in myself." Extraordinary as these words sound on the lips of the prince of critics, those who have studied M. Sainte-Beuve most deeply best know how sincerely they were said. He who can become so absorbed in discerning the excellences of others that a chance glimpse of his own affords him pleasant surprise is no egotist at heart, whatever he may transiently appear, and to this nobler class of critics Mr. Calvert himself belongs. Carlyle, of whom his next essay treats, is always absorbed in the vices and meannesses of men. He is the precise antipodes of Sainte-Beuve as a critic, and the juxtaposition of these, two of the most important and carefully studied papers in Mr. Calvert's book, seems to us peculiarly happy.

— There are moods when everything presents itself to the mind with something of that sheen which comes of nearly closing the eyes, on a sunny day, and letting the light shred itself into fine silken strands. It appears to us that Mr. Harrison [2] chooses for his writing only such intellectual moments

[1] *Essays Æsthetical.* By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1875.

[2] *A Group of Poets and their Haunts.* By JAMES ALBERT HARRISON. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1875.

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as correspond to this description, and the delicate-colored rays which he amuses himself with are fine-spun literary associations, or dreamy reminiscences of towns and places famous in history. We employ the term *chooses* advisedly; for the glimpse we get in this volume of the author's resources leads us to believe that he might employ his forces in other ways, but that he has selected this as the most fitting. Of course, every one has a right to decide whether he will wait, before putting pen to paper, until he finds himself entirely disposed to treat everything in a flowery manner, and to give utterance to only the rosiest and roundest of phrases; but in making the decision, he should not forget that this course will inevitably lead to a certain amount of monotony in his productions and of satiety in his reader. Mr. Harrison has not escaped that consequence. The essays in this collection all strike nearly the same notes; there are far too many classical allusions, and some of them are repeated, Hybla and Hymettus coming in, in several different papers, at about the same angle of incidence. "The shadow of the lemon and the ilex rolled into the purpled glooms where lovers are fain to walk, or sculptors to muse, or painters to loiter and watch the delicate susceptibilities of *chiaro-oscuro* on an Italian noonday," applied to the darkness overlaying Boccaccio's biography, is a mild instance of the ornate language of the writer, in which, nevertheless, a good deal of his conventional freedom of appropriate allusion is discoverable. Elsewhere he dips into drastic frankness, speaking of the Catacombs that "riot and run like estuaries of hell through leagues of moldering bones . . . . foul with gases and oozing at every pore with the ichor of centuries;" and at times he undertakes the grim and dexterous humor of Carlyle; but the grand trouble in each of these cases is that all is done for the sake of the doing and not in the service of any large, distinct, or connected thought. The conclusions Mr. Harrison arrives at are sometimes well enough, sometimes not; but they are too obvious, and the expression of them is too much flustered with fine writing. We have the form and aspect of substantial criticism, without its legitimate structure. It is *boned* criticism, as we may say; and as such we accept it — a delicacy, not a staple of diet. Sometimes, too, he is quite out of his key, and then everything falls flat. The paper on Lord Byron's Italian Haunts is vulgar and distressing. A great breadth of expression is here and sometimes elsewhere imprudently borrowed from the armory of powerful writers who have known how to control its movements to a hair's-breadth. One cannot be severe toward Mr. Harrison, however, for it is evident that he has read much, and that he desires to be thoroughly literary. His book comes from the South, whence it is pleasant to get anything that speaks of an advance which we feel sure the future ought to see in that quarter; but there is really nothing in his style that has local meaning, except its over-ornateness. We should have been glad to find, had it been by the subtlest fibre in his thought, that Mr. Harrison is possessed by his nationality; but it does not appear. Still, one may read his book with a great deal of pleasure, if only for the ground it revisits with its anecdotes and its musings about Heine, Tasso, Béranger, Jasmin the Troubadour, Hawthorne, and much besides. The author's careful culture of phrases leads sometimes to the happiest hits, as when he calls Goethe "the great ice-artist." "There is something in the air of Italy," he says "that embalms and perpetuates. . . . This air of the *herbarium*" is present "in all that relates to early Italian literary history." The best of the chapters are those on Heine, Chénier and Baudelaire having in them more of direct treatment; that on Bellman, the Swedish improvisatore, is a passionate eulogy which can appeal only to those who are acquainted with the poet whose memory incites it.

— Dr. Coues's new work on the Birds of the Northwest[1] is one that will not only prove attractive to the general reader, but will be indispensable to the working ornithologist, so satisfactorily has Dr. Coues performed the task he so earnestly set himself to do. The work is marked throughout by a thoroughness that only natural aptitude, patient industry, and a long familiarity with the subject could give. It is, in short, the work of a master, and one which will add to the reputation of the already distinguished author. The volume forms the third of the miscellaneous publications of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, in charge of Dr. F. V. Hayden. The work, as we learn from

[1] *Birds of the Northwest: a Handbook of the Ornithology of the Region drained by the Missouri River and its Tributaries.* By ELLIOT COUES, Captain and Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1874.

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the Introduction, is based in great part on the material collected in former years by Dr. Hayden himself, together with that more recently collected under his direction in connection with the work of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories. Naturalists have long been indebted to Dr. Hayden for his extended and conscientious field-work, and they are now — especially ornithologists — placed under renewed obligations by the publication, by his authorization, of this elaborate report upon his ornithological collections.

The region embraced in this work is the so-called Missouri region, in its broadest sense, the whole watershed of that great river and its tributaries being the scene of the chief part of Dr. Hayden's ornithological field-work. While the work refers mainly to the so-called middle faunal province of the continent, it also overlaps the boundaries of both the eastern and western provinces, thus including not only most of the birds of the Atlantic States, but a large proportion of those of the Rocky Mountains. As the birds of the Missouri region, in common with those of North America generally, had already been repeatedly and sufficiently described, the author very properly deemed it needless to increase the text by including full technical descriptions, and in this respect has contented himself with adding descriptions of states of plumage not before properly recorded. The geographical distribution of the species, however, has received the attention its special importance deserves, the range of all the species and varieties being traced throughout their respective *habitats* with greater detail than in any hitherto published work. The elaboration of these points necessarily involved a thorough examination of the literature of American ornithology. That subsequent investigators might be saved much of the drudgery this necessary work entailed, Dr. Coues has published in the present work the most extended lists of bibliographical references yet presented in any work treating of North American birds. Besides giving the synonymy in full, he has cited all the important references to each species, in many cases indicating the character of the notices cited by such remarks as "critical," "anatomical," etc., and, in case of faunal lists, stating the locality specified and whether the species is common or rare. These elaborate reference lists "not only serve," as the author truly says, "as a guide to research, and as vouchers for facts of geographical distribution, but they also have a direct bearing upon the important matter of nomenclature, fixity and precision of which are nowhere more desirable than in the natural sciences, where names become in a great measure the exponents of biological generalizations."

The biographical matter is freshly prepared, and the greater part of it has never before been published. In his Introduction Dr. Coues acknowledges special favors in the way of original observations communicated to him in MS. from Mr. T. M. Trippe, Mr. J. A. Allen, Mr. J. Stevenson, Dr. J. M. Wheaton, and others, and he draws liberally upon the recently published local lists of the birds of different portions of the West for facts that have not before found their way into a general treatise. It thus happens that his biographical notices are very unequal in length, rarely exceeding a few lines for the well-known Eastern species, while for some of the less-known Western forms they range from one or two pages in length to ten pages. These sketches are the first detailed biographical accounts we have had of some of the birds of the far West. His long sojourn in different parts of the West and his explorations along the northern boundary-line have given him abundant opportunity to become personally familiar with the Western species, and his notes bear the impress of his actual contact with the species in their natural haunts. The following is a paragraph from his account of the long-crested jay of the Rocky Mountains (*Cyanurus Stelleri* var. *macrolophus*):

"All jays make their share of noise in the world; they fret and scold about trifles, quarrel over anything, and keep everything in a ferment when they are about. The particular kind we are now talking about is nowise behind his fellows in these respects — a stranger to modesty and forbearance, and the many gentle qualities that charm us in some little birds and endear them to us; he is a regular filibuster, ready for any sort of adventure that promises sport or spoil, even if spiced with danger. Sometimes he prowls about alone, but oftener has a band of choice spirits with him, who keep each other in countenance (for our jay is a coward at heart, like other bullies) and share the plunder on the usual terms in such cases, of each one taking all he can get. Once I had a chance of seeing a band of these guerrillas on a raid; they went at it in good style, but came off very badly in-

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deed. A vagabond troop made a descent upon a bush-clump, where, probably, they expected to find eggs to suck, or at any rate a chance for mischief and amusement. To their intense joy, they surprised a little owl quietly digesting his grasshoppers with both eyes shut. Here was a lark, and a chance to wipe out a part of the score that the jays keep against owls for injuries received time out of mind. In the tumult that ensued, the little birds scurried off, the woodpeckers overhead stopped tapping to look on, and a snake that was basking in a sunny spot concluded to crawl into his hole. The jays lunged furiously at their enemy, who sat helpless, bewildered by the sudden onslaught, trying to look as big as possible, with his wings set for bucklers and his bill snapping; meanwhile twisting his head till I thought he would wring it off, trying to look all ways at once. The jays, emboldened by partial success, grew more impudent, till their victim made a break through their ranks and flapped into the heart of a neighboring juniper, hoping to be protected by the tough, thick foliage. The jays went trooping after, and I hardly know how the fight would have ended had I not thought it time to take a hand in the game myself. I secured the owl first, it being the interesting pygmy owl (*Glaucidium*), and then shot four of the jays before they made up their minds to be off. The collector has no better chance to enrich his cabinet than when the birds are quarreling; and so it has been with the third party in a difficulty ever since the monkey divided the cheese for the two cats."

His whole account of the sparrow-hawk is worthy of transcription, as is that of the burrowing owl, the latter from the special interest attaching to the subject of the sketch; but lack of space forbids. He devotes a page to the myth of the supposed harmonious relations of the owls, prairie-dogs, and rattlesnakes, which he thus holds up to ridicule: —

"According to the dense bathos of such nursery tales, in this underground Elysium the snakes give their rattles to the puppies to play with, the old dogs cuddle the owlets, and farm out their own litters to the grave and careful birds; when an owl and dog come home paw-in-wing, they are often mistaken by their respective progeny, the little dogs nosing the owls in search of the maternal font, and the old dogs left to wonder why the baby owls will not nurse. It is a pity to spoil a good story for the sake of a few facts," he adds, and then proceeds to give the facts.

Under the head of the white-headed eagle he takes occasion to say what all ornithologists concur in, and this may be well repeated, since supposed specimens of Audubon's mythical "bird of Washington" are recurring with, to the ornithologist, nauseating frequency, solely from the lack of a knowledge of just these facts. "From the circumstance that several years (at least three) are required for the gaining of the perfect plumage, when the head and tail are entirely white, it follows that 'gray eagles' and 'birds of Washington' are much the more frequently met with. Those who, unpracticed in ornithology, may be puzzled by accounts of numerous eagles, may be interested to know that only *two* species have ever been found in the United States. In any plumage they may be instantly distinguished by the legs — feathered to the toes in *Aquila chrysaëtus* [golden eagle], naked on the whole shank in *Haliaëtus leucocephalus* [white-headed eagle]."

The members of the grouse family come in for a large share of attention, very full biographies being given of nearly all the Western species. The sharp-tailed grouse, for instance, comes in for ten pages; the sage cock, or cock-of-the-plains, for six; and the white-tailed ptarmigan, the plumed and the Massena quails for about equally extended notices.

As previously stated, the book includes the greater part of the species of North American land-birds. All the gallinæ, or the grouse and their allies, are included, while complete monographs are given of the *Laridæ* (gulls, terns, etc.), *Colymbidæ* (loons), and the *Podicipidæ* (grebes). The raptorial birds of the continent also nearly all find a place, though sometimes only the synonomy and bibliographical references are given of the extra-limital species, and these are added in foot-notes. For this the working ornithologist will be grateful, adding, as it does, greatly to the scientific value and usefulness of the book. Many points in the work of a more technical character might well be noticed, showing the advanced ground held by the author on the leading biological questions of the day, but the present notice already exceeds its intended limits. A few minor defects might also be pointed out, but they are generally of too little importance to require special mention. Of the typography of the work, it is probably sufficient to say that it is from the Government

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Printing Office and is uniform in style with the usual department reports. While there is little æsthetically to redeem it, the work is exceptionally free from typographical errors. An exhaustive index of fifty-three pages closes the volume, which contains upwards of eight hundred closely-printed pages, and forms a monument to the patience and industry of the author that any one might well be proud of.

— A more unattractive book of travels than the Rev. Mr. Haven's Our Next-Door Neighbor: A Winter in Mexico,[1] it would be hard to find. The author had the advantage of going through a land which lies almost entirely out of the range of the ordinary tourist's journeys, and with regard to which definite information would have been agreeable and useful; but instead of writing a book that should tell us about the country he saw, and the people he met, he has filled nearly five hundred octavo pages with poor jokes, denunciation of the Roman Catholic church, a very confused account of his adventures, and a very thorough exhibition of his own prejudices. A few extracts will, perhaps, illustrate these remarks. At Progreso, in Yucatan, he met a Spaniard and his wife, a Cuban, with their three adopted daughters, one a white girl, another with African blood in her veins, the third an Indian. Of this singularly formed family he writes as follows: "Our ignorance of Spanish put a barrier between us, but their bearing was sisterly and filial; and we accepted this index of the New America as a token of the superiority of Yucatan over the United States, and a proof of the fitness of the name of the town. Had many an American father recognized, not his adopted, but his actual family, a like variety would have been visible about the paternal board. It will yet be, and without sin or shame, as in this cultivated circle." Such is Mr. Haven's notion of progress.

Only one of his remarks about religion need be quoted. He is describing Sunday in Vera Cruz. "The shops are open, the workmen busy. The church is attended once, as in the mummeries this morning. Then the circus came running down the street, the clown and two pretty boys ahead, preparatory to performing outside the walls. It was the first band of music I had heard on Sunday since that which awoke me in Detroit last summer. How sad and striking the resemblance! Shall our German infidelity and mis-education make our land like Mexico? Or shall a holy faith and a holy life make this land like the New England of our fathers? As Mr. Lincoln said, 'Our nation must be all slave or all free;' and as one infinitely greater said, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand;' so America, North and South, the United States and Mexico, must be all Christian in its Sabbath sanctity, or all diabolic."

It would be only too easy to make further excerpts illustrative of the author's generous temper and profound wisdom, but we forbear. A book more defective in every thing demanded by what is called good taste, it would be hard to find; it is a lamentable monument of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. Still it should be borne in mind that the volume is probably made up from letters hastily written for publication in a journal which had readers not averse to the tendencies the author shows. But in publishing them in book form and offering them to a larger public, the author does a very bold thing, which cannot be too severely condemned.

— The design of Mr. Jones's volume on Africa[2] is worthy of praise, and if it is not completely carried into execution, enough has been done to make the book not only interesting — it could not fail to be that — but also serviceable. Within a few years African literature has grown enormously, and those who have read the rapidly succeeding accounts of what has been done by different explorers have found it hard to bear in their minds exactly what had been done by their predecessors, and all the shifting details of African geography. For such this volume will be found a useful condensation. The first chapter contains some general information with regard to the different divisions of the continent, of the various races inhabitating it, and of the animals and vegetation to be found there. The accounts of earlier African travelers are very brief; the bulk of the book is devoted to synopses from the reports of Livingstone, Barth, Overwig, Richardson, Schweinfurth, Du Chaillu, Baker, Burton, Speke and Grant, Magyar, Serval, and Anderson. It must be noticed that it is not a

[1] *Our Next-Door Neighbor: A Winter in Mexico.* By GILBERT HAVEN, author of Pilgrim's Wallet, National Sermons, The Sailor Preacher, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

[2] *Africa. The History of Exploration and Adventure, as given in the Leading Authorities, from Herodotus to Livingstone.* By C. H. JONES. Map and Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

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complete list of the explorers of that country, but so far as the book goes it presents in an intelligible form the results these explorers have obtained. This will be found a valuable volume, and it may well be recommended to those who supply books for school and town libraries. Parents, too, who have sons interested in books of travel, cannot do better than place it in their hands.

French and German.[1]

The first volume of M. d'Ideville's Journal d'un Diplomate [2] was noticed in these pages about two years ago, and attention was called to its value and interest. This third volume contains his notes taken in Dresden and Athens in the years 1867 and 1868, and will be found no less entertaining reading. For some unexplained reason the account of the stay in Greece, although it comes first in time, follows in the book that of the residence in Dresden; probably the author thought information about Germany would find more readers nowadays in France than would that concerning any other country, but still, since a very large number of Americans are familiar with Dresden and but few with Greece, most of us will turn first to what is said of this unhappy monarchy. M. d'Ideville found it a lamentably dull country to live in. We hear less about brigands, to be sure, than we do in the journals and conversations of those bold tourists who wait over a steamer and detect a brigand in every peasant; indeed, the French minister found dullness his greatest foe, and hardly mentions the bandits. The peculiarities of the people he naturally speedily detected; a certain indifference to exactitude occasionally struck him, and he states that it is the habit of young Greeks to enter the service of the English and French residents, in order to acquire those languages against the day when they shall enter diplomatic life, and be appointed ambassadors abroad or ministers at home. His authority for this statement was his landlord, who had himself had an experience very much of this sort. Indeed, the Greek mind has shown itself to be not yet wholly exhausted, by devising the ingenious improvement of giving a pension to all who have ever held a position under government, and since almost every inhabitant of the city has received a fair education at home or a liberal one abroad, and there is actually no business done in the whole country, the government purse has to maintain all the citizens. The Greeks are certainly not deficient in skill and energy; their success in other countries shows this; but at home they probably find it easier to have a change of ministry and to try their luck that way, than to be the first in the country to introduce great changes in the way of commerce or manufactures.

It will be remembered that M. d'Ideville was in Italy during the years in which that country was regaining its independence; the period described in this volume was one less troublous and important. He was in Greece at the time of the Cretan "revolution," as all rebellions are now called in the newspapers, and he was an eye-witness of the following curious incident: The Turks brought back to the Piræus about four hundred Cretan volunteers, whom they had captured and did not care to treat as prisoners-of-war; they were willing to let them land with all of their arms, equipments, etc., when suddenly those brave Greeks who had stayed at home, and, apparently, read ancient history, refused to receive again those who failed of success in the war. The civilians, indeed, went so far as to push the returning soldiers into the water, so that one, at least, was drowned, and it was only after the use of both force and diplomacy that peace was restored.

Of Saxony the author has a different story to tell. He seems to have found Dresden as strange as Greece, though in a different way. He throws no light on German politics other than that possessed by all who have not completely forgotten the events of the last few years. Bismarck figures continually in the background, and generally as a thing of evil. Being ignorant of the German language, M. d'Ideville was compelled to fill his diary with very meagre and scrappy notes about matters which were sure to catch the eye of an outsider sooner than that of one familiar with the country. The Circus Renz, gossip about Prussian sentinels, Bismarck's plans of conquering the whole of Europe, and similar trifles take the place which might better have been devoted to more

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

[2] *Journal d'un Diplomate en Allemagne et en Grèce.* Notes intimes pouvant servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire. Dresde — Athènes. 1867–68 Par Henry d'Ideville. Paris. 1875.

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serious matters. It is no wonder that France was ignorant of the condition of Germany at the beginning of the last war, for M. d'Ideville's amount of information may probably be taken as a fair sample of the condition of most of the French embassies in Germany at that time, and he was confident, apparently, that Saxony and Prussia would be on different sides in case of a foreign war. M. d'Ideville's book is of service, however, if for no other purpose than that of showing what France demanded of its representatives in foreign parts. M. d'Ideville is very little of a Machiavelli, but his harmless gossip is often entertaining.

— A brief biography of Madame de Girardin[1] is principally remarkable for the very scanty information it gives about that lady, and interesting almost entirely by means of the letters addressed to her by different correspondents who are well known to fame. Such are Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Rachel, whose letters are the most interesting of the volume. Madame de Girardin, whose maiden name was Delphine Gay, first became known in the *salon* of Madame Récamier, where she received many compliments from Chateaubriand, and others of the brilliant people who assembled there. Chateaubriand's letters are very courtly; Lamartine's, which are more numerous, are very characteristic of the man, with their smooth-tongued eloquence, their complacent mention of his success and popularity, and the numerous complaints at his misfortunes. The most attractive, on the whole, are those of Rachel, who seems to have been a warm friend of Madame de Girardin. This little volume contains a brief sketch of Rachel's life, as it was told the author by the great actress's sister. Their father, M. Félix, was the son of a poor laborer; he married the daughter of a tradesman of Mühlhausen, against the consent of her family, which had once been wealthy, and supported her and their sixteen children by selling handkerchiefs, needles, etc., at fairs. He was from Alsace, and knew almost no French; "he spoke only German, but," the biographer tells us, "he was intelligent; he sang with a pleasant tenor voice, and he was passionately fond of Schiller, and knew by heart the finest passages of his poems."

Naturally his large family was not luxuriously cared for, and it was at the age of four that Rachel and her sister joined some little Italian children in their public performances in the street, and brought home their meagre collections to their father, who was too proud to accept them. Before long, however, this became a common method of increasing the family wealth. A singing-teacher heard them once in the street, and took them gratuitously into his class, and after his death, in 1833, they entered the conservatory. They made their first appearance together in opera. In 1837 Rachel appeared at the Gymnase, and in the next year at the Français. Madame de Girardin, in her husband's paper, the Presse, was one of the first to praise her. Garcia, be it said by the way, made her first appearance at the same time. Of Rachel's subsequent career there is no need of writing here. She retained her affection for Madame de Girardin, who, it will be remembered, wrote for the great actress some plays which still hold the stage; perhaps as well known as any of these is Lady Tartuffe.

As has been said, the biographical part of this volume is not very satisfactory, but such as is given is tolerably entertaining. Delphine Gay was one of the brilliant women of a brilliant period: her mother knew every one, so that she at an early age made useful and agreeable acquaintances; she was very beautiful; indeed, she wrote a poem on the joy of being handsome. At first she naturally fell into some of the faults of the period, and from Lamartine she learned a mournful tone, but for a good part she maintained her originality. One of the singular things of Émile de Girardin's life was his marrying this celebrated woman. He was the illegitimate son of General de Girardin, and in defiance of law and custom had taken his father's name when, after some difficulty, he had learned it. He had known already curious adventures, and his marriage did not take place without difficulty, inasmuch as he was unable to produce a register of his birth. Several witnesses, however, averred that they had known him in 1822 or 1823, and that he appeared at that time about eighteen years old, and that was considered sufficient. He found her always one of the best of wives.

She died June 29, 1855, leaving a request to Lamartine that he should finish her poem of Madeleine. She said, "I formerly hoped for much from M. de Lamartine's friendship. I have always found him

[1] *Madame de Girardin avec des Lettres inédites de Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Mlle. Rachel.* Paris. 1875.

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kind and obliging, but never wholly devoted. This coldness was the first illusion I was freed from. When I am dead, he will not refuse this my last wish." But he did; the letter had been written twenty years before her death, and at this time Lamartine felt reluctant to undertake the task, and he declined it.

—M. Littré has collected a certain number of such of his essays as have more general interest into a volume entitled Littérature et Histoire,[1] which is to take its place by the side of his miscellaneous writings on medicine, the barbarians of the Middle Ages, the French language, etc. In his preface he gives his readers a most interesting personal explanation. He says he has not always done what he wanted to do, but that he has never done anything he did not want to do. He reminds us that he has never held an official position as instructor, that his philosophical opinions have been of a sort to act as an insurmountable obstacle, that when in 1871 M. Gambetta appointed him to the chair of history at the Polytechnic School of Bordeaux, the opposition was intense from the clerical journals of the province. He has also stood firm against receiving any decoration. In this volume we find articles contributed to the papers of forty-five years ago, and others of more recent date, but all are characterized by the same solid merit. One of the later articles, written in 1870, compares Aristophanes and Rabelais, the two satirists who saw the coming decay of their respective civilizations. Of Greece he says it would have been necessary, in order to survive shipwreck, that it should have had material power and size sufficient to withstand the numerous encroachments of outsiders, and an intellectual basis capable of enduring the most searching discussion. But the first of these conditions was impossible; even Rome succumbed to outside barbarians, and in ancient times there was not that difference between civilized men and barbarians that there is at present, thanks to the many mechanical inventions. As to the other, the Greek mythology was far from being firmly enough established to resist ridicule and indifference. The only hope seemed to be in trying to recall the past, but that was never successful. What was needed was the scientific spirit. This Aristophanes laughed at, but Rabelais, in his time, felt the forces that were about to regenerate society, and gave expression to them.

In an interesting article about Madame de Sévigné he begins with something of the spirit of the lexicographer, finding in a new edition of the letters certain phrases set right which had given him trouble in making his dictionary. Previous editors had corrected foolishly, stricken out obscure words, explained ineptly; and he gives many examples which show that these letters had suffered more from unworthy hands than have even our old English dramatists. But after this side-play he goes on to write with authority an excellent essay, which may well be commended to readers of French. A good part of it treats instructively of the peculiarities of our language.

Another good article is that on Don Quixote, and it will be, moreover, with some curiosity that the reader will turn to the translations from Schiller, which seem, at any rate to the foreigner, to be accurate and good. Perhaps even more attention will be attracted by M. Littré's own poems, which have the peculiar merit of his prose writings, namely, that of expressing some thought in intelligible language. Littré is not the only writer of a dictionary who has written poetry. Of these few pieces perhaps La Viellesse is the best. This volume, which is the last one the author proposes to make of selections, certainly contains honorable memorials of a well-spent life, and is deserving of attention.

—Mr. Krez's poems[2] are the tuneful stammerings of an essentially lyrical nature, abounding in feeling, but unendowed with the gift of song. The sentiment, although apparently sincere, is never strong enough to lift the phrase above the commonplace; it struggles painfully for utterance, takes at times a brief and ill-sustained flight, and then relapses into unmitigated prose.

The situation of a man whose basis of culture is that of the Old World, and whose sympathies and interests constantly draw him away from his actual sphere of life, is, to be sure, not absolutely new, but still offers numerous opportunities for new effects. To the poet, the emigrant life is as yet practically a fallow field. But whether it be in voice or in vision that Mr. Krez is lacking, it is certain that he has either not seen his chances, or, seeing them, has felt the inadequacy of his powers to realize them

[1] *Littérature et Histoire.* Par É. LITTRÉ, de l'Institut Paris. 1875.

[2] *Aus Wisconsin.* Gedichte von KONRAD KREZ. New York: E. Steiger. 1875.

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in song. If occasionally he strikes a true note, the voice of some greater poet invariably vibrates audibly through his verse. If the poem entitled Ein Traumgesicht had been a professed imitation of Heine, could it have struck more distinctly the characteristic Heine chords? Let any one judge: —

Oft plagt ein böser Traum mich,
Er wird sich leider erwahren:
Ich sehe die Geliebte
Als Braut in die Kirche fahren.

Es sitzen Myrtenblüten
Und weisze Maienglocken,
So einfach wie sie selber,
Zu ihren blonden Locken.

Es sitzt an ihrer Seite
So einer von den Schranzen
Die nach dem Amtsblatt hassen,
Und lieben nach Ordonanzen.

O dasz ihm doch die Geier
Das Herz aus dem Leibe hackten!
So einer soll dich lieben?
Das steht nicht in den Akten.

Longing for the Rhine and the lost associations of youth, brooding regret (often with a touch of disdain) at the joylessness of our barren, materialistic life on this side of the ocean, and now and then a characteristically German apostrophe to "Wein, Weib, und Gesang," — these are the distinctive themes more or less successfully varied, through one hundred and thirty-nine pages of Krez's collection. His verse is often defective in rhythm; his ear is not sensitive enough to manage the subtler cadences in the long-sustained roll of the hexameter. Among the translations, of which the volume contains several, those from Anacreon strike us as the best.

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ART.

A RECENT discussion, provoked by the juxtaposition of Veronese's Marriage of St. Catherine with some remarkable works by the French master, Millet, in Mr. Shaw's loan-collection at the Athenæum, seems to us peculiarly interesting. It has brought forward for a second time the sharp difference of opinion among teachers of art and painters in Boston and Cambridge, which the publication of Mr. Hunt's Talks on Art had revealed in the spring. Mr. Moore, of Harvard College, in writing to the Boston Advertiser, praised some of the qualities of the Veronese at the expense of Millet. "Let one's eyes get filled with this work," he writes, "and then turn toward the loose sketching of modern French pictures. . . . Take No. 91, for example. This is what the modern French school understand by broad and suggestive painting. . . . This vague and inaccurate drawing indicates shallow grasp of a subject. . . . The loose and meaningless dashes of paint in the work of the Frenchman indicate that he is not a master." These strictures called out some energetic rejoinders — among them a note from Mr. Hunt, epigrammatic, but somewhat too headlong to plant any effective blow; indeed, it contained an assumption that Mr. Moore had ranked Millet as a "trifler," which nothing in the former's letter could warrant. After careful reference, we understand Mr. Moore to complain merely that "shallow grasp" is manifest in No. 91, and that Millet and Corôt are not "exemplary masters in execution." These complaints, however, are serious, and it is at least very unfortunate that Mr. Moore should have entirely overlooked those pieces characteristic of Millet, namely, The Sower, The Cooper, the powerful study of two figures sitting on a hillside, and the small picture called Sheep Shearing. No. 91 is a landscape, hardly justifying its painter's fame: the sentiment is vague, and the modeling very deficient. But then, Millet is chiefly a painter of figures, and should be met on his own ground, as the depicter of peasant life *par excellence*. Courbet, Corôt, Daubigny, Rousseau, Diaz, and Jacques form the reserve which the assailant of French landscape is compelled to encounter. Mr. Moore's mistake seems to have been the confounding of the defects in Millet's minor landscape with certain errors which he considers inevitable in all "broad" French art. The chief of these is said by him to be a want of detail, and of characterization. Characterization Millet certainly possesses, of a massive and peculiar kind. He steeped himself with his subject, and powerfully stamped its leading traits on his canvas. As for detail, it seems to us that two things have been included under this term, namely, actual detail, and the *effect* of detail. Now, Veronese's Marriage gives us both; but in Millet we find the two separated. Observe in the Sheep Shearing the exquisite *effect* of detail; and for the other, turn to the masterly drawing of the peasant's shirt, in that hill-side study, No. 85. There is abundant proof in these pictures of Millet's force in drawing, though his management of the paint seems to be blind and confusing. We have seen etchings by this master which in precision and power recall Dürer and Holbein, though distinctly individual; but his color swallows up many of his merits. It is easy to understand a preference for Veronese's solid, intelligent, and above all thoroughly healthy painting, and we can appreciate Mr. Moore's admiration for a style at once so general and so particular, so fearlessly distinct yet so thoroughly well related in its parts as this of the great Venetian's. Indeed, it is difficult to suppose that Mr. Hunt and the anonymous upholders of Millet really intend to place the French master on the *same* plane with Veronese. Millet has not that supreme command of resources, nor that simple, large, contented, and somewhat unintellectual outlook that marks Veronese, but neither had Veronese the spiritual keenness, the weird imagination, of the Frenchman. On the other hand, Mr. Moore ignores the fact that mastery may be of different kinds; and, though we may admit a share of truth in his hint that Millet is not "exemplary . . . in execution" (to Corôt this cannot, in our opinion, apply), we suppose few persons will sympathize in strictures so general as to intimate that "French art" is wholly without merits worthy of emulation. But it is evident that each party to the discussion has had more than one aim

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In Mr. Moore's generalizations we detect a dread of the predominating influence of French painting in this country, and especially in Massachusetts; and in the unnecessary heat of some of his adversaries, injurious to a cause well-grounded enough in itself, there would seem to be proof of a latent irritation, conscious of the opinions it has to expect from Mr. Moore. For ourselves, we think a certain amount of protest against exclusive French influence salutary, but we regret any state of things which may prevent reasonable and observant remonstrance from having its due weight. Mr. Moore clearly calls attention to excellences in Veronese which we do not easily find developed to the same magnificent stature in recent French painters, and probably no one of his opponents would have denied this statement, had it been advanced in a manner favorable to a pacific hearing. Neglect to note the short-comings of French painting, on the part of those who look almost exclusively to that source of artistic training, is certainly not without its dangers. But perhaps it is not chimerical to suppose that, the smoke of this skirmish clearing off, both sides may find themselves in a more frank and mutually approachable position.

— Some spirited pieces — paintings, charcoal-sketches, and photographs — shown at Mr. Blakeslee's rooms, recently, and peculiarly interesting when looked at in the light of the controversy just noticed, presented Mr. Hunt's different characteristics as a painter in very concise form. We had here the glimpse from Florida, — white house, rosy cloud, violet water, and orange-dotted greenery; the classic grace that black and white in skillful hands can impart to river-fringing trees and a pair of Watertown spires; and the nervous characterization that has brought Mr. Hunt his fame as a portrait-painter. Then there was a Laughing Girl, a Boy and Butterfly, an Elaine. The latter was not a successful conception, making, so far as we could see, no claim to dramatic realization of the character. The Boy and Butterfly (photograph) was graceful and good, the Laughing Girl superb. No one of our other Boston painters, we think, has yet come very near Mr. Hunt's standpoint in portraiture and landscape, and it is always agreeable to get a glimpse of work so suggestive as that shown here, and so frequently powerful and sufficient. Miss Knowlton's contributions were equal in number to her master's, but her considerable skill has thus far only served her in what, it can hardly be disguised, is candid imitation. All the apples from Mr. Hunt's bough have fallen not far from it; but this must be laid as much to the score of gravitation as to the artist's influence. An admirable head "by a pupil" (Miss Knowlton?) seemed to promise real poetic perception in the executor of it; and Miss Ellen Hale sent in an excellent little Orange-Seller, — a simple effect of contrasted oranges and lemons and a boy's white shirt-sleeve. To be sure, everything in the collection had a French accent; though this was more especially the case with the landscape, which in every way made a poorer show than the heads.

Now, Mr. Inness (whom we are glad to have in this country again) lately placed at Messrs. Doll and Richards's some large and very remarkable landscapes, which do him more than credit, and compare very curiously with these of the Hunt group. One of them is a sunset — a calm, golden glory overspreading the sky beyond a simple stretch of grass and road and stone wall. A heavy cluster of trees stands directly against the light, on the not distant horizon, wearing that peculiar look of being on the very topmost point of earth which heavy trees always bear in such conjunction, and through a low opening in the mass the quiet glare bores its way with a resistless and concentrated but unobtrusive splendor that we scarcely remember to have seen equaled. Nearer, a farmer sits in a gap of the wall (or rocky outcrop), also against the sky; his humble and weary inactivity emphasizing with strange power the gorgeous quietude of the heaven behind him. At the left, two cattle are walking slowly in upon the scene. Even more powerful is the huge canvas opposite — the pine grove of the Barbarini Villa, with a bit of meadowy foreground, and far down beyond the grove, the dully purpled Mediterranean. There is no controlling incident of sunset or other similar phenomenon here, but the painter, first choosing that most difficult of effects, the look *downward* upon a wide vista, has so treated these immense, eternal-looking stone-pines, the few olives in front of them, and the white gleam of Pompey's tomb on the left, as to impart in its full strength that dim, historic horror and that pathetic beauty of the broad landscape which dwell so subtly in it as to seem out of reach of any but a literary embodiment. A similar result is obtained in the pines and the olives; and these three, as they are the most peculiar

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are also the most powerful in the room. According to mood and individual preference, other spectators than ourselves will have got more or less pleasure out of the view near Leeds, New York, the scene from Monte Luce, and the Oak Grove near Perugia, all of which are full of merit, and of a certain massive and rugged beauty characteristic of Mr. Inness. The Washing Place at Pretela, with its misty, tapestry-like effect, will hardly have met with as much favor, we imagine; and justly. In all of these works, the painter's incompleteness appears to some extent, and the Italian scenes are not true to the coloring and atmosphere of their localities. Mr. Inness, as we have before hinted,[1] is strongly influenced by his moods; but we believe we may congratulate him on having developed from his later phase some of the most powerful pictures that he has yet given us.

They are all treated with a pronounced "breadth," and have something of the French accent remarked in the Hunt landscapes. But the difference in this case seems precisely that between painters who have studied a foreign language until it affects their every utterance, and one who has gathered knowledge from various sources, but keeps it all in bondage to his own individual vocabulary of color.

— Meantime, while we debate of French art and pre-Raphaelism, there are signs that another strong influence is at work among us, emanating from a wholly different source. The portraits by Messrs. Wyatt Eaton, W. M. Chase, Toby Rosenthal, and David Neal, in the Academy of Design last spring, showed in different degrees the effect of study in Munich, with perhaps a dash of English feeling. At the same time, Mr. Duveneck's very remarkable and in many ways admirable contributions to the Boston Art Club exhibition [2] called attention still more sharply to Bavarian art-tutelage. Within a few weeks, three additional productions of the last-named artist's have been brought to Messrs. Doll and Richards's rooms, and they fully sustain the interest excited by his first installment at the Art Club. These three portraits were painted with an interval of one or two years between the first and second and the second and third, and they thus mark Mr. Duveneck's rapid modification of style. The first, a bearded face of an old man in a fur cap, is wrought in the same rough grain as that of The Professor (described in our previous notice); the second represents a black-haired young man in a black velvet coat, who has a short black beard and wears a broad, dark hat. The effect of all this nearly unmitigated black, contrasted with the lively flesh-tones, is very peculiar, decidedly startling, and a little disagreeable. In both these cases there is a realization of the mere corporeality of the subjects which appears to us excessive. It is the most natural thing possible for a sensitive young painter to be unduly affected by this view of the human form and its surfaces, and none but a student with great executive power could give such splendid emphasis to it as Mr. Duveneck has given; nevertheless it is a partial and not entirely healthy view. The artist changes it for a better one in his Portrait of a Lady. Here is a demure, gentle-looking German woman clad in a brown kirtle, her hat covered with slate-tinted tulle painted in simple, seemingly rapid touches that give it an amazing lightness and downiness of look; and her face and eyes are finished with a perfect finish, of the smooth and complete, not the suggestive kind. If in the two preceding instances Mr. Duveneck saw too much, it was perhaps a fortunate fault, for all that he then saw or learned has doubtless gone to enrich this more refined result. Still without abating anything from the praise which is justly his due, we must observe that thus far Mr. Duveneck has given us only studies — powerful and promising ones, without doubt, but they tell us nothing of his powers of design. It is a common error in recent painting, even in that of masters, to stop at this point; there is, in short, a dearth of good *design*. Especially is this the case in America. It is exceedingly encouraging to find, just at this time, talents like that of Mr. Duveneck breaking upon us almost full-fledged; but to contribute anything of permanent and educative value to American art, they must be developed to the point of design. One thing, however, is to be avoided utterly, and that is design of the Kaulbach and Dubufe pattern. For pictorial conceptions in the larger sense Mr. Duveneck cannot do better than to go to the Italian and Netherland masters, to nature, and to his own imagination. One other requisite he in some measure lacks; that is, robust color; and for this he must go to France and England.

[1] The Atlantic Monthly for January, 1873.

[2] See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1875, pp. 751, 752.

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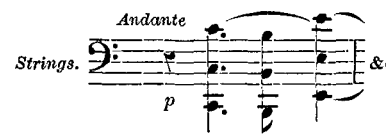
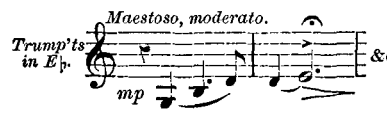
MUSIC.

A NEW composition for solo, chorus, and orchestra by Franz Liszt cannot but be interesting at the very least. The Bells of Strasburg Cathedral,[1] written to the words of our own Longfellow, and dedicated to the poet, is a short cantata that shows us a side of Liszt that we are scarcely familiar with in this country, the ecclesiastical side. The cantata is preceded by a short prelude, during which the chorus and a mezzo-soprano solo repeat the word "excelsior." Whatever the genuine musical value of this prelude may be, it is certainly one of the most brilliant and effective things of its kind that we know. It opens with one of those vague, impressive themes that Liszt knows how to draw such peculiar effects from; very much of the same character as the opening theme of Les Préludes. Comparing the two, we find their family resemblance to be unmistakable.

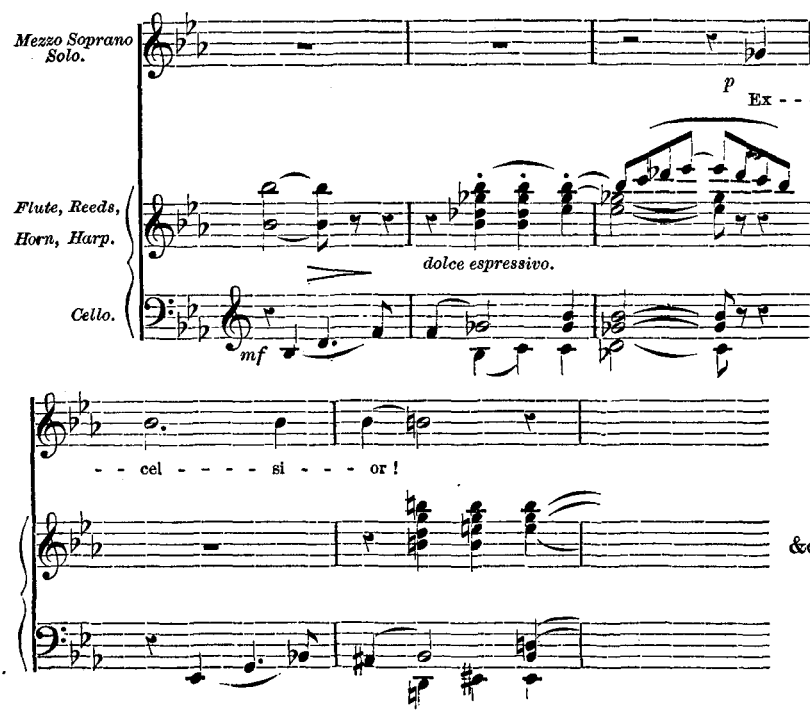
LES PRÉLUDES.



THE BELLS, &c.



This theme, given out by the trumpets, is taken up by the whole orchestra and chorus, passing through some very daring triad progressions and enharmonic modulations, as is Liszt's wont, when the solo voice comes in, the orchestra hinting at one of the themes that we shall meet with afterwards in the cantata itself.



[1] *Die Glocken des Strassburger Münsters.* Gedicht von H. W. LONGFELLOW; für Bariton-Solo, Chor und Orchester. Componirt von FRANZ LISZT. Leipzig: J. Schuberth & Co.

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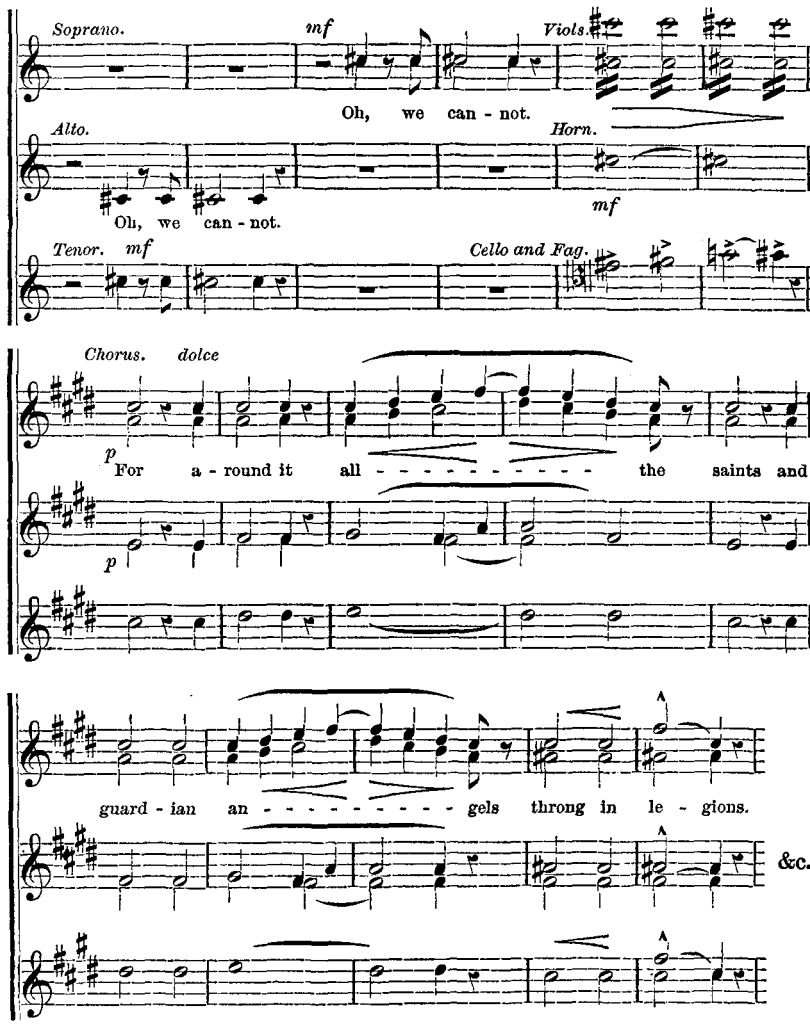
This is repeated three times, rising by semitones, when the full chorus strikes in *fortissimo* and ends it with the full force of the orchestra. In spite of all the brilliant effects of modulation and instrumentation in this prelude, it has an unmistakable ecclesiastical cut. The vague tonality and mysticism of the old, mediæval church-music is here reproduced with a poetic appreciation that one is loath to call imitation. The cantata proper opens with a hurried, *agitato* movement for the orchestra, the horns, bassoons, and tamtam booming out like bells through the tempest on the strings, when Lucifer begins his exhortation to the evil spirits to drag down the cross from the steeple. This baritone solo is answered by the chorus:



All this accompanied by soft trills in thirds and *tremolos* in alt on the violins and violas, sweet *arpeggios* on the reeds and harp, in strong contrast to the rather harsh instrumentation that accompanied Lucifer. This short choral passage is followed by a Gregorian plain chant sung by the basses of the chorus, doubled in the lower octave by the bass trombone and tuba, against a sustained E on the drums and double basses,

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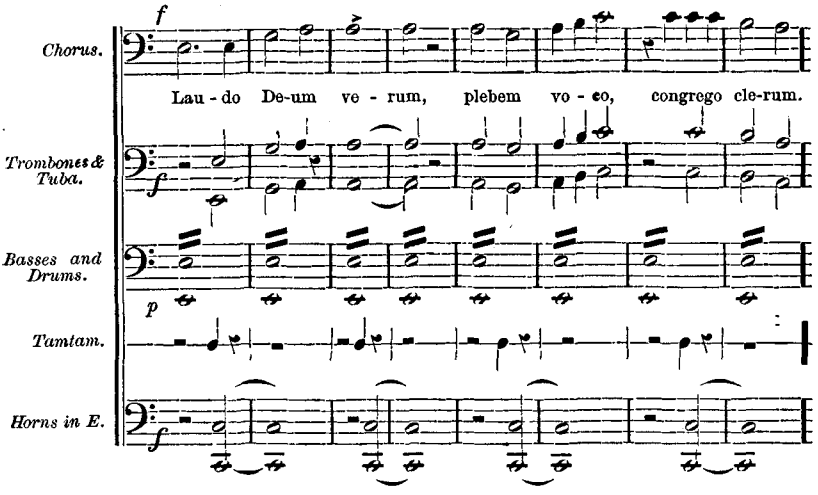
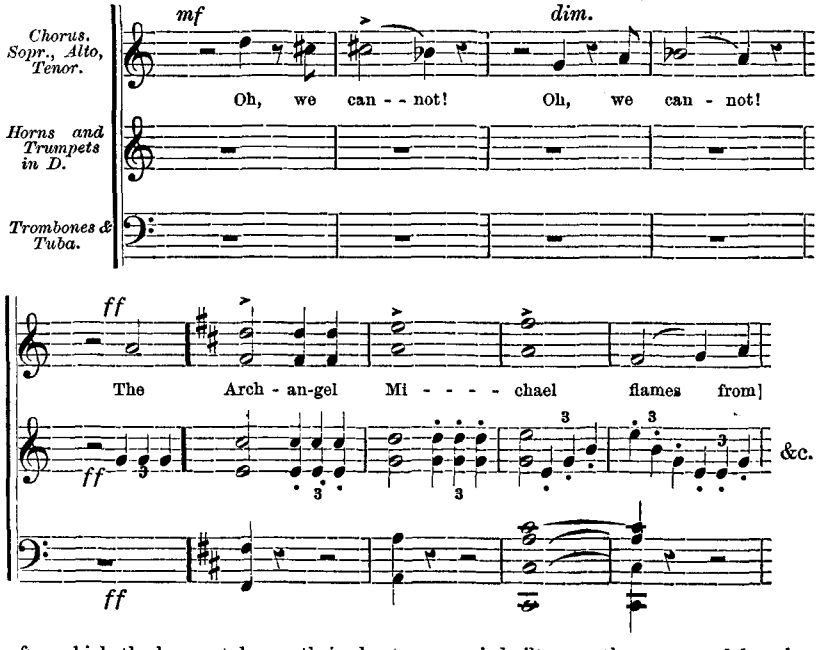
the horns and tamtam striking in every second bar with a dull, marked low E. As this chant is the principal theme of the cantata (its similarity to the "excelsior" theme in the prelude is not to be overlooked), we will give it entire.



This phrase, repeated with a little fuller scoring, ends the first verse. The second verse is like the first, except that it is a tone higher, with some slight changes in instrumentation. The third verse shows some difference at the opening, and the chorus of evil spirits strikes in with appalling effect:—



after which the basses take up their chant as in the preceding verses. The fourth verse is built upon the same model, rather more concisely treated. In the fifth verse

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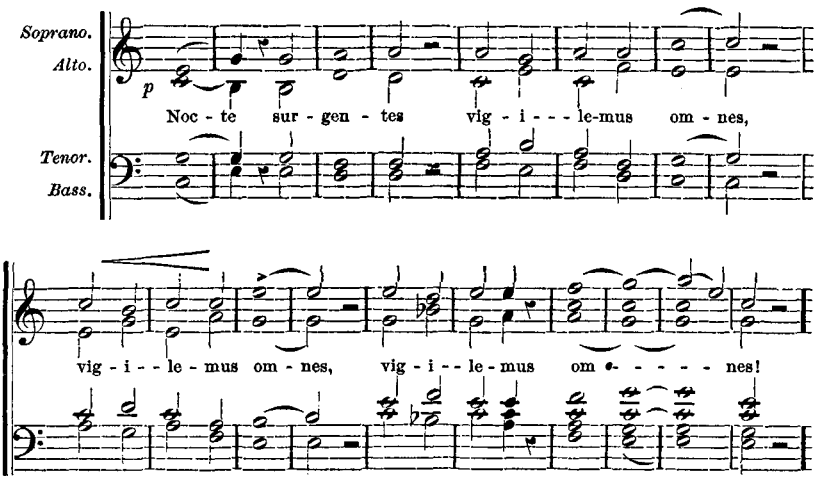
Lucifer's recitative rises to its highest pitch of dramatic power, the effect at the words, "Leave this labor unto Time, the great Destroyer," being positively terrific. The following chorus of evil spirits in unison, "Onward! onward! with the night wind," accompanied by a rising, spiral *crescendo* of the orchestra, is most effective, and leads to the Gregorian chant in C-major, the opening phrase of which is given in full harmony by the orchestra and organ. The chorus then sings as follows: —



accompanied here and there by a chord on the organ. These triad progressions are undoubtedly harsh to our ear, the B-flat in the thirteenth measure being especially trying. But when we take them in connection with what goes before, we feel no inclination to quarrel with them. Even taking them as nothing better than a wholly willful and conscious imitation of mediæval music, they have at the very least the merit of good workmanship and a consistent spirit. At this point the theme of the chant is worked up by the chorus and full orchestra to a fine climax, with which the work ends.

Little as the real merits of a composition can be rightly judged before actually hearing it, a careful study of the full score has led us to hope for great things from this work. How much in it is real power and how much mere clever effectiveness we cannot as yet tell, but that the work is strongly effective cannot be doubted.

— Among the many recent publications for the piano-forte that we have seen, Sterndale Bennett's sonata, The Maid of Orleans,[1] stands easily first. It can hardly be called a great work; Bennett was never up to that, even at his very best; but it must certainly be ranked among the strongest works of a man whose title to the first place among modern English composers few will be inclined to dispute. In fact, we find in this sonata an amount of manly vigor and depth of sentiment that we were hardly prepared for in a composition of Bennett's. In purity of musical form and logical, articulate development of ideas, it is fully up to anything the composer has written, and although there is perhaps nothing strikingly original in all its thirty and odd pages, there is yet very little that smacks of imitation or plagiarism. The sonata must undoubtedly take its place among that large class of compositions which the world has agreed by common consent to call "programme music," but it has more essentially musical vitality than have most modern works of this genus, and the quotations from Schiller's play that stand at the beginning of each movement are, after all, rather illustrations of the general tendency of the music, than the germs from which the music itself has sprung.

The first movement, In the Fields, with the heading, —

> "In innocence I led my sheep
> Adown the mountain's silent steep,"

is a smoothly-flowing, rather sad and moody *andante pastorale* in A-flat major. It is in Bennett's happiest vein, graceful and thor-

[1] *The Maid of Orleans.* Sonata for the piano-forte. By William Sterndale Bennett. Op. 46. London. Lamborn Cock, 63 New Bond Street.

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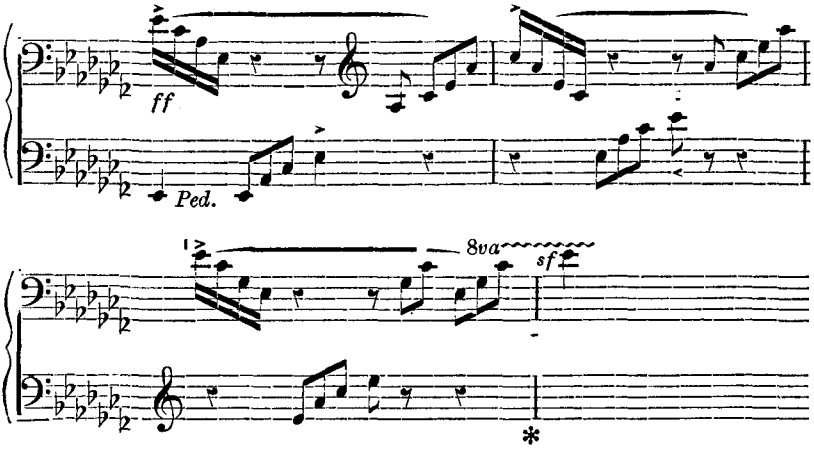
oughly pleasing, — a good preparation for the more serious work to come. The second movement, In the Field, with the motto, —

> "The clanging trumpets cry, the chargers rear,
> And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear,"

is really what musicians call the first movement of the sonata form. It is marked *allegro marziale*, and begins with a stately march-theme in A-flat minor. The movement soon becomes more animated, and a few enharmonic changes, interspersed with trumpet-calls, lead to a more passionate motive, which in turn leads to the real second theme (*cantabile*) of the movement, in B-major. These three themes are skillfully worked out, and with unflagging energy. One thing, however, surprises us; a thing that is noticeable throughout the sonata, but more especially in this and the last movement. That is, that a pianist like Bennett should have drawn so very sparingly upon the acknowledged and universally applied resources of modern piano-forte-playing in a composition which develops all the intrinsic fire, energy, and dramatic intensity of modern music. What the Germans call the *claviersatz*, the mere putting upon the instrument, is certainly very thin and *mesquin* (we know no other word for it). This peculiarity not only detracts much from the effect the music would otherwise have, and which its intrinsic brilliancy absolutely indicates, but also makes it very hard work for the performer. We find long passages of steadily increasing power, in which the fingers alone are called into play, the wrist and arm (to which pianists principally look for strong effects) being almost completely inactive. This trait in piano-forte-writing is not a new one in Bennett, and some of his larger compositions for the concert-room, among others his Cappriccio in E with orchestra, are unreasonably fatiguing for the fingers. Indeed, we hardly think that pianists will play much of this sonata exactly as it is written, when the time for actual performance comes. There are surely but few men who have strong enough fingers to make a passage like this —



effective to modern ears as the climax to a crescendo of twenty-eight bars.

The third movement, In Prison, with the motto, —

> "Hear me, O God, in mine extremity,
> In fervent supplication up to thee,
> Up to thy heaven above, I send my soul,"

contains much that is fine; we can hardly say enough about the beautiful effect of the second theme, expressive of the words, —

> "When on my native hills I drove my herd,
> Then was I happy as in Paradise."

We do not feel inclined to look too closely into the question whether this effect is not due more to the idea suggested by the poetry than to the music. There are beauties in art which shrink from cold analysis, and whatever a man's notions of musical purity may be, there are some passages even in programme music that the feelings admit as pure and beautiful, in spite of some conscientious qualms of the critical understanding.

The last movement, The End,

> "Brief is the sorrow, endless the joy,"

is perhaps the best of all. Although not quite up to the dignity of the subject, and

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defaced here and there by some few rather obsolete-sounding commonplaces, it is written with great fire from beginning to end. Unfortunately the peculiarity of Bennett's writing that we have already mentioned above is more distressingly felt here than in any of the other movements, and some passages are cruelly taxing for the fingers. But the joyful, onward rush of the music cannot be too much praised.

— Friedrich Wieck's Piano and Song [1] is a curious little book on musical instruction. It is the work of an experienced piano-forte teacher, and as such is not without value, though we cannot really quite make up our minds whether it is more calculated to do good or harm. Wieck, like most intelligent men who thoroughly know what they are talking about, argues well and persuasively. He appeals to common-sense, and is logical in his conclusions. Whether what we dignify by the name of common-sense is the best faculty to appeal to in questions of this kind may be very well doubted, and we, for one, must admit that the very plausibility of Wieck's theories of teaching makes us distrust them, not to speak of our natural distrust of such an exceedingly conservative and plodding old gentleman as Wieck evidently was. There are, however, many excellent hints in the book, which the intelligent, and above all the experienced reader can turn to good account.

The book is, unluckily, not very readable, and the instructive dialogues with which it is filled too closely resemble those tract-like romances for the nursery, in which the very good little boy is miraculously rewarded with lollipops, and the utterly abandoned little boy ends on the gallows, to be read by any one not voraciously intent upon acquiring all possible information on the subject of piano-forte playing. But, as we have already said, there is much good in the book, and it only requires to be read with proper discrimination, to be useful.

— Harrison Millard's A Mother's Dream [2] is quite ambitious in design, but belongs rather to a bygone class of music. We do not think that many people nowadays want to hear a singer go through such a painful length of roulade and cadenza before she gets safely shut "within the pearly gates of heaven!" The same composer's Ave Maria [3] is more musical, and, were it not for the closing bars, might be called quite a good song, of by no means sacred character.

— H. P. Danks's Ave Maria [4] is, if possible, still less sacred and still more sentimental.

— Gounod's Biondina Bella [5] is exceedingly graceful and pretty.

— Morgan's Sea Fern [6] is a very good and effective part-song for mixed voices, showing a good knowledge of the effects to be brought about by somewhat mournful minor chords.

— We are very glad to see a collection of easy piano-forte sonatas,[7] for the use of young pupils, brought out by Carl Prüfer. Among them we notice Beethoven's Op. 49, No. 2, and two of his smaller sonatas without opus number, with the fingering taken from Lebert and Stark's admirable Stuttgardt edition, some easy sonatas on only five notes in the right hand, by Reinecke, and some more pleasing ones by A. Krause. Mr. Prüfer is also publishing an excellently engraved edition of some of the smaller piano-forte writings of Mendelssohn, Saran, Hiller, Henselt, and others.[8]

— A very nicely gotten up collection of trios for female voices,[9] headed by two fascinating little compositions in canon-form by Reinecke, and Schumann's Of Loving will the Token, from his Pilgrimage of the Rose, is also much to be recommended.

— The most valuable addition to the already abundant list of piano-forte studies that we have seen for some time are two books of daily exercises, collected from manuscripts of the late Carl Tausig by H. Ehrlich.[10] As finger-studies they are inestimable, and throw all that has come before them completely into the shade.

[1] *Piano and Song.* Translated from the German of FRIEDRICH WIECK. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., successors to Noyes, Holmes, & Co. 1875.

[2] *A Mother's Dream.* Song, with 'Cello Obligato. Words by GEO. COOPER; music by HARRISON MILLARD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[3] *Ave Maria.* With Violin Obligato by HARRISON MILLARD. Jersey City, N. J.: W. H. Ewald & Bro.

[4] *Ave Maria.* By H. P. Danks. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co

[5] *Biondina Bella.* Canzonetta. By CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co

[6] *Sea Fern.* Part-Song for Mixed Voices By JOHN P. MORGAN. San Francisco: M. Gray.

[7] *Instructive Sonatas for Piano.* By BEETHOVEN, CLEMENTI, KRAUSE, and others. Boston: C. Prüfer.

[8] *Zwei Clavierstücke* By MENDELSSOHN. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

[9] *Bradford Academy Collection of Trios for Female Voices.* Boston: Carl Prüfer.

[10] *Tägliche Studien für Piano-Forte.* Von CARL TAUSIG. Berlin: M. Bahn; New York: G. Schirmer.

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EDUCATION.

About nineteen months since, some ladies in Boston and its vicinity formed a society, called a society to encourage studies at home, with a view to influencing young ladies in the formation of *habits* of systematic reading. Their object not being to obtain uniform results, but to foster habits which might be of great benefit both to individuals and, in time, to communities, they did not fix upon absolute standards of attainment, but adopted informal methods which have thus far proved exceedingly effective. The rules and mode of operations are these. Any young lady seventeen years of age, or upwards, may become a member of the society by paying two dollars annually, at the beginning of the term, which lasts from October 1 to June 1. Having made known what branch of study she wishes to follow, she is put in correspondence with the lady who has charge of the special subject chosen. Eight ladies of the committee undertake to supervise courses in general history, zoölogy, botany, physical geography and geology, art, French and German, and English literature. The head of each department writes once a month to all the students in her department, giving advice, answering special questions, etc. At the beginning of the term she has sent them a list of works to be read through in the course of the winter, with the request that the reading shall be done as regularly as possible, a little every day. "Even if the time devoted daily to this use is short" (we quote from a circular), "much can be accomplished by perseverance; and the habit soon becomes a delightful one." So far as we can judge from the printed circular of the society, the lists of books are made out with much care and discretion, no attempt at undue cramming being discoverable in them. The intention is evidently to be modest in attempt and thorough in achievement. "It is more desirable to remember what you read than to read much," says the printed letter of instructions which accompanies the programmes of study. And in order to cultivate the memory, a system of notes has been adopted. Each day a concise report of what was read the day before is written out in a blank book. The instructions proceed: —

"Bear in mind, while you read, that you are to make the notes later, and try, therefore, to fix the important points in your memory. . . . At the beginning of each month, please write to me, stating what book you are reading, how much you have read, and what difficulties you meet with. Inclose a copy of some pages of your memory notes as you first wrote them, or send me your note-book by mail. When you have read a volume, or an important division of the subject, please to review it, and make an abstract of its contents, *from memory*, adding remarks on the subject or on its treatment by the author. These abstracts I wish to see also. The notes should be very brief statements of facts. The abstracts should contain groupings of these facts, with comments."

The committee justly regard this system of notes and correspondence as of the highest importance; and indeed it is not easy to overestimate the beneficial results which it may have, when the field of action of the society gets to be more extended. Finally, at the end of the term, students are invited to send in essays in English, French, or German, "on subjects of their own choice, showing the results of their studies." At the same time a reunion of members is held in Boston, reports are presented, and a few of the essays are read. In this way the vital element of personal intercourse and mutual encouragement is supplied. Two of these reunions have already taken place, the second one on the 3d of June last, and some of the ladies came from distant points to be present at them. Several essays were received, all creditable, and some showing uncommon powers of thought and analysis.

The history of the society's work, thus far, is most encouraging. Forty-five persons began studying in the first term, of whom only two or three failed without sufficient excuse. Sixteen of these continued to work throughout the second term, and sixty-five new students were admitted during the same period. Eighty-one young women, therefore, have enjoyed the advantages offered by the society thus far, and there is reason to suppose that the number of workers will continue to increase. Of those already enrolled some are unmarried, others married; some are themselves teachers, others again have but just left school.

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Of course a system of study by correspondence must be limited in its scope; but we think it is clear that, as organized by this society, it cannot fail of a wide and useful application in quarters into which no other instrument of the higher education can penetrate, and a corroboration of this belief would seem to offer itself in the fact to which we called attention last month, in The Atlantic, that a somewhat similar plan is now in operation in England. It is too early as yet to make predictions concerning the future of this society, but its beginnings — carried on with commendable reserve and with a noteworthy predominance of action over argument — are such as to lead to the hope that further connections may be formed by it, or other societies called into being by its example. Among its students are residents of thirteen different States and more than thirty-five towns and villages in those States — a suggestive fact. The favorite studies thus far are history and English literature, but the presence of natural science in fair force among the studies offered for choice excites a hope that eventually, and at least indirectly, this organization may advance us toward some of those results the desirability of which we suggested in our remarks on the Scientific Education of Women,[1] last year.

— In spite of its somewhat ridiculous name, the Bona-Fide Pocket Dictionary [2] is really a useful publication. It not only does what it pretends to with regard to fitting even a small pocket; it has the further merit of being unusually serviceable as a dictionary. By the use of very small but remarkably clear type a great deal is put on each page, making it very full in words and definitions, and the arrangement is such as to insure greater convenience, for the French and English words are on the same page, and not in apparently interchangeable parts of the book, as in most pocket dictionaries. The gender of the French words is indicated by the type; words alike in both languages are given but once, and then in French, to determine the gender and accentuation. Many examples are given of the possible variations in the use of different words. The completeness with which this has been done can best be shown by an example. Take the English word *catch.* Four French equivalents are given. *Surprendre,* it is indicated, is used in the phrase to catch one sleeping; then follow these expressions, each with its translation into French: to catch the eye; contagion, attention, etc.; the train, the steamer; to catch at a ball, etc.; at the offer; to catch again; to catch cold, fire, hold of; to catch it (colloquial); to catch one's death; to catch up (in the sense of seizing); the same in the sense of overtake; etc., etc. And there are many other words quite as full.

The tables are very numerous. The sensitive philologist will object to that ignoring of his favorite study which enables the compiler to say, for instance, that the perfect indicative, first person singular, is formed in the first conjugation by changing *é* into *ai;* the grammarian does not employ such processes, but the stammering foreigner will find them useful and handy. The comparison between the English and the metric systems is made as complete as possible. There is an outline of the English barometer with all its measurements converted into millimetres; of the Fahrenheit, Centigrade, and Réaumur thermometers; and what has most struck us in the book, at the edge of one of the pages, a real centimetre, which, however glibly it may flow from the tongue, is almost as unfamiliar to the eyes of those who yet worship the yard-stick as is its congener the centipede itself. There are also tables for the comparison of French, English, German, and American coins. In short, Mr. Bellows, by trying to remedy some of the faults he has noticed in other books of the kind, and by letting originality replace servile copying, has made a very serviceable dictionary.

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1874, p. 760.

[2] *The Bona-Fide Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages.* On an entirely new System, showing both Divisions on the same Page, distinguishing the Genders by different Types, giving Tabular Conjugations of all the Irregular Verbs, explaining Difficulties of Pronunciation. By JOHN BELLOWS, Gloucester. Revised and Corrected by Auguste Beljame, Alexandre Beljame, and John Libree, M. A. University of London London: Trübner & Co.

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